

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

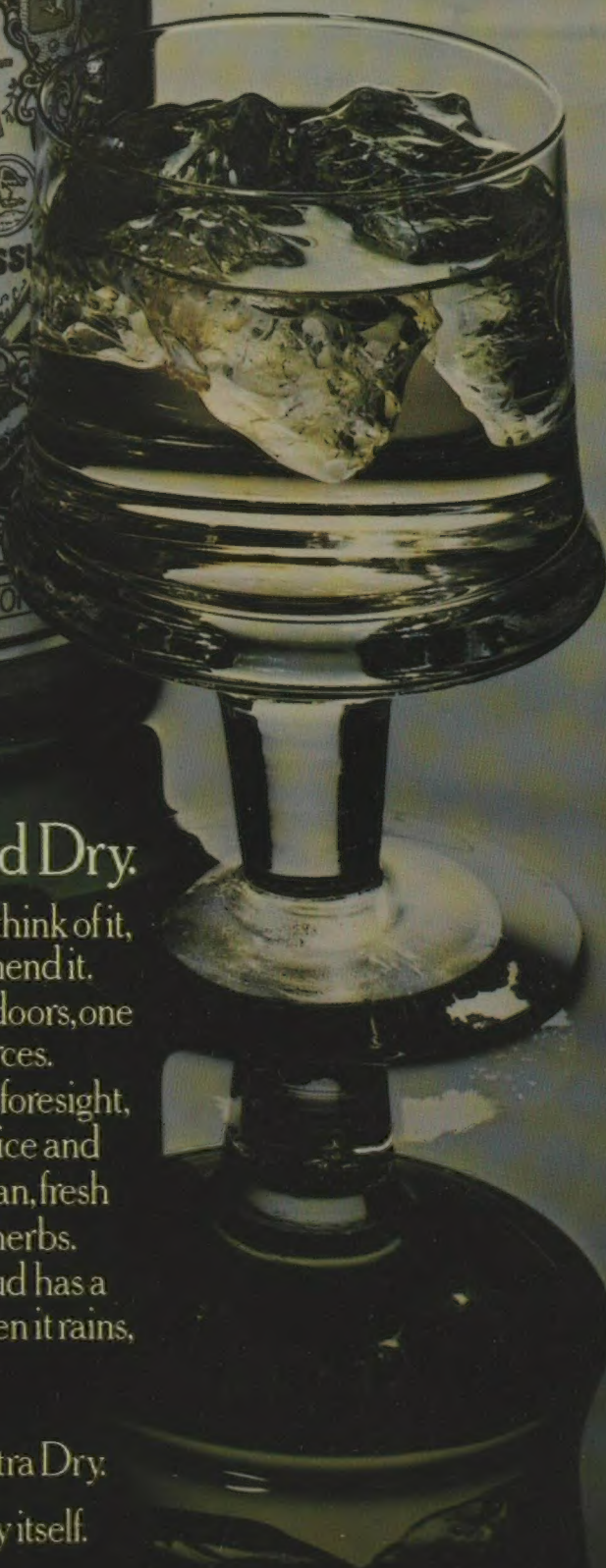
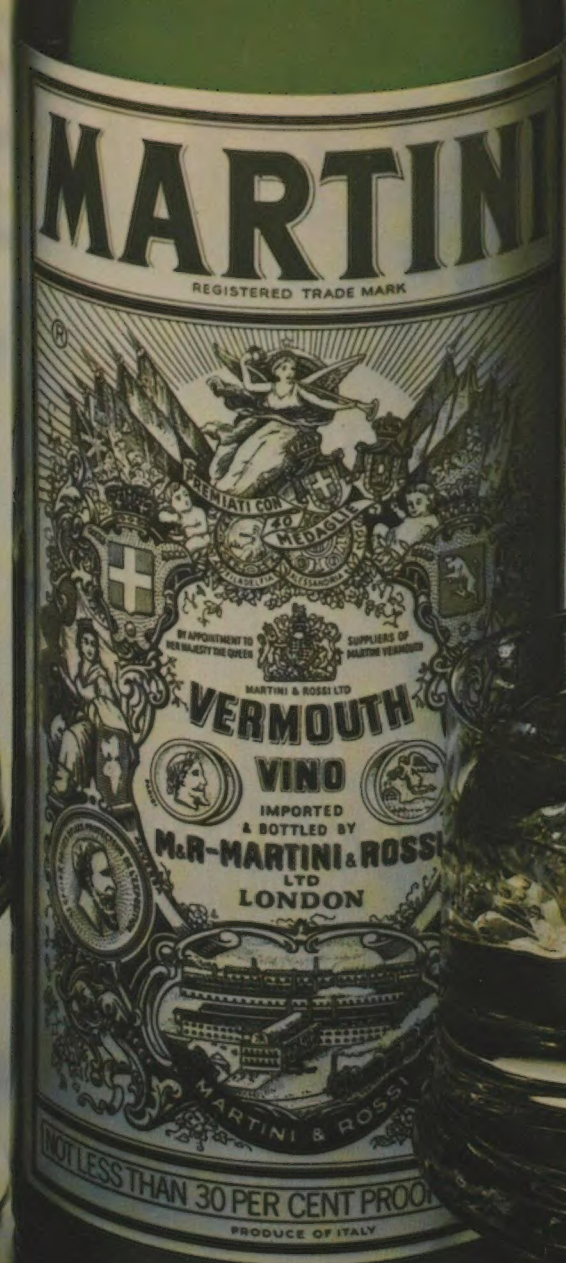
November 1980 75p

US ELECTION:
AN AGENDA FOR THE PRESIDENT
THE CHATSWORTH COLLECTION
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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6988 Volume 268 November 1980

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See page 49.
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Agenda for the President

Louis Heren: The state of the Presidency	31
Norman Moss: Foreign affairs	32
Dudley Fishburn: The economy	34
Sam Smith: The state of the nation	39
Tony Aldous: Reviving New Lanark	43
Gordon Bowker: Letter from Canada	47
John Arlott's Hampshire	49
John Young: Scenes from Ethiopia	57
John Thirsk: The making of the Lord Mayor	64
E. W. F. Tomlin: A saint for Europe	70
E. R. Chamberlin: Literary villages, 11 Haworth	71
Hugh Baillie: Return to the kibbutz	81
Christine Hacklett: Changes at Charing Cross	87
Guide to events	7
Comment	19
For the record	20
Window on the world	21
Politics: John Morgan on the crisis in the Labour Party	27
Our notebook by Sir Arthur Bryant	28
100 years ago	28
From our reporters	29
Art: Edward Lucie-Smith on the Chatsworth collection	77
Archaeology: Evidence of the Stone Age by Alison Betts	88
Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 11: Dylan Thomas's house	93
For collectors: Ursula Robertshaw on a plurality of pencils	97
The sky at night: The Pioneer view of Venus by Patrick Moore	99
Museums: Kenneth Hudson on out-of-season problems	100
Books: Reviews by Robert Blake, Ian Stewart and others	102
Food: Nicholas de Jongh on a Chinese feast	105
Letters to the Editor	106
Motoring: Report from the Motor Show by Stuart Marshall	107
Weekend away: In Shakespeare's town by Adrianne LeMan	111
Travel: Escape from winter by David Tennant	112
Travel: In the Valley of the Kings by Richard Cox	114
Theatre: Blood will have blood by J. C. Trewin	117
Cinema: Michael Billington on a pattern of three lives	118
Opera: English National jubilee by Margaret Davies	121
Money: John Gaselee on using accountants	123
Wine: Hungary for variety by Peta Fordham	124
Gardening: Conference for tree-lovers by Nancy-Mary Goodall	126
Bridge: Sorts of sacrifice by Jack Marx	129
Chess: John Nunn on the British Championships	130

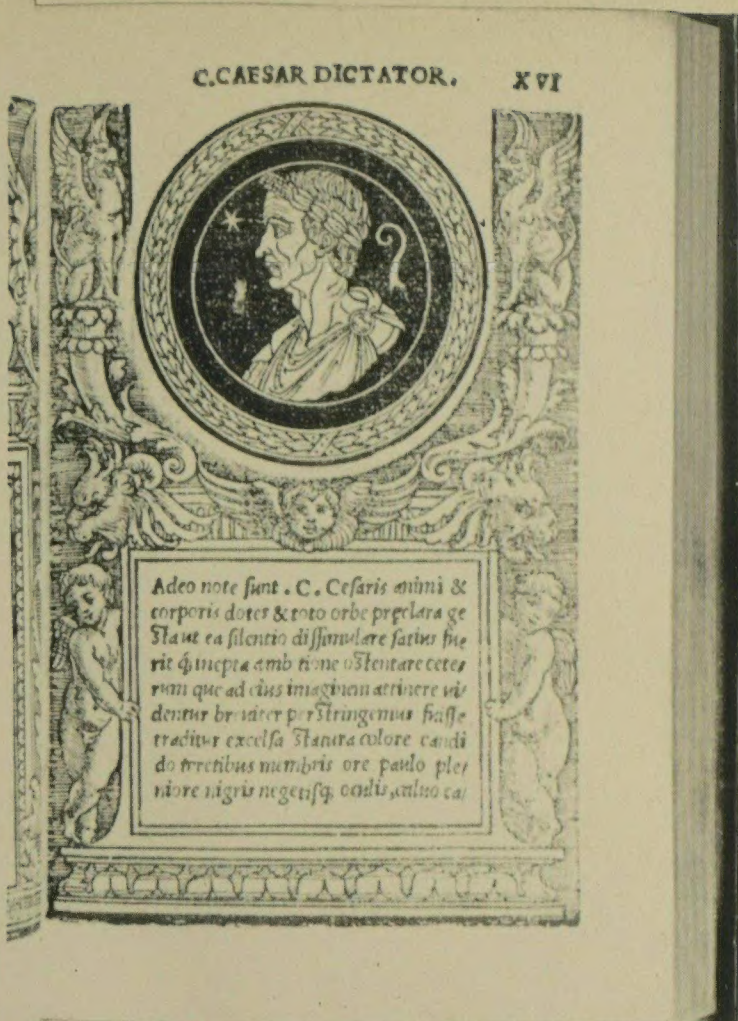
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First of the firsts

This book, *Illustrium Imagines*
by Andrea Fulvio, is generally regarded
as the first printed book substantially
illustrating coins and medals.
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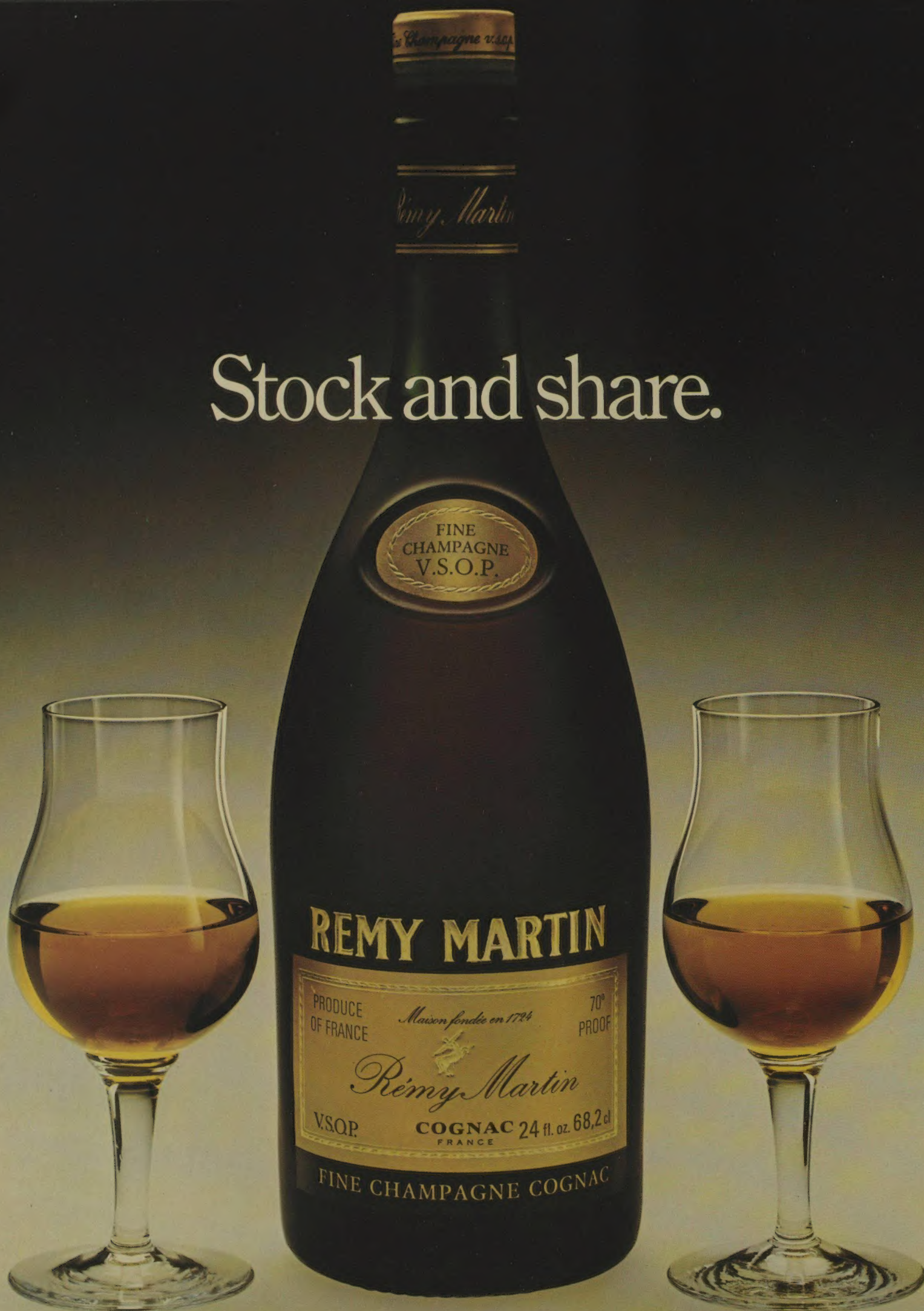
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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade*. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Colette. Musical based on the life of the French writer, played by Cleo Laine, directed by Wendy Toye. Story & music by John Dankworth. *Comedy Theatre, Panton St, SW1.*

The Crucible. Arthur Miller's play directed by Bill Bryden. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Nov 29.

Deathtrap. A tightly filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Dresser. This affecting and amusing double portrait of an aging Shakespearian actor and his loyal dresser has settled into success. Tom Courtenay, the dresser, has never given a better performance. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Duet for One. A sustained & searching partnership by Frances de la Tour, as a violinist suffering from multiple sclerosis, & David de Keyser as a patient psychiatrist. The author is Tom Kempinski. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak" whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s, & who spent his last years in the London Hospital. Redoubtably acted by David Schofield & Peter McEnery. *Lyttelton.*

Enjoy. New play by Alan Bennett, directed by Ronald Eyre, with Joan Plowright & Colin Blakeley. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.* Until Nov 29.

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Fool by Edward Bond. Directed by Howard Davies, with James Hazeldine as the poet John Clare. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Hansel & Gretel. New play by David Rudkin, directed by Ron Daniels. With Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Hinge & Bracket at the Globe. Dr Evadne Hinge & Dame Hilda Bracket present a new programme of songs. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Importance of Being Earnest. The Leicester Haymarket Theatre's production of the original four-act version of Wilde's play, directed by Robin Midgley. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.*

Jeeves Takes Charge by P. G. Wodehouse, adapted & performed by Edward Duke. Directed by Gillian Lynne. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

Juno & the Paycock by Sean O'Casey, directed by Trevor Nunn. With Judi Dench & Norman Rodway. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Until Nov 8.

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. New revival of

Frederick Lonsdale's comedy. Directed by Nigel Patrick, with Joan Collins in the title role. *Cambridge, Earham St, WC2.*

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play owes a great deal now to a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & to a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.* Loot. Kenneth Williams directs Joe Orton's comedy, transferred from the Lyric Studio. With Neil McCarthy, Joan Blackham & Roy Edwards. *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Macbeth. Peter O'Toole thoroughly miscast in an oddly conceived & gory revival. *Old Vic.*

Macbeth. Sound & forthright Elizabethan-stage revival; no tricks. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.*

The Maid's Tragedy. Jacobean revenge tragedy by Beaumont & Fletcher. Directed by Barry Kyle, with Sinead Cusack & Raymond Westwell. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Make & Break. A mild comedy, by Michael Frayn, about businessmen at a Frankfurt trade fair. Leonard Rossiter gives an idiosyncratic performance. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Merchant of Venice. Directed by George Murcell, with Brian Oulton as Shylock & Jenny Oulton as Portia. *St George's.*

The Merchant of Venice. Timothy West's Shylock restrained & concentrated, develops menacingly with the night; the precise production, by Michael Meacham, is in 18th-century costumes. *Old Vic.*

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now entering its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Caroline Viliers as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Nicholas Nickleby. A remarkable feat during which, in two nights & 8½ hours, the RSC presents the entire Dickens novel. Script by David Edgar; production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird; & a splendid sequence of performances. *Aldwych.* From Nov 13.

No Limits to Love. New play by David Mercer exposes the failings & terrors of four apparently secure people. Directed by Howard Davies, with Bob Peck, Edward Petherbridge, John Shrapnel & Susan Tracy. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earham St, WC2.* Until Nov 5.

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Okla!oma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics—and the company acts with likeable zest. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

Pal Joey. Uncommonly adaptable, Siân Phillips moves to what for her is an unfamiliar world in a revival of the Rodgers-Hart American musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

The Potsdam Quartet. Black comedy by David Pinner set against the conference of 1945. Directed by David Giles. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until Nov 8.

Private Lives. The "two violent acids bubbling together" in Noël Coward's comedy are amusingly expressed by Maria Aitken & Michael Jayston. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

The Provok'd Wife. Restoration comedy by Vanbrugh, directed by Peter Wood. With Geraldine McEwan & Dorothy Tutin. *Lyttelton.*

Rattle of a Simple Man. By now Charles Dyer's comedy, a duet in loneliness, has frayed a little; but Pauline Collins & John Alderton are always in control. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

The Romans in Britain. New play by Howard Brenton, directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Olivier.*

Romeo & Juliet. A strenuous production, with little of the lyric quality, is memorable only for Brenda Bruce's Nurse, the woman herself, unexaggerated. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Carteret & Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Olivier.*

The Streets of London by Dion Boucicault. 19th-

century melodrama with songs, directed by Diane Cilento. With William Squire, Patsy Byrne & Jane Wymark. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Sugar & Spice. New play by Nigel Williams about a group of girls sharing a King's Road flat. Directed by Bill Alexander, with Toyah Willcox. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until mid Nov.

Swann with Topping. Songs from Donald Swann & Frank Topping. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

Sweeney Todd. In spite of Stephen Sondheim's music, the expertise of two principals, Denis Quilley & Sheila Hancock, & an elaborate production by Harold Prince, this narrative of the "demon barber of Fleet Street" is repetitive & unprofitable. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.* Until Nov 15.

Taking Steps. New comedy by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Three Sisters. Trevor Nunn's production of Chekhov's play transferred from The Other Place. *Warehouse.* Until Nov 8.

They're Playing Our Song. Neil Simon's hit Broadway musical with Gemma Craven & Tom Conti. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

This Jockey Drives Late Nights. Family drama by Henry Livings with music by Alex Glasgow, adapted from Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness". With Marjorie Yates. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15.* Until Nov 22.

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor & Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Traitors. New play from Australia by Stephen Sewell is set in Russia during the Stalinist era. Directed by Neil Johnston, with John Castle & Emma Piper. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Until Oct 25.

Watch on the Rhine. Lillian Hellman's play, from 1941, has dated less than one would have imagined. With Peggy Ashcroft, Susan Engel & David Burke to lead the cast, its tale of European refugees in an America not yet at war remains cumulatively affecting. *Lyttelton.*

The Winter's Tale. New production with Moira Redmond, Alex Scott & Eric Lander. *St George's.*

First nights

Richard II. New production by Terry Hands, with Alan Howard in the title role, David Suchet, Domini Blythe & Tony Church. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.* Nov 3.

Richard III. New production by Terry Hands, with Alan Howard, Sinead Cusack, Barbara Leigh-Hunt & Richard Pasco. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.* Nov 4.

Other Women. World premiere of a play by Stephen Wakelam, set during the Second World War. *Casson Room, Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Nov 4-15.

Circus Oz. Australian company presents a circus without animals. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Nov 5-22.

All Together Now. By Peter Buckman, traces the effects on a small-town brass band of a new member. Directed by Peter Dews. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.* Nov 6.

The Caretaker. Pinter's play directed by Kenneth Ives, with Kenneth Cranham, Warren Mitchell & Jonathan Pryce. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Nov 11.

Illuminations. First play by Peter Jenkins about the struggle for the soul of the Labour Party. With Paul Eddington as the Home Secretary. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Nov 12-Dec 6.

The Ice Chimney. Specially commissioned play from Barry Collins about Maurice Wilson who died in his attempt to climb Everest in 1934. Directed by John Chapman, with Christopher Eteridge as Wilson. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Nov 17-Dec 6.

The Irish Play. By Ron Hutchinson. Barry Kyle directs this play about an Irish club in the Midlands who decide to stage a play about Irish history. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earham St, WC2.* Nov 18.

An Inspector Calls. J. B. Priestley's drama. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Nov 18-Dec 6.

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

Airplane. Possibly funny send-up of the American

air-bound disaster movies. The problem is they were pretty risible in the first place.

All That Jazz. Ritzzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all through.

Being There. Or how an illiterate gardener became a Washington pundit. The late Peter Sellers in fine form but the fable looks stretched & implausible when set against a realistic background.

Blue Lagoon. Brooke Shields & Christopher Atkins play two children stranded on a desert island who eventually fall in love. Directed by Randal Kleiser.

Breaker Morant. Australian film based on a true incident during the Boer War about three Australian soldiers court-martialled by the British. Directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward & Jack Thompson.

Breaking Glass. Standard rock movie about the rise and fall of an exploited female star. Hazel O'Connor gives a glittering début and Brian Gibson directs efficiently but we have heard (and seen) it all before.

Bronco Billy. A simple-minded film about a tat circus that attracts a motley crew of fantasists. Clint Eastwood as the headman plays against the grain of his own naturally heroic presence.

Brubaker. Robert Redford stars as an idealistic prison warden who wants to clean up the system. A fine ideal; but the invisible gold aureole around Redford's head is beginning to be disquieting.

Caddyshack. Rude, ramshackle film about the disruptive elements on a country-club golf-course. The kind of film that gets crudity a bad name.

Can't Stop the Music. Musical set in New York & Los Angeles about the rise to fame of a group The Village People. Directed by Nancy Walker, with Valerie Perrine & Bruce Jenner.

Chapter 20. Love story about a widowed novelist & divorced actress, directed by Robert Moore. With James Caan, Marsha Mason & Valerie Harper.

Cruising. William Friedkin directs a story of a New York policeman going under cover to track down a homosexual killer. With Al Pacino.

La Dérobade. Based on a book by Jeanne Cordelet about her life as a prostitute, & directed by Daniel Duval. With Miou-Miou, Maria Schneider & Daniel Duval.

Don Giovanni. Joseph Losey directs this film of Mozart's opera with Ruggiero Raimondi in the title role, Edda Moser, Kiri te Kanawa & Teresa Berganza. Maazel conducts the Paris Opera Company.

Dressed to Kill. Comedy thriller written & directed by Brian de Palma, with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson & Nancy Allen.

The Elephant Man. The life story of the 19th-century freak, played by John Hurt. Directed by David Lynch, with Anthony Hopkins, Ann Bancroft, John Gielgud & Wendy Hiller.

Fame. Noisy, confident, overblown Alan Parker film about a group of young Manhattan student performers. You feel Parker is not much interested in the people themselves but the movie has all of Parker's usual raucous energy.

The Fiendish Plot of Dr Fu Manchu. In his last film the late Peter Sellers plays two roles—the 168-year-old doctor in search of the elixir of youth & the detective pursuing him. Directed by Piers Haggard.

Harlequin. A faith-healer is called in by an Australian government official to cure his son. Directed by Simon Winzer, with Robert Powell, David Hemmings, Carmen Duncan & Broderick Crawford.

Heart Beat. Thriller about a group of young Americans growing up after the Second World War. Directed by John Byrum, with Nick Nolte.

Inferno. Horror film directed by Dario Argento, with Lee McCloskey & Irene Miracle.

Last Feelings. A 14-year-old boy's attempts to achieve success in one field after learning he has an incurable illness. Directed by Ruggiero Deodato, with Carlo Lupo & Vittoria Gaeazzi.

Little Miss Marker. A remake of the old Runyon fable about the bookie and the tot but worth catching for the sake of Walter Matthau as Sorrowful Jones, a slit-eyed, melon-nosed seeming-misanthrope with a heart as big as Grand Central Station.

The Long Riders. The story of Jesse James & his gang of outlaws. Directed by Walter Hill, with Stacy & James Keach, David, Keith & Robert Carradine & Dennis & Randy Quaid.

Long Weekend. First film by Colin Eggleston about nature striking back at a materialist city couple. Highly promising with horror suggested rather than stated.



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McVicar. Based on the events surrounding John McVicar & his escape from Durham prison. Directed by Tom Clegg, with Roger Daltrey, Adam Faith & Cheryl Campbell.

The Marriage of Maria Braun. Interesting Fassbinder film about Germany in the last days of the war & during the economic miracle, with a good performance from Hanna Schygulla.

My American Uncle. A great, rich Alain Resnais film about the intertwined lives of an industrialist, an actress & a politician. It combines the density of a novel with an absolute command of film & is finely acted by Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre.

Rough Cut. Comedy thriller directed by Don Siegel, with Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down & David Niven.

The Secret Policeman's Ball. Roger Graef's documentary is an edited version of the theatrical revue, performed by satirists John Cleese, Peter Cook, Billy Connolly, Rowan Atkinson, Eleanor Bron, Michael Palin, Terry Jones & others.

Une Semaine de Vacances. A French school teacher takes a holiday to re-assess her life. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier, with Nathalie Baye, Michel Galabru & Philippe Noiret.

The Shining. Horror film directed by Stanley Kubrick about what happens when a family goes to a deserted hotel in Colorado. With Jack Nicholson & Shelley Duvall.

Simon. Knowing, smart, capricious American movie made by Marshall Brickman (Woody Allen's partner) & assailing the petty annoyances in modern life.

Slow Motion. Jean-Luc Godard's latest film is in episodes following the lives of three different characters who eventually meet in the fourth episode. With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc & Nathalie Baye.

The Tin Drum. Masterly translation to the screen by Volker Schlöndorff of Gunter Grass's famous novel about a dwarfish boy's vision of Nazi Germany. David Bennent is utterly astonishing as the all-seeing hero.

Urban Cowboy. John Travolta stars as a rootless young hero taking on an ex-convict villain in a Houston honky-tonk. Gross & sentimental.

Xanadu. Musical fantasy directed by Robert Greenwald, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly & Michael Beck.

London Film Festival, National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1. Nov 14-30.

★ BALLET ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Giselle, choreography Coralli/Perrot, music Adam, with Park, Eagling, Mason, Nov 5.

Swan Lake, choreography Petipa/Ivanov, music Tchaikovsky; with Porter, Wall, Nov 6; with Porter, Dowell, Nov 10; with Wylde, Silver, Nov 22, 1.30pm; with Collier, Eagling, Nov 26.

Manon, choreography MacMillan, music Massenet; with Penney, Dowell, Wall, Mason, Rencher, Larsen, Nov 15, 20; with Park, Eagling, Coleman, Collier, Rencher, Larsen, Nov 19.

Triple bill, Nov 27, 29: **The Firebird,** choreography Fokine, music Stravinsky; with Mason, Wall, Nov 27; with Porter, Jefferies, Nov 29; **new ballet,** choreography Glen Tetley, music Britten, casting to be announced; **Dark Elegies,** choreography Tudor, music Mahler, first performance by Royal Ballet Nov 27, casting to be announced.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Three programmes, including London premières of **new works** by Davies (Nov 19), Bannerman (Nov 25) & North (Nov 25). A special benefit performance (Nov 18) includes London première of Cohan's **Field**, Taylor's **Cloven Kingdom**, & Davies's **If My Complaints Could Passions Move**, music Britten, performed by leading students at LCDT School. Nov 18-Dec 6.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET: **Romeo & Juliet,** Dvorak *Variations/Sphinx/Graduation Ball.*

Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Oct 27-Nov 1.

Romeo & Juliet, Giselle.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Nov 3-8.

Romeo & Juliet.

Opera House, Blackpool. Nov 17-22.

Giselle, Metamorphoses/Echoing of Trumpets/Graduation Ball.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Nov 24-29.

BALLET RAMBERT:

Preludes & Song or Landscape/Rainbow Ripples/Judgment of Paris/Dark Elegies; Cruel Garden.

Northcott Theatre, Exeter. Oct 27-Nov 1.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Nov 11-15.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Nov 18-22.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Nov 25-29.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor C. Davis with Geraint Evans as Figaro, Helen Donath as Susanna, Thomas Allen as Count Almaviva, Margaret Marshall as the Countess, Margarita Zimmermann as Cherubino. Nov 1, 4, 8, 12.

Otello, conductor C. Davis, with Jon Vickers as Otello, Teresa Zylis-Gara as Desdemona, Renato Bruson as Iago. Nov 3, 7, 11, 14, 18, 22, 25.

Tosca, conductor Stapleton, with Shirley Verrett as Tosca, Gianfranco Cecchele as Cavaradossi, Kari Nurmela as Scarpia. Nov 13, 17, 21, 28.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

La Bohème, conductor Lockhart, with Sally Burgess as Mimì, Penelope Mackay/Angela Bostock as Musetta, John Treleaven as Rudolph, Christian du Plessis as Marcel, John Tomlinson as Colline, Niall Murray as Schaunard. Nov 1, 6, 14, 19, 21, 27.

Arabella, conductor Elder, new production by Jonathan Miller, with Josephine Barstow as Arabella, Peter Glossop as Mandryka, Norma Burrowes as Zdenka, Graham Clark as Matteo. Nov 4, 8, 11.

La Belle Hélène, conductor N. Davies, with Anne Howells as Helen, Geoffrey Pogson as Paris, Eric Shilling as Calchas. Nov 5, 7.

The Turn of the Screw, conductor Friend, with Eilene Hannan as the Governess, Geoffrey Pogson as Peter Quint, Ava June as Mrs Grose, Lois McDonall as Miss Jessel. Nov 12, 15, 20, 22, 25, 28.

Boris Godunov, conductor Lloyd-Jones, new production by Colin Graham, with Richard Van Allan as Boris, Elizabeth Connell as Marina Mniskak, John Tomlinson as Pimen, Henry Howell as Dmitri. Nov 26, 29.

HANDEL OPERA, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Esther. Nov 5, 8, 12, 14.

Ezio. Nov 7, 11, 13, 15.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH:

L'elisir d'amore.

Gaumont Theatre, Doncaster. Oct 30-Nov 1.

Jenufa, L'elisir d'amore, La traviata.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Nov 4-8.

Theatre Royal, Norwich. Nov 11-15.

KENT OPERA:

Falstaff, Il ballo delle ingrate & Venus and Adonis. Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells. Oct 29-31.

Falstaff, Il ballo delle ingrate & Venus and Adonis, The Magic Flute.

Congress Theatre, Eastbourne. Nov 4-8.

Theatre Royal, Bath. Nov 11-15.

King's Theatre, Southsea. Nov 18-22.

Towngate Theatre, Poole Arts Centre. Nov 25-29.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

The Barber of Seville, L'elisir d'amore.

MacRobert Arts Centre, Stirling. Nov 4-7.

L'elisir d'amore, The Marriage of Figaro, Tosca.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Nov 11-15.

Playhouse Theatre, Edinburgh. Nov 18-22.

Tosca, The Marriage of Figaro.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Nov 25-29.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

Tristan and Isolde, Tosca, Eugene Onegin, The Cunning Little Vixen.

New Theatre, Cardiff. Oct 25-Nov 8.

Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Nov 11-15.

Eugene Onegin, Il trovatore, The Cunning Little Vixen, Tristan and Isolde.

Hippodrome, Bristol. Nov 25-29.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

ERMA Orchestra, New Westminster Chorus & Mased Choirs, conductor Mawby; Julie Kennard, soprano; Sarah Walker, contralto; David Maxwell Harrison, tenor; Michael Rippon, bass. Verdi, Requiem. Nov 16, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Trumpeters of the Royal Military School of Music, conductor Rattle; Emil Gilels, piano. Ravel, Daphnis & Chloë Suite No 2; Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Elgar, Enigma Variations. Nov 18, 8pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, London Symphony Chorus, Philharmonia Chorus, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor C. Davies; Julia Varady, Yvonne Kenny, Alison Hargan, sopranos; Elizabeth Connell, Sarah Walker,

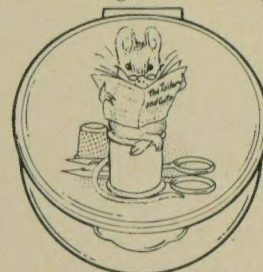
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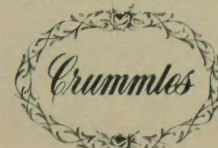
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Ashley Courtney—BTA Commended—Signpost

mezzo-sopranos; Peter Lindroos, tenor; John
Shirley-Quirk, baritone; Norman Bailey, bass.
Mahler, Symphony No 8. Nov 30, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Jupiter Orchestra, Alexandra Choir, conductor
Hill; Gillian Fisher, soprano; Alison Mary Sutton,
contralto; James Griffett, tenor; Richard
Wigmore, bass. Handel, Messiah. Nov 1, 7pm.

**London Cornett & Sackbut Ensemble, Coro Cap-
pella**, conductor Turner; Nigel Rogers, tenor.
Praetorius, Christmas Magnificat. Two German
carols; Gabrieli, Omnes gentes laudite a 16,
Sonata pian e forte, Hodie Christus natus est a 10,
Audite principes a 16; Guerrero, Esquivel, Dias
Melgas, Motets. Nov 5, 7.30pm.

Maggie Cole, harpsichord. Bach, Two-part Inven-
tions, Three-part Inventions, Preludes & Fugues
Book 1, Italian Concerto. Nov 6, 1.15pm.

Academy of London, conductor Stamp; Nigel
Kennedy, violin; Philip Pilkington, piano. Mozart,
Divertimento in D K136, Piano Concerto in D
minor K466, Violin Concerto No 4 in D K218,
Symphony No 36 (Linz) K425. Nov 8, 7.30pm.

Saltarello Choir, conductor Fletcher. A special
programme to mark Remembrance Sunday. Nov
9, 7.30pm.

Helen Donath, soprano; **Klaus Donath**, piano.
Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, R. Strauss, Songs.
Nov 10, 1pm.

**New Symphony Orchestra, National Westmin-
ster Choir**, conductor Humphris; Elisabeth
Harrison, Sally Burgess, sopranos; Alan Fairs,
bass. Mozart, Mass in C minor K427. Nov 13,
7.30pm.

Abbey Orchestra, conductor Shelley; Bridgett
Gill, Eileen Hulse, sopranos; Myrna Moreno,
mezzo-soprano; Justin Lavender, Michael Scott,
tenors; Graham Titus, baritone; Richard Stuart,
bass-baritone. Haydn, La Vera Constanza. Nov
16, 7pm.

The English Concert, Trevor Pinnock, director &
harpsichord; Stephen Preston, flute. Purcell,
Incidental music from The Faery Queen; Vivaldi,
Flute Concerto in G minor (La notte); Bach,
Harpsichord Concerto in D minor BWV1052.
Nov 17, 1pm.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor
Lubbock; Maurice Hasson, violin. Respighi,
Ancient Airs & Dances; Wolf, Italian Serenade;
Vivaldi, The Four Seasons. Nov 19, 7.30pm.

Anthony Attwell, tenor; **Richard Balcombe**,
piano; **Jane Campbell**, violin. Grainger, Folk
music settings; Holst, Four songs for voice &
violin; Tippett, Songs for Ariel; Britten, Winter
Words Op 53. Nov 20, 1.15pm.

Egale Brass; Marisa Robles, harp. Rameau,
Moreria, Mompou, Chappell, Gershwin, Porter.
Nov 22, 7.30pm.

Priory Concertante of London, conductor Stiles;
David White, clarinet; Stephen Varcoe, baritone.
British composers now II: Stiles, Threnody; Platts,
Night Music; Kirby, Three pieces for strings;
Morgan, Clarinet Concerto; Wilson, Ritornelli.
Nov 23, 7.30pm.

Salomon Orchestra, conductor Wright; Felicity
Lott, soprano. Strauss, Tod und Verklarung;
Britten, Les Illuminations; Elgar, Falstaff. Nov 25,
8pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall, EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall,
PR=Purcell Room)

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ashkenazy;
Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano. Brahms,
Piano Concerto No 2; Tchaikovsky, Symphony
No 4. Nov 2, 3.15pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Lopez-Cobos; Christian Blackshaw, piano.
McCabe, The Chagall Windows; Rachmaninov,
Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini; Rimsky-
Korsakov, Scheherazade. Nov 2, 7.30pm. FH.

London Mozart Players, conductor McCaldin;
Craig Sheppard, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 63
(La Roxelane), Lira Concerto No 3 (Military);
Mozart, Piano Concerto in G K453; Schubert,
Symphony No 5. Nov 3, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor
Lopez-Cobos; David Nolan, violin. Walton,
Variations on a theme by Hindemith; Glazunov,
Violin Concerto in A minor; Dvorak, Symphony
No 8. Nov 4, 8pm. FH.

Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Trevor Pinnock,
harpsichord. Telemann, C. P. E. Bach, J. S. Bach,
Handel. Nov 4, 7.45pm. EH.

Bach Organ Festival: Bjorn Boysen, Nov 5;
Martin Haselböck, Nov 12; Peter Hurford, Nov
19; Lionel Rogg, Nov 26; 5.55pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers,
conductor Atherton. Gerhard, Symphony No 1;
Holst, Suite: The Planets. Nov 5, 8pm. FH.

Koenig Ensemble, Jan Latham-Koenig, director

& piano. Poulenc/Satie series. Nov 5, 19, 28,
7.30pm. PR.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor
Willcocks; Janet Baker, contralto; Brian Burrows,
tenor; Stephen Roberts, baritone. Elgar, The
Dream of Gerontius. Nov 6, 8pm. FH.

Hallé Orchestra, conductor Loughran; Nobuko
Imai, viola. Walton, Viola Concerto; Elgar,
Symphony No 1. Nov 7, 8pm. FH.

London Bach Orchestra, City of London Choir,
conductor Cashmore; Eiddwen Harrhy, Rebecca
Moseley-Morgan, sopranos; Geoffrey Pogson,
tenor; Stephen Roberts, baritone. Fauré,
Requiem; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 2 (Hymn
of Praise). Nov 8, 7.45pm. EH.

Paul Tortelier, cello; **Maria de la Pau**, piano. Sam-
martini, Sonata in G; Bach, Cello Suite No 5
BWV 1011; Dvorak, Rondo for cello & piano;
Tortelier, Sonata in D minor for cello & piano;
Paganini, Variations on a theme by Rossini. Nov
9, 3.15pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor
von Maticic; Jacques Klein, piano. Brahms,
Schicksalslied; Beethoven, Choral Fantasia,
Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Nov 9, 7.30pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Royal Choral Society,
conductor M. Davies; Heather Harper, soprano;
Stephen Roberts, baritone. Vaughan Williams, A
Sea Symphony; Holst, Hymn of Jesus. Nov 10,
8pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor von Maticic;
Gordon Hunt, oboe; John McCaw, clarinet;
Stephen Reay, bassoon; Michael Thompson,
horn. Mozart, Sinfonia Concertante K297b;
Bruckner, Symphony No 7. Nov 13, 8pm. FH.

Monteverdi Orchestra, conductor Gardiner;
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Nona Liddell,
violin. Mozart, Divertimento in F K138, Serenata
Notturna in D K239; Vaughan Williams, The
Lark Ascending; Britten, Les Illuminations;
Tippett, Concerto for double string orchestra. Nov
14, 7.45pm. EH.

English Baroque Players & Choir, conductor
Lovett; Margaret Cable, Gillian Flinter, sopranos;
Robert Bryan, counter-tenor; William Kendall,
Julian Pike, tenors; Richard Jackson, bass. Mon-
teverdi, Vespers of 1610. Nov 15, 7.45pm. EH.

Amadeus Quartet; Annie Fischer, piano; Rodney
Slatford, double bass. Haydn, Quartet in C
(Emperor); Mozart, Eine kleine Nachtmusik
K525; Schubert, Quintet in A (Trout). Nov 16,
3.15pm. FH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Tem-
irkanov; Rafael Orozco, piano. Rachmaninov,
Piano Concerto No 2; Brahms, Symphony No 2.
Nov 16, 7.30pm. FH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Tilson
Thomas; Michel Beroff, piano. Rachmaninov,
Piano Concerto No 3; Stravinsky, Petrushka.
Nov 18, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductors Gielen &
Lutoslawski; Heinz Holliger, oboe; Ursula Hol-
liger, harp. Lutoslawski, Concerto for oboe &
harp; Bruckner, Symphony No 9. Nov 19, 8 pm.
FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim,
conductor & piano. Goehr, Sinfonia; Britten,
Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge; Mozart,
Piano Concerto in C minor K491. Nov 20, 8pm.
FH.

Esterhazy Baryton Trio. Haydn, Baryton Trios;
Swayne, Freewheeling; Attainnant, Basset
Dances for baryton solo. Nov 20, 7.30pm. PR.

London Sinfonietta, Chorus & Voices, conductor
Atherton; Heather Harper, Felicity Palmer,
sopranos; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Yvonne
Minton, contralto; Robert Tear, Philip Langridge,
Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Robin Leggate, tenors;
Thomas Allen, Stephen Roberts, baritones; Nor-
man Bailey, Malcolm King, basses. Tippett, King
Priam. Nov 21, 7.30pm. FH.

**English Chamber Orchestra, London Choral
Society**, conductor Kraemer; Felicity Lott,
soprano; Claire Powell, contralto; Anthony
Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Willard Hall, bass. Bach,
Cantata No 105: Herr gehe nicht in's Gericht;
Mozart, Requiem. Nov 22, 7.45pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Svetlanov. Bruckner, Symphony No. 8. Nov 23,
7.30pm. FH.

Yehudi Menuhin, violin; **Hephzibah Menuhin**,
piano. Brahms, Sonatas in D minor Op 108, in A
Op 100, in G Op 78, Nov 24; Beethoven, Sonata
in C minor Op 30 No 2; Bach, Partita No 3 in E
BWV 1006; Franck, Sonata in A, Nov 28; 8 pm.
FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor
Svetlanov; Vladimir Spivakov, violin. Brahms,
Violin Concerto, Symphony No 3. Nov 25, 8pm.
FH.

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Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Temirkanov; Mark Kaplan, violin. Dvorak, Violin Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6 (Pathétique). Nov 26, 8pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Ingrid Haebler, piano; Tomotada Soh, violin. Mozart, Symphony No 21, Piano Concerto in D K537 (Coronation); Beethoven, Romance in F for violin & orchestra; Dvorak, Romance for violin & orchestra; Haydn, Symphony No 77. Nov 26, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor A. Davis; Kiri te Kanawa, soprano, Hindemith, Symphonic Metamorphoses on themes of Weber; Strauss, Four Last Songs; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. Nov 27, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, conductor Kraemer. Locke, Gabrieli, Tippet, Britten, Cavalli. Nov 28, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Welsh Festival Orchestra & Choir, conductor Davison; Mary Elizabeth Davies, soprano; Ann Wynne Merriman, contralto; Wynford Evans, tenor; Thomas Allen, bass. Mendelssohn, Elijah. Nov 29, 8pm. *FH*.

Chilingirian Quartet; Nina Milkina, piano; Thea King, clarinet; Elizabeth Jane Howard, reader. Mozart, String Quartet in D K499, Piano Concerto in F K413, Clarinet Quintet in A K581, Readings from letters. Nov 29, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Shura Cherkassky, piano. Bach/Busoni, Chaconne; Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor Op 35; Tchaikovsky, Romance in F minor; Balakirev, Tarantelle; Strauss/Godowsky, Wine, Woman & Song. Nov 30, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Temirkanov; Martha Argerich, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No 9 (From the New World). Nov 30, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Amadeus Quartet, Beethoven, Quartets in C minor Op 18 No 4, in F Minor Op 95, in A minor Op 132. Nov 30, 7.15pm. *EH*.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:
Bernard Roberts, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas Op 13 (Pathétique), Op 31 No 1, Op 90, Op 111. Nov 1, 7.30pm.

Gary Karr, double bass; **Harmon Lewis**, piano & harpsichord. Bach, Arioso from Cantata No 156; Hoffmeister, Concertino No 2; Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 102 No 2; Schumann, Three Romances Op 94; Granados, Johnson, Bottesini. Nov 2, 7.30pm.

The English Concert, Simon Standage, violin; Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord; Anthony Pleeth, cello, Muffat, Sonata in D; Vivaldi, Sonatas in D minor RV12, in D RV755; Bach, Solo Sonata in G minor BWV1001; Biber, Sonata Representativa; Leclair, Sonata in C Op 5 No 10. Nov 5, 7.30pm.

Bulgarian (Dimov) Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in G minor (Rider); Bartok, Quartet No 2; Schubert, Quartet in D minor D810 (Death & the Maiden). Nov 6, 7.30pm.

Susan Kessler, mezzo-soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Berg, Seven frühe Lieder; Beethoven Schubert, Fauré, Mahler, Songs. Nov 10, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble; Beethoven's contemporaries, III; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor. Hummel, Septet in D minor Op 74; Weber, Songs with piano & guitar; Schubert, Auf dem Strom Op 119, Piano Quintet in A D667 (Trout). Nov 12, 7.30pm.

Valerie Masterson, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Strauss, Handel, Wolf, Fauré, Britten, Grieg, Songs. Nov 14, 7.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet; Allan Schiller, piano. Tchaikovsky, Quartet No 1 in D Op 11; Mozart, Piano Quartet No 2 in E flat K493; Sibelius, Quartet in D minor Op 56 (Voces Intimae). Nov 15, 7.30pm.

Albert Ferber, piano. Chopin, Lutoslawski, Szymanowski, Spisak, Zulawski, Woytowicz. Nov 18, 7.30pm.

Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; **Eric Parkin**, Eric Fenby, pianos. Ireland, Cello Sonata in G minor; Delius, Cello Sonata; Bridge, Elégie, Scherzetto; Britten, Cello Suite No 3 Op 87. Nov 19, 7.30pm.

Rita Streich, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Handel, Schubert, Ravel, R. Strauss, Fauré, Dvorak. Nov 21, 7.30pm.

Jeremy Brown, piano. Beethoven, 32 Variations in C minor, Sonata Op 57 (Appassionata); Liszt, Transcendental Studies No 10 in F minor, No 11 Harmonies du soir, Mephisto Waltz No 1. Nov 23, 3.30pm.

Maurice Bourque, oboe; **Colette Kling**, harpsichord; **David Simpson**, cello. Vivaldi, Sonata in C minor; Telemann, Partita No 4 in G minor; Couperin, Les goûts réunis No 6 in B flat; Boismortier, Trio Sonata in A minor; Bach, Sonata in G minor BWV 103a. Nov 25, 7.30pm.

Bente Marcussen, soprano; **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Norwegian Songs: Grieg, Song cycle, Haugtussa; Kjerulf, Backer, Groendahl, Sinding, Alnaes, Sparre Olsen, Songs. Nov 26, 7.30pm.

Gérard Souzay, baritone; **Robin Bowman**, piano. Schumann, 12 Lieder, Song cycle Liederkreis Op 39. Nov 28, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet; Anthony Goldstone, piano. Hummel, Quartet in G Op 30 No 2; Dvorak, Quartet in C Op 61; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor Op 34. Nov 29, 7.30pm.

Sandra Hahn, soprano; **Paul Hamburger**, piano. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Rossini, Songs; Puccini, Mozart, Bizet, Verdi, Bellini, Wagner, Arias. Nov 30, 7.30pm.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Acquisitions 1977-80, prints & drawings. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until Dec 31, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Alternative Book of Common Prayer, a look at the new presentation of the modern text. *Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1*. Nov 10-Jan 4, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm.

Sybil Andrews, prints. *Michael Parkin Gallery, 11 Motcomb St, SW1*. Oct 22-Nov 15, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Arapoff's London in the 30s, photographs of working-class life in the East End. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Nov 4-Jan 11, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Catherine Armstrong, sculpture, pottery, paintings, drawings & stained glass. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3*. Nov 8-Dec 9, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sun 2-6pm.

The Art of the Felt Maker. Major travelling exhibition of over 100 examples of traditional felt-making from Iran, Afghanistan, Iraq, India, Africa, Russia & Scandinavia. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Nov 14-Feb 14, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Mabel Lucie Attwell, selling exhibition of designs. *Langton Gallery, 3 Langton St, SW10*. Oct 28-Nov 18, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Jo Barry, John Knapp Fisher, Donald Hamilton Fraser, Jacqueline Rizvi, paintings, drawings, watercolours & graphics. *Business Art Galleries, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Nov 5-Dec 5, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

The Benedictines in Britain. Major exhibition of Benedictine life & achievement, through MSS books dating from the Middle Ages, in celebration of the 1,500th anniversary of the birth of St Benedict. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. 60p.

British Art Now. British Council & Exxon Corporation exhibition recently touring the US shows works by eight promising British artists. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Until Dec 14, daily 10am-6pm. £1 (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

British wood engravings & other prints. *Blond Fine Art, 33 Sackville St, W1*. Nov 13-Dec 6, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Jack Bush, retrospective of paintings. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2*. Until Nov 16, daily 10am-4.30pm.

Caravan Camping Holiday Show. *Earls Court, SW5*. Nov 6-16, Mon-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun until 7pm. £1.50.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until at least end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Christmas gifts. *Design Centre*. Nov 19-Dec 27. Sarah Creswell, flower, vegetable & garden studies in gouache. *Mallett, 40 New Bond St, W1*. Nov 25-Dec 5, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm.

Daily Mail Ski Show. *Earls Court, SW5*. Nov 8-16, Mon-Fri noon-10pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm. £2.

Designers in Britain, graphic designs by Lloyd Northover, design consultants. *Design Centre*. Nov 17-Jan 3.

Sue Dunkley, drawings & small paintings. *Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arblay St, W1*. Until Nov 7, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Early Armenian Printing, 1512-1800. Display to coincide with the publication of a catalogue of antiquarian Armenian printed material. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 31.

Early Ukiyo-e masters, including prints by Harunobu & Shunsho. *Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8*. Until Nov 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

The English country parson. MSS illustrating the lives & varied interests of country parsons from

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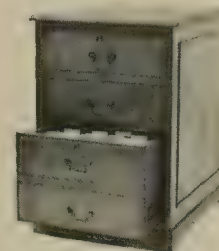
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17th to 19th centuries. *British Library, British Museum*, Until Jan 4.

French 19th-century paintings of town & country, including works by Boudin, Corot, Daubigny, Manet, Monet & Pissarro. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Oct 29-Nov 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Thomas Gainsborough. Major exhibition including 115 paintings & 55 drawings from collections all over the world. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1*. Until Jan 4, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm, Gainsborough exhibition only, Tues, Thurs until 7.50pm, Sun from 12.30pm. £1 (50p Tues, Thurs 6-7.50pm).

Gold is for jewelry, modern jewelry by Geoffrey Turk, Hamish Aikman, Ernest Blyth & Frances Beck, Robert Smith, Jocelyn Burton, Tom Dobbie, Jacqueline Mina, Jacqueline Stieger & Nicholas Aikman. *H. Knowles-Brown, 27 Hampstead High St, NW3*. Until Dec 31, Tues-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Great Britain, Rhodesia & New Zealand stamps from the Moubray family's collection. *Stanley Gibbons' Romano House Gallery, 399 Strand, WC2*. Nov 3-28, Mon-Fri, 9.30am-4.30pm.

Anthony Gross, new watercolours & etchings from his book "The very rich hours of Le Boulvê". *New Art Centre, 41 Sloane St, SW1*. Oct 28-Nov 22, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Jane Hamlyn, Jim Malone, Gary Standige, pottery. *Craftsmen Potters' Association, William Blake House, Marshall St, W1*. Nov 11-22, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Roger Hilton, last paintings. Gouaches from 1972-75 selected by the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield. *New Art Centre*. Nov 25-Dec 13.

John Houseman, "Pommes d'Or" sculpture. *Alvin Gallery, 9-10 Grafton St, W1*. Nov 5-28, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

100 years of Rosenthal: a commitment to the future. *Rosenthal Studio House, 102 Brompton Rd, SW3*. Oct 29-Nov 12, Mon-Sat 9am-6pm, Weds until 7pm.

International Furniture Show. *National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham*. Nov 28-30, Fri-Sun 9.30am-8.30pm. £1.

Issue, social strategies by women artists. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1*. Nov 14-Dec 21, Tues-Sun, noon-9pm. 35p.

Peter Johns, photographs. *Woodlands Gallery*. Nov 8-Dec 9.

Sandra Lawrence, pastels & acrylics of fruit, vegetables & flowers. *Café Royal, Regent St, W1*. Nov 18-30, daily 11.30am-9pm.

Loot 80, jewelry & silver at prices up to £100, plus a few more expensive pieces at £100-£500. *Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, EC2*. Nov 12-Dec 3, Mon-Sat 10.15am-5pm.

Mary Mabbitt, paintings. *New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1*. Nov 20-Dec 19, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

Donald McCullin, photographs of the English scene & war pictures from Cyprus, Hue, Biafra, Bangladesh, Beirut & Northern Ireland. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Oct 22-Jan 25. 50p (Sats 30p).

Miles Ahead: British car design. A look behind the scenes of the British motor industry. *Design Centre*. Until Nov 15.

Algernon Newton RA. First retrospective show of paintings, watercolours & drawings. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Nov 1-Dec 7. 80p (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Neil Newton, retrospective photographic exhibition. *Canada House Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, SW1*. Until Nov 20, Mon-Fri 10am-4pm.

19th- & 20th-century paintings & drawings including works by Monet, Cézanne, Picasso, Manet, Renoir, van Gogh & Matisse. *Lefèvre Gallery, 30 Bruton St, W1*. Nov 6-Dec 19, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm.

One-room living, room settings for student, young couple, businessman & elderly person. *Design Centre*. Until Dec 13.

Persian painting in the 15th century, the classical period of Persian book-painting. *British Library*. Until Mar 2.

Camille Pissarro, paintings, drawings & prints. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Oct 31-Jan 11, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50.

Princely Magnificence. Court jewels of the Renaissance 1500-1630, from 13 countries. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until Feb 1. £1.50, Sats 50p.

Racing Pigeon Old Comrades' Show. *Palm Court, Alexandra Palace, N22*. Nov 22, 23, Sat 11am-6pm, Sun 9am-4.30pm. £1.20.

Kate Rose, paintings & small etchings. *Thumb Gallery*. Nov 12-28.

Royal Institute of Oil Painters exhibition. *Mall*

Galleries, The Mall, SW1. Nov 13-27, daily 10am-5pm. 50p.

Royal Society of Marine Artists exhibition. *Guildhall, EC2*. Nov 6-28, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Sculptors & Gravers exhibition. *Mall Galleries*. Nov 25-Dec 18, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm. 50p.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec 1981.

Second sight, Titian's "Portrait of a Man" & Rembrandt's "Self Portrait" compared & contrasted. *National Gallery*. Until Dec 7.

Shelley, china & pottery of the 1930s. *Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Rd, E2*. Nov 21-Jan 25, Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

The Silver Studio Collection. Major exhibition commemorating the opening of Arthur & Rex Silver's studio in 1880. Wallpaper, textile, furniture, carpet & bookjacket designs, & room-settings. *Museum of London*. Nov 21-Jan 31.

Ruskin Spear CBE, RA. Landscapes, still lifes & portraits. *New Grafton Gallery*. Until Nov 13.

Stanley Spencer RA. Definitive retrospective exhibition of paintings & drawings, in co-operation with the Tate Gallery. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Until Dec 14. £1.50 (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Spontaneous tapestries by Egyptian children. The work of farmers' children from near Cairo. *Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2*. Until Nov 30, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Tapestries for the Nation: acquisitions 1970-80, including one made for Charles I & works from designs by contemporary artists. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end 1981.

Ten modern masters. Rooms devoted to the work of Bacon, Caro, Dubuffet, Gabo, Giacometti, Hepworth, Hitchens, Moore, Nicholson & Rothko. *Tate Gallery*. Until early Dec.

Three hundred years of London's post, the development of the capital's mail system. *National Postal Museum, King Edward St, EC1*. Until end 1980, Mon-Fri 10am-4.30pm.

Treasures from Chatsworth. Oil paintings & drawings, furniture, gold & silver, firearms, gems & jewelry, porcelain, objets d'art, books, letters & MSS. *Royal Academy of Arts*. Nov 1-Jan 11. £1.80 (half-price Suns until 1.45pm).

Turner, early watercolours of Britain's rivers & waterways. *Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours, Bankside Gallery, 48 Hopton St, SE1*. Nov 12-Dec 16, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1.

Turner, perspective drawings. *Tate Gallery*. Until end Jan.

Welsh Harps, touring exhibition organized by the Welsh Arts Council with the Crafts Council, showing a collection of instruments, photographs & documents tracing the harp's evolution. *Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1*. Nov 12-Jan 17, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

George Wickes, royal goldsmith 1698-1761. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Nov 10-Jan 18.

Berthold Wolpe, drawings, typography & metalwork. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Nov 19-Feb 1.

Antiques fairs

York Antiques Fair. *Assembly Rooms, York*. Oct 30-Nov 1.

Kensington Antiques Fair. *New Town Hall, Hornon St, W8*. Nov 4-9.

Autumn Antiques Fair. *Victoria Rooms, Bristol*. Nov 5-8.

St Edmunds Antiques Fair. *The Athenaeum, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk*. Nov 5-8.

Mid-Sussex Antiques Fair. *Martlets Hall, Burgess Hill, E Sussex*. Nov 12.

Boscombe Antiques Fair. *Linden Hall Hotel, Boscombe, Bournemouth*. Nov 20-22.

Chester Antiques Fair. *Grosvenor Hotel, Chester, Cheshire*. Nov 25-27.

★ **SALEROOMS** ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:
Watercolours & drawings. Nov 5, 11am.

European oil paintings. Nov 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.
English & Continental furniture. Nov 6, 13, 20, 27, 2.30pm.

General porcelain & ethnographica. Nov 7, 11am.
Silver & plate. Nov 11, 18, 25, 11am.

Modern paintings. Nov 12, 11am.

European & Continental porcelain. Nov 14, 21, 11am.

Wine. Nov 18, 11am.

Prints. Nov 26, 11am.

Books. Nov 26, 2.30pm.

Jewelry. Nov 28, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, W1:
Natural history & topographical books. Nov 5, 6.

19th-century sculpture. Nov 10.

Decorative & topographical prints. Nov 11.

Chinese export porcelain. Nov 17.

English watercolours. Nov 18.

Glass from the Thomas Arthur Lewis collection. Nov 18.

Books. Nov 19.

Musical instruments. Nov 19.

English pictures. Nov 21.

Miniatures & objects of vertu. Nov 25.

Netsuke from the Brockhaus Collection. Nov 25.

Antiquities. Nov 26.

Silver. Nov 26.

English furniture. Nov 27.

19th-century Continental pictures. Nov 28

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
Scientific instruments, domestic & other machines. Nov 6, 2pm.

Dolls. Nov 7, 21, 2pm.

Wines for everyday drinking. Nov 11, 11am.

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Nov 14, 10.30am.

Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings & Goss. Nov 18, 2pm.

Tools. Nov 20, 2pm.

Toys. Nov 27, 2pm.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Watercolours. Nov 3, 24, 11am.

Prints. Nov 3, 2pm.

Pewter & metalware. Nov 4, 18, noon.

Jewelry. Nov 4, 1.30pm.

Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. Nov 5, 19, 11am.

Postcards. Nov 6, noon.

The Eva Bellaire lace collection. Nov 6, 2.30pm.

Silver & plate. Nov 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

English paintings. Nov 11, 11am.

Automobilia. Nov 12, noon.

Arms & armour. Nov 12, 2pm.

Musical instruments. Nov 13, 11am.

Books, MSS & maps. Nov 13, 1.30pm.

Collection of hat pins etc. Nov 14, noon.

Oil paintings. Nov 17, 2pm.

Jewels. Nov 18, 1.30pm.

Toys & models. Nov 19, noon.

Scientific instruments. Nov 19, 2pm.

Postage stamps: British Commonwealth. Nov 20;

General sale. Nov 27; 11am.

Clocks & watches. Nov 25, 2pm.

Lead soldiers. Nov 26, noon.

Costumes, lace & textiles. Nov 27, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
Wine. Nov 5, 10.30am.

The Honeyman Collection of scientific books, Part 6. Nov 10, 11, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:
"Sugar & spice": 1840-80, J. Broughton Perry. Nov 1, 3pm.

The changing years: 1880-1920, F. Musker. Nov 8, 3pm.

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:
The Benedictines in Britain: tour of the exhibition, J. Lee, Sats, 1.45pm; D. Taylor, Mon-Fri, 2.30pm.

In search of Jane Austen, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri, 1.15pm.

In connexion with *The Benedictines in Britain exhibition*: The Benedictines & music in Britain, Dr M. Berry, Nov 6; The revival of the English Benedictines from 1600 to the present day, Dom P. Jebb, Nov 13; 6.15pm. Admission by ticket free in advance from Education Officer or from Information Desk, British Museum.

Gallery talks:
Treasures of illumination, J. Lee. Sats, noon.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM, London Rd, SE23:
The art of the felt maker, M. Burkett. Nov 15, 3.30pm.

Historic organs of Europe, R. Townend. Nov 22, 3.30pm.

Japanese traditional music, Y. Kimura & R. Yanagisawa. Nov 29, 3.30pm.

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:
The challenge of Boris, R. Van Allan talks to H. Rosenthal. Nov 25, 1pm. £1.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
The attractions of the capital: The Victorian theatre, J. Pick, Nov 5, 1.10pm; The London art auction market, F. Hermann, Nov 12, noon; Music in London, M. Oliver, Nov 20; Eating out, R. Thorne, Nov 26, 1.10pm.

London's river—how the Thames has created London's character & affected the lives of Londoners: The Port of London in the 18th century, S. Palmer, Nov 7; Warships built on the Thames, D. Lyon, Nov 14; London & the whaling trade, G. Jackson, Nov 21; The coming of the docks, C. Ellmers, Nov 28; 1.10pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
Masterpieces of 16th-century painting in the National Gallery: Pontormo, "Scenes from the story of Joseph," Nov 7; Parmigianino, "Vision of St Jerome," Nov 14; Correggio, "School of Love," Nov 21; Bronzino, "Allegory of Venus, Cupid & Time," Nov 28; 1pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:
Van Dyck in little: the miniatures of Samuel Cooper, A. Cox, Nov 8, 3.30pm; Nov 11, 1pm.

Renaissance jewelry in portraits, J. Rudoe. Nov 22, 3.30pm; Nov 25, 1pm.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycourt St, SW1:
My second 25 years of fruit growing, Sir J. Mount. Nov 18, 2.30pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
Conservation in a changing landscape, Dame Sylvia Crowe. Nov 5, 6pm.

Arts & the nation, N. St John Stevas; Chairman, Dame Diana Reader Harris. Nov 26, 6pm. Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
The story of modern art I, From Realism to Surrealism, Nov 1; II, Bricks, blankets & beyond, Nov 2; S. Wilson, 3pm.

Post-painterly Abstractions I, Kenneth Noland & Morris Louis, Nov 4; II, Frank Stella, Nov 11; P. Turner, 1pm.

Lectures in connexion with the Gainsborough exhibition: The rural idyll of Thomas Gainsborough, Dr J. Barrell, Nov 4; Gainsborough the portrait painter, Dr D. Cherry, Nov 11; Thomas Gainsborough, L. Bradbury, Nov 13, 20, 27; 6.30pm. Gainsborough, M. Slee, Nov 17, 24; Gainsborough as portraitist, S. O'Brien-Twohig, Nov 25; 1pm. Gainsborough, the man & the artist, M. Levey, Nov 25, 6.30pm.

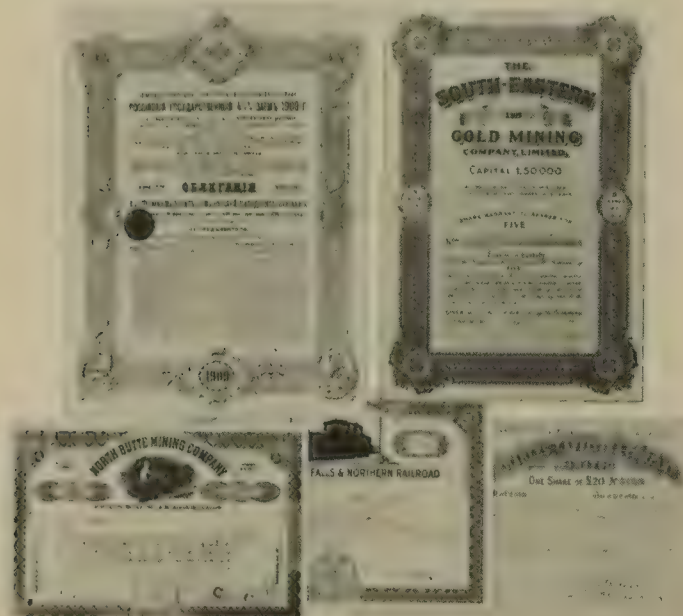
English landscape painting: I, The early 18th century, Nov 6; II, Wilson & the picturesque, Nov 13; III, Stubbs & the sublime, Nov 20; IV, Gainsborough's rustic idyll, Nov 27; S. O'Brien-Twohig, 1pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:
Wonderful people: Syrie Maugham & the furniture of the 1930s, G. Opie, Nov 2; Coco Chanel & elegance for the working woman, I. Stewart, Nov

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9; The Beatles & the swinging 60s, R. Parkinson, Nov 16; 3.30pm.

In connexion with the exhibition "Princely magnificence—court jewels of the Renaissance": The arts of the Renaissance court—jewels in painting, R. M. Letts, Nov 4; The court of Queen Elizabeth I, C. Oakes, Nov 11; Renaissance portraits, R. Parkinson, Nov 18; Clothes at court, G. Squire, Nov 25; 1.15pm. Designs & designers, M. Snodin, Nov 6; The Medici collections & grand-ducal gold-smithing in the 16th century, K. Piacenti, Nov 13; Jewels of Jacobean London: the Cheapside hoard, P. Glanville, Nov 27; 6.30pm.

19th-century experimental ceramics: British art pottery, Nov 5; Developments in America, Nov 12; J. Hawkins, 1.15pm.

GALLERY TALKS

Medieval sculpture, M. Sykes, Nov 1, noon. Stained glass techniques & styles, M. Sykes, Nov 1, 3pm.

The Jones collection, S. Bowles, Nov 8, 3pm. The acanthus leaf in applied art, W. Clinton, Nov 15, noon.

Costume in art: I, 1680-1780, Nov 15; II, 1780-1880, Nov 22; F. Musker, 3pm.

English printed textile design, I. Stewart, Nov 22, noon.

Ceramics in 18th-century France, L. Knox, Nov 29, noon.

Kesi: Chinese silk tapestry weaving, V. Wilson, Nov 29, 3pm.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:
Quartets by Sibelius & Nielsen, A. George, Nov 15, 6.15pm. 80p.

Norwegian song writers, T. Stoeversud, Nov 26, 6.15pm. 80p. (Norwegian songs will be performed later in the evening.)

WOODLANDS ART GALLERY, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3:

Photography, P. Johns, Nov 20, 8pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

England v Switzerland, Wembley Stadium, Middx, Nov 19.

European Cup; 2nd round, 2nd legs, Nov 5.

UEFA Cup; 3rd round, 1st legs, Nov 19.

London home matches

Arsenal v Brighton & Hove Albion, Nov 1; v West Bromwich Albion, Nov 15; v Everton, Nov 22.

Charlton Athletic v Rotherham United, Nov 8; v Newport County, Nov 11; v Chesterfield, Nov 29.

Chelsea v Oldham Athletic, Nov 8; v Derby County, Nov 12; v Sheffield Wednesday, Nov 22. Crystal Palace v Manchester United, Nov 1; v Liverpool, Nov 15; v Manchester City, Nov 29.

Fulham v Chesterfield, Nov 1; v Plymouth Argyle, Nov 5; v Rotherham United, Nov 15.

Millwall v Huddersfield Town, Nov 8; v Brentford, Nov 11; v Plymouth Argyle, Nov 29.

Orient v Bristol City, Nov 1; v Bristol Rovers, Nov 15; v Newcastle United, Nov 29.

Queen's Park Rangers v Luton Town, Nov 8; v Oldham Athletic, Nov 15; v Shrewsbury Town, Nov 29.

Tottenham Hotspur v Wolverhampton Wanderers, Nov 8; v Crystal Palace, Nov 12; v West Bromwich Albion, Nov 29.

West Ham United v Grimsby Town, Nov 8; v Bristol City, Nov 11; v Swansea City, Nov 22.

Wimbledon v Northampton Town, Nov 8; v Aldershot, Nov 11.

ATHLETICS

Open indoor meeting, Cosford, Nr Wolverhampton, W Midlands, Nov 22.

BADMINTON

Ladbroke Trophy, international men's doubles, Bracknell, Berks, Nov 6.

England under-23 v Ireland, Thetford, Norfolk, Nov 13.

England v Scotland, Bury, Lancs, Nov 20.

FENCING

At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14: Parker Trophy, ladies' foil, Nov 22, 23.

Baptiste Bertrand, ladies' foil, Nov 29, 30.

GYMNASTICS

Daily Mirror USSR gymnastics & sports acrobatics display team, Wembley Arena, Middx, Nov 5, 6, 8, 9.

HORSE RACING

William Hill November Handicap Stakes, Doncaster, Nov 8.

Mackeson Gold Cup, Cheltenham, Nov 10.

Kirk & Kirk Handicap Steeplechase, Ascot, Nov 14.

Buchanan Whisky Gold Cup, Ascot, Nov 15.

Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup Handicap Steeplechase, Newbury, Nov 22.

Mecca Bookmakers' Handicap Hurdle, Sandown Park, Nov 29.

ICESKATING

Richmond Trophy, Richmond Ice Rink, Twickenham, Middx, Nov 2, 3.

British Ice Dance Championship, Nottingham, Nov 21.

RUGBY UNION

Wales v New Zealand, Cardiff, Nov 1.

England & Wales v Scotland & Ireland, Cardiff, Nov 29.

SKIING

British Artificial Ski Slopes Championship, Edinburgh, Nov 22, 23.

SQUASH

Northampton World Masters, Wembley Squash Centre, Middx, Nov 3-7.

Midland Open Championships, Edgbaston, Birmingham, Nov 7-10.

Jaguar British under-23 Championships, Overstone, Northampton, Nov 14-16.

Welsh Open Championships, Wrexham, Clwyd, Nov 21-23.

Thornton's British Closed Championships, Abbeydale, Sheffield, S. Yorks, Nov 28-Dec 4.

SWIMMING

National Synchronized Swimming Championships, Manchester, Nov 1.

Martini Diving International, 3m & 10m, Crystal Palace, SE19, Nov 25, 26.

Esso inter-county finals, Nuneaton, Warwicks, Nov 29.

TENNIS

Benson & Hedges Tennis Championships (men), Wembley Arena, Nov 11-16.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Queen opens the new St George's Hospital & its Medical School, Tooting, SW17, Nov 6.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance, Royal Albert Hall, SW7, Nov 8.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Remembrance Day Service in Westminster Abbey & lay a wreath at The Cenotaph, Whitehall, SW1, Nov 9.

The Prince of Wales presents Association for Business Sponsorship of the Arts & Daily Telegraph Awards to Business Sponsors of the Arts, Savoy Hotel, WC2, Nov 11.

The Queen attends a Service in Westminster Abbey & inaugurates the Third General Synod of the Church of England, Church House, Dean's Yard, SW1, Nov 12.

The Queen opens Parliament, SW1, Nov 13.

The Queen Mother attends a Reception to mark the Diamond Jubilee of the Magistrates' Association, Guildhall, EC2, Nov 13.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend a Thanksgiving Service to commemorate the 700th Anniversary of the Consecration of Lincoln Cathedral, Lincoln, Nov 14.

The Queen Mother attends the Royal Variety Performance, London Palladium, Argyll St, W1, Nov 17.

The King & Queen of Nepal pay a State Visit to the United Kingdom, Nov 18-21.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art as part of its 75th Anniversary celebrations, Gower St, WC1, Nov 19.

The Queen plants a tree to commemorate the 80th birthday of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Windsor Great Park, Berks, Nov 23.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit Belgium to mark the country's 150th anniversary; & visit the EEC & Nato, Nov 24, 25.

The Prince of Wales visits India, Nov 24-Dec 6.

The Queen Mother visits the Royal College of Music, Prince Consort Rd, SW7, Nov 27.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit the City Hall to mark the 75th Anniversary of the City of Cardiff, Nov 29.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

London to Brighton veteran car run, start Hyde Park Corner, W1, Nov 2, 8am.

Firework Display, Crystal Palace Park, SE20, Nov 5.

Lord Mayor's Show, Guildhall, EC2 to Royal Courts of Justice, WC2, Nov 8, 11am.

Remembrance Day Service, Westminster Abbey, SW1, Nov 9.

RHS Flower Show, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1, Nov 18, 19.

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War in the Gulf



The war in the Gulf has not ended as swiftly and as painlessly as the leader of the aggressor nation, President Saddam Husain of Iraq, must have hoped. His objectives, insofar as they have been declared, were to gain control of the Shatt al-Arab estuary formed by the Tigris and Euphrates and the adjoining border zone, together with Iranian recognition of that control; to achieve the return to Arab sovereignty of three small islands—Abu Musa and Greater and Lesser Tumb—in the Strait of Hormuz which had been seized by the Shah in 1971; and to obtain some form of guarantee from Iran that its government would cease trying to interfere in Iraq's affairs by, for example, calling on the Shi'ite Muslims to overthrow the Saddam government.

After more than a month's war, limited to the extent that neither Iraq nor Iran seemed prepared to commit all their forces to the battle and that no other neighbouring country had become actively embroiled in the fighting, Iraq had not succeeded in effectively achieving any of these aims. Though getting the better of the ground fighting in the early stages, the Iraqi troops made only slow progress towards the towns they seemed to be aiming for—which included Ahwaz, Dezful and Abadan—and found, to their evident surprise, that the disorganization of the Iranian armed forces under the revolutionary régime of Ayatollah Khomeini had not reached a stage that prevented them from fighting back. The Iranian Air Force, in particular, was able to make good use of its American-built Phantoms, supplied in the days of the Shah and perhaps maintained with the help of neighbouring countries who also have Phantoms, which bombed Baghdad and some of Iraq's oil installations. If President

Saddam had assumed that the disintegration of Iran had reached a point where his forces could win a quick and decisive advantage in this limited war, and perhaps thus provoke the total collapse and overthrow of the Ayatollah Khomeini's government, his invasion of Iran has not been successful, though he was right in his calculation that few of the neighbouring countries would be particularly concerned to protect the present unpopular and erratic régime in Iran.

The result so far has been stalemate. Attempts at mediation, notably by President Zia of Pakistan on behalf of the 42-nation Islamic Conference, have failed. A resolution passed by the United Nations Security Council calling on both parties to refrain from any further use of force was equally ineffective. Iran will not agree to peace while Iraq retains possession or occupies part of its territory. Iraq will only talk of peace on the basis of holding what it went to war to obtain. The most likely prospect at present is that this stalemate will go on, with continuing, though perhaps more sporadic, outbreaks of inconclusive ground fighting and aerial bombing attacks, and with Iraq maintaining its occupation of Iranian border territory and Iran insisting on its refusal to negotiate.

The danger of a prolonged stalemate is that other nations in the area may become involved. It is reassuring that the two major world powers have agreed that each will adopt a neutral stance in the conflict, and this no doubt could be maintained provided the war remains as limited as it is, and so long as vital oil supplies are not cut off, but any involvement of other countries will not only escalate the local fight but aggravate the risk of intervention by the major powers. Already

there have been indications of substantial support for Iraq from Arab countries such as Jordan and Saudi Arabia, and suggestions that Iran may have received some help, in the form of spare parts supplies, from Turkey and possibly Israel, neither of whom would want to see a potential power vacuum in the Middle East filled by a rampant Iraq. As time goes by it may not be easy to keep such promised or tacit support from becoming more active. There are many unresolved disputes in this most sensitive area, any one or more of which could be set alight by the sparks of the battles between Iraq and Iran.

For the West the main concern is that such action could disrupt the supply of oil not just from Iraq and Iran, which would not cause undue difficulties, but from the Gulf as a whole, which could quickly become intolerable, even in times, as now, when supplies are plentiful. The West cannot for long maintain its present form of existence without oil from the Gulf nations, from whom more than half its supplies now come. Whether we like it or not, therefore, developments in this area are of vital interest, and this interest may have to be protected. The West can help to contain the immediate dispute by using its influence to discourage other nations from joining in and by adding to the international pressure on the two combatants to cease fire and begin negotiating. While the war remains limited this must be possible. At the same time the West must be prepared for the worst. If it cannot rely on others to keep the oil flowing, or to keep open the Strait of Hormuz through which the oil flows, then in the end the West must be ready to do so for itself, and to support the United States in this determination.

Monday, September 8

Sir Terence Beckett, chairman of Ford UK, was appointed Director-General of the Confederation of British Industry from October 1 in succession to Sir John Methven.

Wholesale prices in the UK rose in August by 0.4 per cent, the smallest increase for 18 months.

An American Hornet combat aircraft crashed shortly after taking part in the Farnborough Air Show display. The pilot and passenger ejected safely.

Tuesday, September 9

Two Iranian students who had been convicted after a demonstration outside the US embassy in London in August were deported from Britain. Of the 72 Iranians arrested, 44 had been sent en route to deportation.

Wednesday, September 10

Syria and Libya declared themselves a single state pledging full political, economic and military union. They called on other Arab nations to join the union in order to form an effective opposition to Israel.

Thursday, September 11

The American owners of the Hunterston oil platform yard on the Firth of Clyde announced their intention to close the yard when 900 men refused to end their 16-day strike.

Jewelry valued at £1,429,100 was stolen in an armed raid on a shop in Knightsbridge in London. The jewelry included a necklace containing a diamond once owned by the late Dowager Duchess of Marlborough. Two Americans from Illinois were later arrested in Chicago and charged with the theft.

In Chile two-thirds of the 6.3 million votes cast supported President Pinochet's constitutional proposals enabling him to remain in power for an eight-year period beginning in 1981.

The Soviet Union and Poland signed agreements in Moscow by which Russia would supply extra food and industrial goods to help Poland through its economic recession.

Friday, September 12

Turkey's government was overthrown in a bloodless coup led by General Kenan Evren, Chief of General Staff. Martial law was proclaimed and a curfew imposed. Political leaders, including Prime Minister Demirel and the opposition leader Bulent Ecevit, were detained for their own safety but were released on October 11. General Evren promised constitutional reforms and changes in electoral law and reaffirmed the country's support for Nato.

The annual rate of inflation in the UK was reduced to 16.3 per cent in August, compared with 16.9 per cent in July.

A member of the Cuban mission to the United Nations, Felix Garcia Rodriguez, was shot dead in New York by an anti-Castro group, Omega 7.

Saturday, September 13

A bylaw enabling British Rail to prohibit passengers from taking alcohol on trains came into effect at various stations used by soccer supporters.

Sunday, September 14

A pilot of Afghanistan's national airline refused to fly his DC10 back to Kabul from Frankfurt because of the Soviet intervention in his country. He said about 250 airline personnel had left the country since the invasion.

A special envoy from Iran arrived in London to protest to the Government about the arrest and deportation of Iranian students who had demonstrated in London on August 4.

Monday, September 15

British Airways announced it was withdrawing some 50 services each week as an economy measure. The cuts included suspension of the Concorde service to Singapore from November 1.

A British ship, the 91,655 ton *Derbyshire*, carrying iron ore from Canada to Japan with 44 people on board, was reported missing in an area east of Okinawa. It was feared that the ship had sunk during a fierce typhoon in the area.

Tuesday, September 16

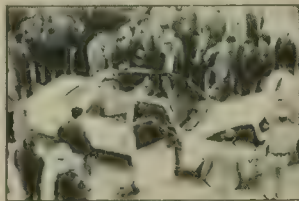
Three self-confessed Libyan assassins were sentenced at the Old Bailey to life imprisonment for the murder of two Libyan dissidents in London in April.

The Iranian parliament voted to set up a special commission to study the case of the American hostages held since November 4 last year.

Wednesday, September 17

Plans for an all-Welsh language fourth television channel, as promised in the Conservative Party's manifesto, were confirmed by the Home Secretary William Whitelaw in a letter to Lord Cledwyn of Penrhos. Government plans to share Welsh language programmes between two channels had led to a campaign of civil disobedience in Wales.

President Saddam Husain of Iraq abrogated his country's 1975 border agreement with Iran and proclaimed exclusive control of the Shatt al-Arab waterway which formed the frontier between the two Gulf states. Fighting intensified in the area involving land, air and naval forces.



General Anastasio Somoza, the former dictator of Nicaragua, was killed in Asuncion, Paraguay, by six gunmen. His driver and an adviser were also killed in the attack on his car.

Fishermen in Boulogne voted to return to work after a two-month dispute which had still to be resolved.

Thursday, September 18

Michael Heseltine, the Environment Secretary, withdrew £200 million of Government money promised to 454 local councils in England and Wales to strengthen the Government's policy of cutting back local authority spending.

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, arrived in Paris for a two-day summit meeting with President Giscard d'Estaing.

Friday, September 19

An explosion at a Titan missile silo in Arkansas in the United States killed one man and injured 21 other maintenance workers. About 1,000 people living within 5 miles of the silo were evacuated after the explosion, which occurred when a spanner was accidentally dropped 70 feet down the silo onto the missile's fuel tank and punctured it.

Saturday, September 20

The British and European bantamweight boxing champion, Johnny Owen, underwent brain surgery in Los Angeles after being knocked unconscious by the world champion Lupe Pintor in the 12th round of their title fight.

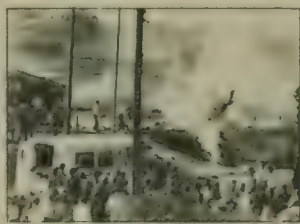
The former commander of the Turkish Navy, Admiral Bulent Ulusu, was named as Turkey's new Prime Minister by the country's National Security Council.

Jacky Gillott, the novelist and broadcaster, died at her home in Somerset aged 40. An inquest later recorded that her death was by suicide.

Sunday, September 21

A national dock strike called by the Transport and General Workers' Union because of the threatened dismissal of 178 dockers in Liverpool was

averted when dockers' leaders accepted written guarantees on job security from their employers.



The pilot and six passengers of a Second World War American A26 medium bomber were killed when it crashed during a demonstration flight in the Battle of Britain Air Show at Biggin Hill, Kent.

Polish radio began regular broadcasts of Sunday Mass for the first time since the Communists took power 35 years ago.

A Frenchman, Gérard d'Aboville, rowed across the Atlantic from Cape Cod to Brest in 73 days.

Monday, September 22

Border clashes between Iraq and Iran intensified as Iraq attacked several air and military bases and oil refineries in Iran. Iran counter-attacked by bombing a petrochemical works at Zubair in which four Britons were killed.

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, arrived in Athens for official talks with Prime Minister Kallis.

Tuesday, September 23

Unemployment in the UK increased by 37,800 in September to reach a new post-war peak of 2,039,000 or 8.4 per cent of the working population.

Wednesday, September 24

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, arrived in Belgrade for a three-day visit to Yugoslavia.

A consortium that had been negotiating to take over the British Steel Corporation's redundant Consett steelworks in Co Durham announced that they had withdrawn their bid.

Thursday, September 25

Edmund Muskie, US Secretary of State, and Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, met in New York to discuss the war between Iraq and Iran and agreed that both countries should maintain a neutral position. They also agreed to hold talks on nuclear missiles.

A 23-year-old heart transplant patient, Ewan McPhee, died at Papworth Hospital in Cambridgeshire.

Richard Noble set a new British land speed record in his jet-engined car, Thrust 2, which reached a speed of 248.87 mph at RAF Greenham Common, Berkshire.

Friday, September 26

The Government confirmed that a further £400 million would be allocated to British Steel to help its severe financial position. This brought Government aid to the Corporation in 1980 to £971 million.

A bomb explosion at the annual Oktoberfest beer festival in Munich killed 12 people, including one Briton, and injured more than 200.

The Triumph motorcycle co-operative at Meridan was saved when the Government announced it was writing off £9 million of loans and credits on condition that the company raised £2 million from stocks in the United States.

Saturday, September 27

Italy's Christian Democrat Prime Minister Francesco Cossiga resigned from office after losing a vote on the economy. On October 2 Arnaldo Forlani, president of the Christian Democratic Party, accepted President Pertini's request to form a new government.

President Zia of Pakistan began a peace mission to the warring Muslim states of Iraq and Iran. He visited

Tehran and Baghdad but failed to reconcile the two sides.

Alan Minter, the world middle-weight boxing champion, lost his title to the American Marvin Hagler.

Sunday, September 28

The United Nations Security Council adopted a resolution calling on Iran and Iraq to cease hostilities.

Alan Jones from Australia won the formula one grand prix in Montreal. Canada and with it the 1980 world motor racing championship.

Monday, September 29

Dr Eschel Rhodie, South Africa's former Secretary for Information who was extradited from France last year, was acquitted by the Appeal Court on five charges of fraud. The Court set aside the conviction and six-year prison sentence imposed by the country's Supreme Court last year.

The Soviet Union's Salyut 6 space station marked its third year of orbit round the Earth. On October 11 the two Soviet spacemen, Vladimir Ryumin and Valery Popov, returned to Earth having set a new world space endurance record of 185 days.

Tuesday, September 30

EEC agricultural ministers agreed in Brussels to introduce a new lamb and mutton policy from October 20 which would open the French market to British sheep farmers.

Wednesday, October 1

The London *Evening News* was to cease publication and merge its title with the London *Evening Standard*. Associated Newspapers gave 90-day notices of dismissal to the 1,750 staff of the *Evening News*.

The Labour Party conference meeting in Blackpool voted in principle to change the method of electing their Party leader, but failed to agree on the method of implementing it. The conference also supported a motion calling for withdrawal from the EEC.

The Central Electricity Generating Board confirmed its intention to build two American-designed pressurized water reactors at Sizewell in Suffolk.

Thursday, October 2

The Prison Officers' Association voted to take industrial action from October 6 over extra meal-break payments.

17 crewmen on board a Swedish cargo vessel, together with three women and two children, were rescued west of the Orkneys by a Sea King helicopter from RAF Lossiemouth after a fire had broken out on the ship, which was carrying volatile chemicals.

Friday, October 3

Four people were killed and 20 injured when a bomb exploded outside a synagogue in Paris. Responsibility was claimed by the Faisceaux Nationalistes Européens.



Thousands of Polish workers went on an hour-long strike, called for by the country's newly independent trade unions, in protest at the government's failure to honour agreements on pay and access to the mass media.

Saturday, October 4

Belgium's six-party coalition, led by Wilfried Martens, resigned after the Prime Minister failed to gain agreement on his economic policies.

Sunday, October 5

The West German coalition government, led by Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, was returned to office in the

general election with an increased majority in the Bundestag of 40 seats.

Dr Francisco Sa Carneiro, Portugal's Prime Minister and leader of the Democratic Alliance, increased his majority in parliament at the general election from three seats to ten.

Iraq's unilateral "ceasefire" ended soon after it had begun when Iraqi forces advanced to Khorramshahr gaining control of the port area.

Monday, October 6

Poland's Communist Central Committee dismissed eight of its full members including the former Prime Minister Edward Gierek. They had all been closely associated with the former Party leader Edward Gierek, who was blamed for the country's social and economic crisis. On October 8 three more ministers were dismissed.

The EEC announced that it had allocated £100 million towards redevelopment in Belfast to improve housing, run-down areas, transport and industry.

Two Czech ice skaters who decided not to return home from London with their team were given permission to stay in Britain for six months.

Tuesday, October 7

Sir Francis Tombs announced that he was to retire as chairman of the Electricity Council. He disagreed with the Government's decision not to reorganize the industry as the Plowden Committee had proposed four years ago when Labour was in power.

Wednesday, October 8

420 soldiers were to be withdrawn from Northern Ireland and two military bases in Belfast were to be closed in November as part of Government policy to cut troop levels in the Province.

Two convicted Turkish terrorists—one from a left-wing organization and the other from a right-wing group—were hanged in Ankara. It was the first such execution for eight years.

Thursday, October 9

A Royal Navy destroyer, HMS *Coventry*, was stationed in the Gulf of Oman to give assistance to British shipping while fighting continued in the Gulf war.

The Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to Czeslaw Milosz, a Polish writer and lecturer in Polish literature at the University of California.

Friday, October 10

Two earthquakes, the first measuring 7.5 on the Richter scale, devastated the town of El Asnam in north-west Algeria, making over 300,000 people homeless. The death toll reached over 4,000 with some 10,000 people missing.

At the Conservative Party conference in Brighton the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, said that she had no intention of changing the Government's economic policies, but would continue the fight against inflation.

The Nobel Prize for Medicine was awarded to two Americans, Professors George Snell and Baruj Benacerraf, and a Frenchman, Professor Jean Dausset, for their discoveries about genetically determined cell surface structures and research into immunology.

Saturday, October 11

Dr Rose Dugdale was released from Limerick Prison in the Irish Republic after serving six years of a nine-year sentence for receiving stolen paintings worth £8 million.

Sunday, October 12

Two bombs exploded in the West End of London—one outside the Turkish Tourist Office and the other outside the offices of Swissair at the Swiss Centre. An Armenian group claimed responsibility for the first explosion and a Swiss group for the second. No one was injured.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

War in the Middle East: Fighting broke out between Iraq and Iran after Iraq's President Saddam Husain abrogated the border agreement which he, as Vice-President, had made with the late Shah of Iran in 1975. The treaty fixed the frontier between the two Gulf states, resolving their dispute over navigation rights in the Shatt al-Arab estuary which separates them and is Iraq's only outlet to the sea. Border clashes, which had continued on a small scale since the Shah was deposed, escalated into full-scale war when Iraq attacked several air and military bases and oil refineries in Iran. Iraqi forces captured the important border town of Qasr-e-Shirin and in the oil-rich province of Khuzestan, laid siege to Abadan, the world's largest oil refinery, and the major port of Khorramshahr. Iran retaliated by attacking Baghdad and other targets, including a new petrochemical plant at Zubair, near Basra, where four Britons were killed. International attempts to halt the fighting were unsuccessful: a United Nations Security Council call for an end to the war was ignored; a peace mission by President Zia of Pakistan to Tehran and Baghdad failed to reconcile the two sides; and in New York Edmund Muskie, American Secretary of State, and Andrei Gromyko, Soviet Foreign Minister, agreed that their countries would maintain neutrality. The United States offered defence aid to other Gulf states, sending 400 servicemen to Saudi Arabia, and Russia signed a new 20-year-treaty with Syria. Iraq laid down three conditions for ending hostilities which met with no response from Iran, and a unilateral ceasefire initiated by Iraq lasted only a few hours. On paper Iran's military strength is greater, but her internal revolution has resulted in desertions from the forces and a lack of spare parts for her weaponry. As the war settled into stalemate, the position of the American hostages in Iran remained unchanged, and there was no immediate threat to the free passage of tankers carrying oil to the West.



Iraq gained an early and significant advantage in attacking Iran's major oil refinery at Abadan on the Shatt al-Arab estuary.



Retaliating against Iraq's siege of Abadan and Khorramshahr, Iran attacked Baghdad, bombing the city's power station among other targets.

GAUWA FRANK SPÖRER

GAUWA FRANK SPÖRER



GAMMA FRANK SPONNER

The war escalated when Iraqi forces captured the important border town of Qasr-e-Shirin and laid siege to Abadan.



SIPA REX FEATURES

Many workers at the Dora power station, Baghdad, were hurt in an Iranian air attack.



SIPA REX FEATURES

Iran's President Bani-Sadr, who had taken command of the army, at the front.



SIPA REX FEATURES

Iraqi troops move through a captured Iranian village on the Shatt al-Arab frontier.

Earthquakes devastate Algerian city: Two earthquakes destroyed 80 per cent of the Algerian city of El Asnam claiming many thousands of lives. The first, measuring 7.5 on the Richter scale, did most of the damage. The city, formerly Orléansville, was last hit by an earthquake in 1954, and this time was virtually flattened. For days the cries of half-buried people could be heard from the rubble and many could be freed only by having limbs amputated on the spot. Towns and villages within 30 miles were hit by shock waves. The roads to El Asnam were blocked by fleeing survivors, hampering access by rescue vehicles. Many died in multi-storey buildings which collapsed like packs of cards; one such was the city's biggest hotel under which 400 guests and staff were believed to be entombed. As an international rescue operation got under way, President Bendjedid Chadli, who proclaimed seven days of national mourning for the victims, flew to the district to direct relief efforts personally. The shocks registered on seismographs throughout Europe.



SIPA RENFEATRES



SIPA RENFEATRES

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Violence precedes West German election: Ten days before the West German election 14 people were killed and 140 injured when a bomb exploded at Munich's Oktoberfest, right, one of the dead being the right-wing extremist perpetrator. The election strengthened the majority of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, below, and his governing coalition; especially impressive was the performance of his coalition partners, the Free Democrats, up by 14 to a total of 53 seats. The opposition CDU-CSU, led by Bavarian premier Franz Josef Strauss, polled fewer votes than in any election since 1949.



AP/WIDE WORLD



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Synagogue bombed in Paris: Four people died and 12 were injured when a bomb exploded outside a Paris synagogue, right, where 250 children and many adults were attending service. It was the latest of a series of attacks on the French Jewish community, and led to a massive demonstration in the streets of Paris, involving both Jews and non-Jews, protesting at the outrages and calling for greater protection. A group calling itself Fascist Nationalist Europeans claimed responsibility for this bombing. Israeli volunteers were sent to France to help guard Jewish institutions.



REUTERS



GAMMA FRANK SPÖNER



GAMMA FRANK SPÖNER

Henry Moore's gift to London: Henry Moore's work of sculpture, *The Arch*, right, weighing 50 tons, was donated to the Department of the Environment, which chose Kensington Gardens as the site for it. It was unveiled in its new home by Michael Heseltine, Secretary of State for the Environment, who is pictured below with the 82-year-old sculptor at the unveiling ceremony.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



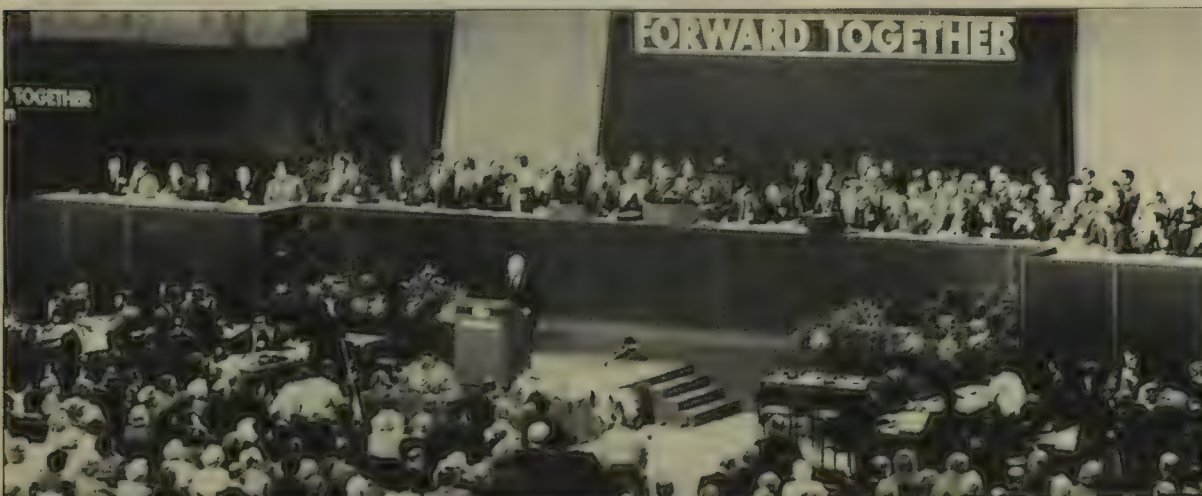
REUTERS



CUNNINGHAM HERALD

The *Ark Royal*'s last journey: The aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, a vital British contribution to Nato's naval activities, is pictured on its last voyage. All attempts to save it as

a museum having failed, the ship sailed to the breaker's yard at Cairnryan, Stranraer, where it will be dismantled and sold for scrap.



KENYON PIRN

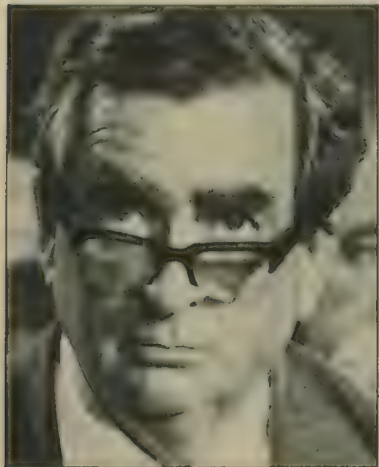
Uneventful Conservative Party conference: In Brighton the only real expressions of anger came from "Right to work" demonstrators outside the hall. Delegates expressed quiet concern at the effects of Government economic policy on industry

but responded to appeals for support until, in the words of Chancellor of the Exchequer Sir Geoffrey Howe, "we win through". Employment Secretary James Prior, right, resisted pressure for stronger action to restrict trade union activities.



KENYON PIRN

Labour Party's internal strife: The Blackpool conference of the Labour Party proved one of the most divided in the party's history. Majorities for unilateral disarmament and withdrawal from the European Economic Community confirmed the leftward trend in party policy, but the most heated debates were over proposals to alter the party constitution to strengthen the influence of party activists. Mr Tony Benn narrowly failed to persuade the conference to give responsibility for the party manifesto solely to the National Executive Committee, instead of jointly to the NEC and the Parliamentary Labour Party as at present, but he and left-wing colleagues succeeded in their bid to introduce compulsory re-selection for Labour MPs and to extend the franchise for election of the party leader. The conference was unable to decide how responsibility for electing the leader should be shared between the parliamentary party, union and constituency parties and a special conference is to be held in January to resolve the issue. Left-wingers dominated the voting for the NEC.



Denis Healey, Labour's Shadow Chancellor, evaded the internal party controversies by devoting his one conference speech to an attack on "the most brutal, destructive and divisive Government in our history" and to a call for unity in opposition.



Peter Shore achieved success in his lengthy campaign to commit the Labour Party to withdraw Britain from the Common Market which, he told the conference, had been a "rape of the British people". He rejected calls for a new referendum on the subject.



For Tony Benn the conference was a personal triumph. He topped the poll for constituency representatives on the national executive and was the driving force behind the constitutional reforms compelling Members of Parliament to face re-selection and widening the franchise for electing the party leader. In a controversial speech he also promised that the party would create 1,000 new peerages in order to carry legislation to abolish the House of Lords.



The so-called "Gang of Three", leading campaigners on the right of the party, Dr David Owen, Shirley Williams and William Rodgers, discuss tactics. Mrs Williams, who lost her Commons seat at the last election but was re-elected at Blackpool to the party's national executive, at a fringe meeting attacked the "fascism of the left". Dr Owen and Mr Rodgers, who at the same meeting called on moderates to "fight" the left, both over-rode noisy receptions to urge the conference not to abandon the EEC or nuclear defences, but both lost.



In what many believed would be his final conference speech as party leader, James Callaghan appealed strongly for party unity. "For heaven's sake, stop arguing," he urged delegates, who applauded him warmly but turned a deaf ear to his appeal.

Crisis in the Labour Party

by John Morgan

The earth under Blackpool did not crack; there was not even thunder and lightning to presage a profound sea-change in our political and constitutional history. Yet it could be that 1980 will be remembered as the year when the transformation of British politics began. Any observer of the slow-moving, conservative English society will be wary of reading so dramatic a meaning into the struggle for power in the Labour Party at this year's conference. For someone like myself who remembers the Bevanite dramas of the 1950s and the unilateralist and clause four crises of the early 1960s, any tendency to bold, final analysis must especially be suspected. But for all that wariness I believe that this year it was different, and there are profound social and economic reasons why it should be so.

The previous galvanic changes in our political party alignments over the past 150 years had their origins in the means of creating and dividing wealth. The Reform Bill of 1832 recognized the power of manufacturing industry; the repeal of the corn laws reflected as firmly a shift of power from the land to the factories. The collapse of the Liberal Party and the emergence of Labour was not caused entirely by the personal ambition and charisma of Lloyd George, but more by the rise of the working class and the collapse of the old Europe in revolution. Since the 1939-45 War quarrels within fairly evenly balanced Conservative and Labour parties have not expressed any deep change in the view of the society each party has separately represented. Each has had a firm sense of the self-interest of its supporters and has been capable of giving that self-interest an ideological gloss.

Personal spleen disturbed this calm. Harold Macmillan had his night of the long knives; the manoeuvres by the Macmillanites to prevent R. A. Butler becoming prime minister were a disagreeable spectacle to those unengaged. Within the Labour Party, to someone like myself privileged to watch at close quarters, the behaviour of some Bevanites, some Gaitskellites, and later Brownites, Wilsonites or Callaghan men, made Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir* read like the politics of a Sunday school. With hindsight the arguments of that time, however passionate and exciting, seem now to have been conducted within fixed rules or at least in the same arena. Butskellism reigned; ideology was over, buried in the extremities of despair of the war in which two ideologies, fascism and communism, met. The latter triumphed in Eastern Europe and in 1948 in Prague itself, that immemorial touchstone.

I can see that some students of affairs will suggest that this over-simplification excludes the dynamic dislocation force



of the past decade: the rise of the trade unions. For myself, I have always found the fear of the unions misplaced. The way in which unemployment has risen without mass protest or union response, and in which real wages are beginning to fall since Mrs Thatcher came to power, suggests that the unions are weak not strong. But there is no doubt that economists propose that the unions' widely exercised monopolistic powers in certain industries contribute to inflation, just as there is no doubt that the public sector strikes of the winter of 1978 contributed to many voters, including unionists, turning to the Tories.

How much is read into this last development depends a lot on how seriously you take voting habits. W. C. Fields, the wonderful American comedian, would ask at each election the names of the incumbent and the aspirant and automatically vote for the latter. Many people behave so. But since in 1979 the trade unionist vote for Mrs Thatcher led to the Labour Party polling its lowest total since the catastrophic year of 1931, perhaps we should take the development as a sign that we may be in the presence of the kind of change which compares to the few galvanic upheavals of the past century and a half.

What it means is that people see themselves both as trade unionists—that is men and women who wish for an organization to protect them and advance their wages and conditions in their role as workers—and as citizens with social or educational aspirations. In these cultural aspirations they cease to identify with a mass, but recognize themselves as individuals. With the decline of the historic heavy industries—coal, steel and shipbuilding—and the rise of service industries, the growth of moonlighting and the general heightening of material expectation, a vast social change has occurred. Unfortunately, many parts of Britain have not shared in the prosperity of the south-east: Wales and the north-east particularly are showing themselves vulnerable to the present depression, and because of this Labour still possesses some of its old

sterling character there. In general, though, the other developments hold sway.

For the Labour Party these changes have been accompanied by two devastating blows. The first is the country's economic performance—not its financial performance, since those with capital prosper. So much of Labour's programme for expenditure on the compassionate and egalitarian policies at the heart of a working-class movement, was based on the universal assumption that the economy would grow steadily; that taxation was tolerable, inflation under control, and money would be available for health services, education, railways and general enlightenment. From the middle 1960s doubts grew; when oil prices served the producing and not the blithe consuming countries, it was not going to be so, no more. The socialist element in Labour's policies which had attracted enough support to form governments was seen to depend on an industrial performance that was unable to withstand foreign competition. And so what was to take its place?

The inflationary fiasco of Mr Heath's Tory government from 1970 to 1974 suggested that no answer lay there. When Labour returned, it began the monetarist policy which Mrs Thatcher has since taken to absurd extremes. By the pact with the Liberals and the long, probably cynical drama of devolution, James Callaghan survived and, unwisely from Labour's viewpoint, delayed an election and so permitted some unions to rouse public distaste to Labour's disadvantage. More importantly, Labour had found no way to combat the erosion of its philosophical base. A vacuum existed.

The struggle at Blackpool was about filling this vacuum. Naturally, the spectacle was reported with an unctuous glee by enemies of Labour everywhere, but as a lifelong Labour Party man I found it a distressing sight. Why? Partly because a venom was exhibited in public in the language of warfare rather than debate between people who were supposed to be in the same party. Lab-

our leaders have always said that the party was nothing if not a crusade; "a broad church" is a familiar designation, sect lying down peaceably with sect: at Blackpool this year behaviour seemed more that of Crusader against Saracen, brutal and alien. Clearly there are groups in the party nowadays moved more by hatred than by love of fellow-man: the definition of comrade is narrow among the sects of the extreme left.

Much of this is due to the passion for Karl Marx learned by many in the universities and polytechnics during the radical 1960s. The terminology of the class war and related revolutionary ideologies is no whit disturbed by the discrediting of Marx in Eastern Europe and the tendency of the British working class not to see themselves so.

But if that was one aspect of distress, another was that there seemed to be no policies to replace the collapse of the received social democratic attitudes of the past quarter-century. The left's little Englander attitude—import controls, work sharing, anti-Europe, anti-Nato, all curious in a party of international socialism—will convince no one who thinks about its significant coherence. The arguments for "democracy" in the structure of the party will be unpersuasive to anyone who knows Labour, since they will see that it means controls to the "activists" in constituencies, many of whom have little sense of the real aspirations of citizens.

But just as sadly, as the right battled with the left, the "Gang of Three" with Anthony Wedgwood Benn, as unions fell out and Tories gloated, the other, non-Marxist side offered little that was persuasive. Foolishly they had trusted that Jim would fix it, when the conference was yet another of his fiascos.

In the wings stand the Liberals and many uncommitted people wondering if the general cultural and economic circumstances I have sketched genuinely mean that there exists in the country a constituency dismayed as much by the Tories as by the way Labour is going, a movement waiting to be defined that will inherit the cheerful compassion of Labour past.

A scribbler's deliverance

by Sir Arthur Bryant

I never can remember whether it was George III or his cousin, Silly Billy, who, when he encountered Gibbon, greeted the great historian with, "Well, I suppose, it's scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr Gibbon!" No one could have better defined a professional writing historian's life. His business is to distil a great mass of material about the past, whether already printed or still in manuscript, into a readable narrative from which his readers will be able to share his vision and understanding of the past. And in order to do this he must, for many months and years as he labours at his seemingly dry as dust task, live in the past he is trying to discover and communicate. "It is not imaginable," wrote John Evelyn to his friend, Samuel Pepys, "what labour an historian that would be exact is condemned to. He must read all, good and bad, and remove a world of rubbish before he can lay the foundation." He is like a diver at the bottom of the sea engaged in some vast task of underwater discovery, only occasionally emerging above the surface of the element in which it is his business to labour, to breathe the common, contemporary air in which his fellow men and women have their being. It cuts him off almost totally from the everyday life around him.

I have just emerged from such a spell of abstraction—"from the cheerful ways of men cut off"—while trying to reconstruct a past age on which I had never laboured before. My reason for doing so is that for my declining years I had set myself the comparatively leisurely task of condensing from the score of historical books I have written during my lifetime a single-volume history of England to leave behind me. But in doing so I was faced by the fact that, though I had covered every period but one of our long history from pre-Roman times to the Second World War, that one period, on which I had never written at all, was perhaps the most important of all, the Elizabethan. And in trying to fill that gap, drawing on the work of a host of scholars who have laboured in that field—including the greatest of all 16th-century historians, my old and dear friend A. L. Rowse, who has made himself more master of a past age than any English historian, living or dead, of whom I can think—I have found myself writing not a single chapter as I had originally intended, but a whole book on how the greatest of our sovereigns, in an age of revolutionary change and national eclipse, put the red cross of England both into the hearts of her people and on the map of the world.

For many months, in order to finish the book for publication this year, I have been working day and night with hardly a break, trying to assess and master a vast array of facts from an intermin-

able variety of sources, and then—the hardest part of the historian's craft—constantly writing and re-writing until a mass of at first ill-arranged and undigested material can be reduced to simple, logical narrative prose, in which every sentence leads the reader naturally to the next, and every paragraph and every chapter likewise.

Those who essay such a task soon encounter the historian's chief enemy. It is weariness, lack of vitality and the loss of the first fine careless rapture of vision and determination in a mass of paper under which spirit and body alike sink. And then, as I have found so often before, comes to the historian's rescue out of the massive host of documents and authorities—out of the dead hand, as it were, of the past—the inspiration of once living and immortal human genius: the genius of some long dead man or woman who knew how to convey truth and reality, not in some interminable rigmarole of words, but in a few phrases of insight, which shine across the centuries like a searchlight.

For far back, even before the age of preserved letters and diaries, there are passages of poetry which in a flash of human genius can re-animate the dead bones of the past. The earliest echoes we hear down the corridors of time come from some anonymous poet, like the unknown author of *The Battle of Maldon*, telling how 1,000 years ago Brithnoth, earl of Essex, and his thanes died fighting to the last man as the triumphant Danes closed round them,

Thought shall be the harder,
heart the keener,
Mood shall be the more
as our might lessens."

Three centuries later, there come to us from behind the lifeless, recorded annals of the great and learned, verses which enable us to hear from below the salt the sturdy vernacular of country England. So from Gloucestershire in the 13th century we have,
"Where is Paris and Heleyne
That were so bright and fair of blee?"

Or, from Nottinghamshire, Robin Hood's joy in the flowering of the green wood:

"In summer when the shawes be sheyene
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowles' song."

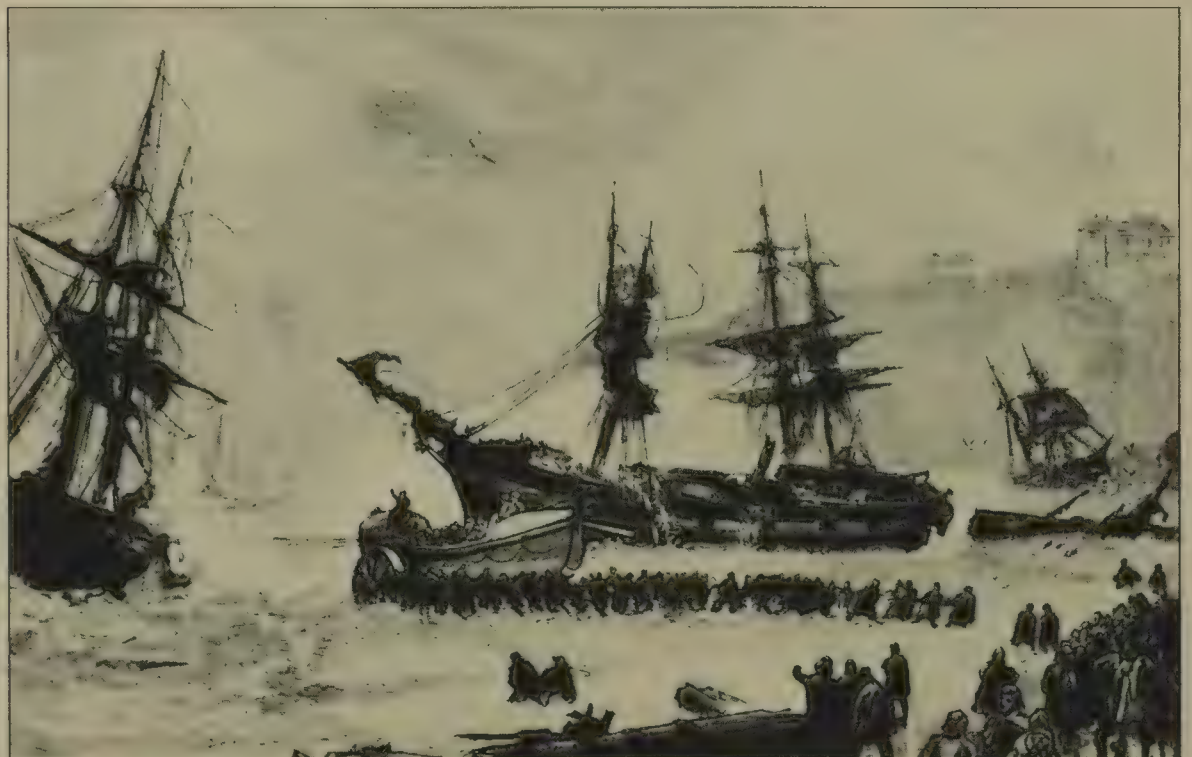
Such verses tell us something of our ancestors that we can obtain from no other source. They are as important as the shape of their fields, the rules of their common cultivations, the customs of their local courts and laws. And, as we listen, we see for a moment their outward form: shepherds sheep-shearing, or driving their flocks at dusk into great stone sheepcotes; foresters in green jerkins with bows and arrows; spinsters turning their wheels on summer evenings at open doors. By what they sang we can tell what the English were like.

It is when one comes to the Tudors, and, above all, the age of Elizabeth, that one encounters the full stream of popular English poetry. It seemed difficult for an Englishman at that time to open

his mouth or put pen to paper without saying something which brings his age back into the room as one works. And the words of its greater spirits burn like flame. So Francis Drake, looking out from his portrait at Greenwich like a cheerful and prosperous grocer, writes to his political masters that the wings of opportunity are fledged with the arrows of death. What dozen words could so wonderfully epitomize the spirit of that age? And the great Queen herself, drawing her own picture in a few words which are themselves an autobiography: "I will never be by violence constrained to do anything. I thank God I am so imbued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the Realm in my petticoat I were able to live in any place in Christendom"; "I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm." That was the way Gloriana ruled England, and she herself has told us how.

The Elizabethan Deliverance, I have called my book, for it is about the national malaise, inertia and division from which that great Queen delivered England, and the shrewd and inspired leadership by which she and her people who responded to it found that salvation. And having completed my task today after nearly two years, I, too, feel a sudden deliverance from a long, exhausting but completed labour ●

100 years ago



A two-day storm that raged over the British Isles sank 160 vessels but, the *ILN* of November 6, 1880, pointed out, the loss of life from the vessels "has not been very great, thanks to the exertions of the life-boat, coast-guard and rocket men". This illustration from that issue shows men of the life-boat service at Scarborough tackling their hazardous task of rescuing those aboard ships driven ashore by the gales. The artist sketched the local life-boat making its sixth mission of the storm.

A boy who disappeared

November 5—Guy Fawkes Night—is this year the first anniversary of the disappearance in London of a 15-year-old boy in circumstances which have touched a sensitive nerve with both police and public.

The boy, Martin Allen, was raised in the Holloway Road area of North London. His father Tom has worked for many years as a driver with the Australian High Commission and, on his promotion to become the High Commissioner's personal chauffeur, was given a cottage near the official residence in Hyde Park Gate. Martin was attending the Central Foundation, a respected school near Old Street, and it was decided that he should continue to do so, travelling across London from Gloucester Road Underground station to Old Street, changing at King's Cross.

November 5 last year was a Monday and on Mondays the boy would not return home immediately after school but would visit the home of an older, married brother in Holloway, usually staying overnight. This was the plan on November 5. In his bright yellow Astral bag he carried a woollen balaclava his mother was sending for her grandchild, a transformer to use with a toy train, and other items reflecting his intention to visit his relatives. He had, however, left at home a £1 note he owed his sister-in-law. He told schoolfriends he intended to travel home and pick it up and then return to Holloway Road. (This seems a lot of trouble to go to but the police say it was only a 25 minute journey, and he had a travel pass so it would cost no more.) Thus it was that at about 3.50 pm he parted from a friend at King's Cross station and walked into the short and usually crowded passage to the west-bound trains. This was the last definite sighting of Martin Allen. He then vanished.

A hue and cry should have been raised that evening but unfortunately his disappearance was not noted for over 24 hours. His parents thought he was staying overnight with his brother. His brother, who was not on the telephone, assumed that because it was Guy Fawkes Night the boy had gone to a bonfire party instead and would not be coming. Martin was not missed by his family until he failed to arrive home on the Tuesday evening.

Over 3,500 boys and girls are reported missing in London every year. They nearly all turn up within a few days. A high proportion are in the care of local authorities or in trouble with one authority or another and have run away. The first instinct of police investigators, therefore, is to look for reasons why a boy such as Martin might have absconded. Was there trouble in the family? At school? With a girlfriend? With the police themselves? Extensive inquiries, including interviews with every member of the family, every known friend of the boy or the family,



An artist's impression of the man and boy seen on Gloucester Road station last November 5. Was the boy Martin Allen? Was he being forcibly abducted?

teachers, schoolchildren and everyone who could possibly have known Martin revealed, however, that he did not fit the pattern for missing children. On the contrary, it became clear that he was a happy, home-centred, well liked boy without a problem in the world. The police began to feel very uneasy.

From the start the man in charge of the investigation has been David Veness, a father of two children and as highly regarded as his promotion to Detective Chief Inspector at 33 would suggest. Veness, a policeman with 15 years' experience, says that while missing children are not unusual, abducted children are. "Our inquiries were initially intended to answer three questions: had he run away because of some trouble? Had he run away to seek adventure? Or had he had an accident? There is not a fraction of evidence that he ran away from a problem, and we looked into his background and life with immense care. Nor by all accounts was he an adventurer, a boy with dreams of stowing away on Concorde or the QE2. We conducted detailed searches of the North London area round Holloway and King's Cross and in the area of the school, every piece of vacant land,

derelict property. We also searched the open spaces round Gloucester Road. If he had had an accident he would have been found."

By now Veness and his colleagues were treating Martin's disappearance in almost every respect as if it were a murder inquiry. The next step was to seek publicity and in this respect the police had bad luck. The Anthony Blunt affair broke in the newspapers, devouring the column inches that might have been available to tell the story. The BBC television programme *Nationwide* prepared a programme but could not screen it because of the technicians' strike. A full three weeks went by before the *Nationwide* item finally appeared and Veness got his first breakthrough.

"From that programme we got a group of six sightings which described an incident on Gloucester Road station that day. A man was seen forcefully guiding a small boy, his hand on the back of the boy's neck, on to a train travelling on the Piccadilly line to Earls Court. They were seen to leave the train at Earls Court station and as they walked down the platform the man was heard to say 'Don't try to run.' They then vanished. Now six people had

obviously not all seen the whole of that incident but they saw bits and it came together like a jigsaw."

Up to this point the investigation had been concentrated largely in North London. Now it moved to West London and a massive search took place of the Gloucester Road-Earls Court area. The homes of 40,000 people were visited. The area was inundated with leaflets. A year later there has been no advance. Martin Allen has been seen or heard of no more.

But was the boy seen being led away from Earls Court station Martin Allen? Chief Inspector Veness says that while he cannot be definite, "I had enough evidence to mount a major police operation on the basis that it was. For a start, the timing fits. They were seen at about 4.20pm, just the time when Martin could have been expected to arrive at Gloucester Road. The description fits; the witnesses describe a boy who could be Martin, slim, 5 feet tall, wearing school uniform and carrying a bag. Despite all the publicity no man or boy has come forward to identify himself as one of that couple. Either that boy was Martin, or a boy with a remarkable resemblance to him was abducted on that train at that time, and that is a considerable coincidence."

If it was Martin, why did he not appeal to others on the train or on the platform at Earls Court? He was, after all, 15 years old, intelligent, aware. It could be that the man had a powerful personality and had engendered such fear in the boy that he dare not call for help. Or it could be that he persuaded Martin that he was someone in authority, a London Transport security officer or a policeman, and that he was taking him to an office near the station to explain some misdemeanour. These are not questions anyone can answer.

Certainly it would have required remarkable nerve to abduct a boy of 15 in broad daylight in front of other travellers, but given the lack of any evidence, the police are having to work on the basis that this is what happened.

The size of the police operation has been almost unprecedented. There is no question that the case has got under the skin of Veness and his colleagues, almost to the point of obsession. Why? It is not, says Veness, because of the diplomatic connexions, for no special pressure has been applied. It is a combination of factors: the mystery itself, the warm picture that has emerged of Martin, and perhaps the fact that Veness and others working on the case, together with the public, have been increasingly disturbed by the evidence that a schoolboy could travel on the Underground at a busy time, be seen by scores of people but be remembered by hardly any, be forcibly abducted before their eyes, and vanish beyond the powers of Scotland Yard and a considerable force of policemen to find him.

The future of the airship



Airships as a popular form of travel never survived the Hindenburg disaster in 1937 but within a few years they could be a familiar sight over London. Plans are well advanced for a 70-seater airship to make sightseeing flights over the city, and a cargo prototype will be in the air next summer.

The Greater London Council has carried out a feasibility study. Its report says airships can meet satisfactory safety standards and that noise is likely to be a more serious disadvantage. Apart from sightseeing their real potential is as a transporter of goods. The GLC says they could carry four times the cargo of conventional aircraft and at 75 per cent less cost. They would be a more secure way of transporting valuable commodities, and firms transporting transformers and other big loads would be able to avoid the dismantling and reassembling that accompanies their journeys by road.

Today's airships would be filled with non-flammable, non-toxic helium, not hydrogen. The two firms currently planning to operate airships have different models in mind: one, an 85 mph twin-engine passenger craft, 80 yards long, would be for short-haul passenger journeys and sightseeing; the other, powered by four turbo-prop engines and nearly 200 yards long, would be able to carry 60 tons of cargo at 75 miles an hour.

If GLC and other official go-aheads

The R 101 crash 50 years ago turned British designers away from airships.

are given and the trials are encouraging, the Docklands could possibly benefit from both an airship manufacturing plant and a terminal.

US voters wooed in Britain

The drama at the party conferences in Blackpool and Brighton nearly diverted our attention from the fierce political battle being fought in London, the prize being no less than the presidency of the United States. There are more than 100,000 Americans in Britain and in a tight finish their votes could matter.

Unlike their presidential candidates, the London "party leaders", insurance executive Michael McNulty (Democrats) and lawyer Joni Nelson (Republicans) were able to settle terms for a debate at the Hilton, the former defending Carter policies with vigour while the latter sought to prove that Reagan was a "sound, practical man".

But the highlight of the Republican activities was a "Grand Old Party" at the Hurlingham Club. We went along and sat next to an advertising agency art buyer who we were told was in charge of voter registration. Americans residing abroad were more likely to be Republicans than Democrats, she con-

fided. "Republicans are more concerned with the professional and business community. Also many Americans abroad are in positions of seniority and tend to be more conservative. There aren't many working class Americans here."

Joni Nelson told the crowd: "Reagan is not a dummy. He is an intelligent candidate." We all then tucked into what we were told was a "typical American political dinner"—rubber chicken, barbecue sauce, baked potatoes and salad, followed by apple pie, while the more diehard party members cracked jokes like "The Carters were choosing one of the brothers to stand for the presidency; they chose Jimmy because he couldn't run the gas station."

We looked in on a Democratic fundraising cocktail party. We dare not even repeat the Reagan jokes we heard there.

Coventry's new transport museum

The Museum of British Road Transport, which recently and appropriately opened in Coventry, celebrates the grace and pace of our vehicle builders.

It traces that city's intimate connexion with the car since the British Daimler Company was established there in 1896, the year of the repeal of the Red Flag Act. Many other manufacturers have come and subsequently gone. The 100-odd (and sometimes very odd) cars in the collection range from a Daimler Wagonette, made in the year of grace 1897, to a Jaguar V12 Series 3 E-Type, made in the year of peace, 1975.

Somewhere between the two comes the Humber staff car (number M 239485) which almost did not convey Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery from Normandy to Berlin. This stout vehicle was dropped into the harbour on its way to be delivered to Monty on the Normandy beach-head in June, 1944. It was recovered and rebuilt overnight.

The splendid collection is broadened to include about 50 motorcycles, 200 bicycles and a variety of buses and commercial vehicles made mainly in Coventry but also in a region loosely extending from Derby to Luton. Memorabilia of the pioneering days, including some accounts of early adventures, are on display. We were drawn to a vintage booklet, *Across Siberia on a Bicycle*: "I was almost dozing when with a suddenness which made my heart leap into my mouth four animals of unmistakable genus appeared before me, slouching through the grass at the base of the firs. Wolves! . . . My first impulse was to fire upon them, my next to dodge around the trees and my next to mount the bicycle."

The £250,000 museum project has been financed from local authority funds with the help of industry. It takes particular pride in two vehicles which are the oldest survivors to bear a pair of famous names: a 1907 Standard Roi-de-Belge tourer and a 1908 Hillman Coatalea.

The museum's position also, inevitably, draws attention to the general route that the industry has taken in recent years. Since the turn of the century 100 separate motor manufacturers have been based in Coventry; today two car assemblers remain. The press preview of the museum was to have included a visit to Talbot's Ryton plant, but it was cancelled because many of its employees are now working a one-day week.

ILN award winner

The Illustrated London News archaeology award of £250, together with a year's possession of the *ILN* trophy, has been won this year by the Bede Monastery Museum, Tyne and Wear, which opened a little over a year ago. After 11 years of excavation, the foundations of Bede's monastery of St Paul at Jarrow were laid bare and in Jarrow Hall, an 18th-century house alongside St Paul's Church, site of the monastery, are displayed the fruits of Professor Rosemary Cramp's excavations: pots and other utensils, carvings including a 13th-century horse's head, and two reconstructed windows which represent the earliest stained glass found in England so far. There is also a model of the Saxon monastery where Bede spent his life from the age of seven, and numerous visual displays and audio effects which help to build up a picture of daily life in the time of Bede.

Foreman shows in London

Readers of the *ILN* over the past ten years will be familiar with Michael Foreman's colourful drawings (for instance he was responsible for both the *London Calendar* and the *London Clubs* series). Always a prolific worker, he is currently celebrating the almost simultaneous publication of four books he has illustrated: an Ernest Hemingway short story, *The Faithful Bull*, published by Hamish Hamilton; two novels, *The Pig Plantagenet* by Allen Andrews, published by Hutchinson, and *After Many a Summer* by Aldous Huxley, published by the Folio Society; and stories from the Old Testament, *City of Gold*, retold by Peter Dickinson and published by Victor Gollancz. The Old Testament illustrations are particularly notable, some for their deceptively simple images and broad sweeps of colour, and others for their intricate detail.

Much of the original work for these books is on show in two exhibitions. The Old Testament drawings are at the Graffiti Gallery, 44 Great Marlborough Street, W1, for two weeks from October 22. For two weeks from November 12 the Neal Street Gallery, Neal Street, WC2, is showing a retrospective of Foreman's work, including originals from all four books together with travel drawings, particularly those from the Middle East which have been used as reference for *City of Gold*.

Agenda for the President

The election of the President of the United States focusses attention not only on the candidates but on the problems awaiting his attention. Three commentators have been invited to analyse the main issues that lie in the President's in-trays marked "Foreign affairs", "The economy" and "The state of the nation". Their memoranda to the President are published on the following pages.

The introductory article on this page, by Louis Heren, examines the state of the Presidency and the Constitution.

As early as 1861, when the United States was a faraway agrarian republic with little or no influence outside its borders, John Bright, the great Victorian reformer, wrote this hymn of praise:

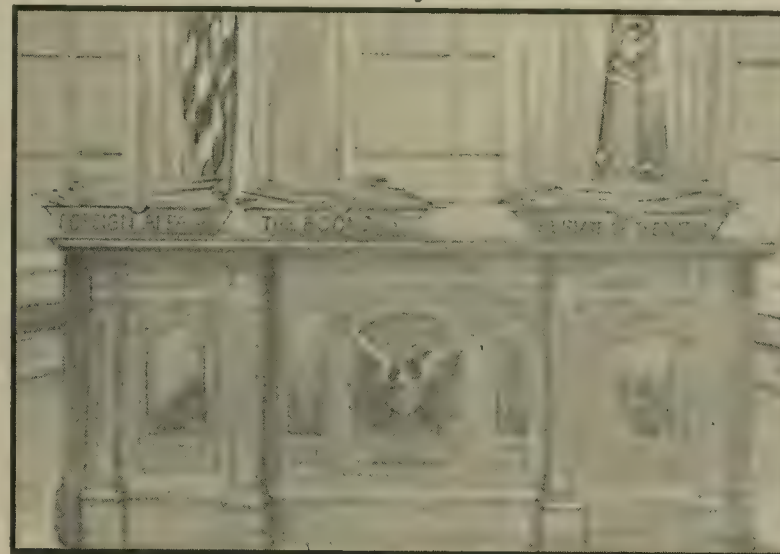
"Every four years there springs from the vote created by the whole people a President over that great nation. I think the whole world offers no finer spectacle than this: it offers no higher dignity; and there is no greater object of ambition on the political stage on which men are permitted to move.

"You may point, if you will, to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on prescription or on conquest, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions and subject realms—but to my mind there is nothing more worthy of reverence and obedience, and nothing more sacred, than the authority of the freely chosen magistrate of a great and free people; and if there be on earth and amongst men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed."

Americans like to have nice things said about themselves and their institutions, but at the time they must have wondered if Bright was serious. The Civil War had begun, and the diaries of William Howard Russell, *The Times* correspondent who covered the first year of that terrible war, reveal that there was little respect for President Lincoln even in the North. His immediate predecessors in office, James Buchanan, Franklin Pierce and Millard Fillmore, were bad jokes.

American respect for the president, which can border on Bright's reverence, is in fact comparatively recent. The first to emerge as the "king-president" we have come to expect was Franklin Roosevelt, who reinterpreted the Constitution to acquire powers the founding fathers, with their memories of George III, sought to deny the president. His popularity was such that he was elected for four terms and is remembered as the president of all the people and the personification of the Republic.

The subsequent expansion of presidential power persuaded thoughtful Americans that it was too great for any one man, and their apprehension was proved by events. Lyndon Johnson could not have become totally obsessed by Vietnam if the constitutional checks and balances had been allowed to work.



Arguably Watergate became possible only because Richard Nixon was corrupted by total power. There was a reaction, and Congress retrieved some of its constitutional power after Johnson and Nixon had acted out Lord Acton's little homily on the corruption of power. The results were less than happy. Resentful of presidential power but unable to provide leadership, Congress made orderly and efficient government difficult and at times impossible.

I believe that the disappointments of the last four years cannot be understood without this background, but most Americans are convinced that the inadequacies of President Jimmy Carter were mainly responsible. They are more than half right although Carter's record in office is not all bad. The Panama Canal Treaty brought to an end the unsavoury era of American colonialism in Latin America, and prevented further estrangement between the two continents. The Camp David accord was a notable example of painstaking diplomacy, and the establishment of diplomatic relations with China can only be applauded. Carter worked hard and intelligently in the cause of strategic arms limitation, and cannot be blamed for the delay in negotiating Salt 2. His stand on the rights of the individual posed some embarrassing dilemmas for the State Department, which had to do business with authoritarian governments, but was a true reflection of the American love of liberty. His energy programme, long delayed and weakened by Congress, has begun to diminish the country's dangerous dependence on imported oil.

By any objective standard his is not a record of unmitigated failure, but his economic policies have not worked and unemployment is proportionately higher than in Britain. His responses to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and the events in Iran were less than glorious. His decision to employ his brother, Billy Carter, as an intermediary with Libya revealed bad political judgment. He lost the confidence of the American majority, and almost certainly would have lost the Democratic presidential nomination this year to Senator Edward Kennedy but for the shadow of Chappaquiddick. The instinct of the American people was sound. Carter is flawed, not by scandal but because he cannot rise to the greatness the American people still expect of their king-presidents.

His speeches are dreary, not only because they lack style, although style is important, but because they reveal a man unable to see his country and the world in the round. He appears not to have a sense of history or a feel for the future. There is no fire in his belly. Life is a series of problems to be solved.

According to *The New York Times*, even his political opponents concede that Carter is a bright man. "Put together a list of options—on, say, whether to sell nuclear fuel to India—and Mr Carter will make the right choice every time. But with his compartmentalized, engineer's mind, the President's critics contend, Mr Carter sometimes overlooks the frequent inconsistencies of his positions and fails to weigh long-term consequences."

Carter's inability to enthuse the na-

tion was painfully apparent at the Democratic National Convention. Kennedy knew that he was defeated before the delegate vote was taken, but he delivered a speech which even made me, a journalist who has heard too much political rhetoric, want to stand up and cheer. Perhaps Kennedy's \$12 billion job-creation programme was economically unsound, but he understood and responded to the very soul of the party. In comparison, Carter sounded like the chairman of the board reporting to the shareholders. His acceptance speech was little more than a check list of projects to be explored and perhaps funded in the coming financial year if the cash flow permitted.

Elizabeth Drew of *The New Yorker* best caught the failure of that speech.

"The audience applauds, and cheers from time to time, but it is cheerless. Carter just does not give a lift to occasions; he does not seem to know how to. He doesn't evoke very much in people, because he doesn't give very much. He is a withholder. The smile is up front, but he is somewhere back in the weeds. The loner in him has left him a lone figure. He... has difficulty with people, which is why he is surrounded by so few."

She portrays an infinitely sad figure behind the toothy smile, and his grave weaknesses help to explain his failure to establish a working relationship with Congress. As far as Congress is concerned, a president, despite the majesty of his office, is only as powerful as the support he commands in the country. A president must also be an instinctive politician, and not want to be the chairman of the board.

In mitigation it can be argued that Carter was a complete stranger to Washington when he was elected. Indeed, his inexperience was a positive advantage during the 1976 election campaign. His appeal was that he had not been corrupted by power, a factor that weighed heavily after Watergate and Vietnam, and the assumption was that he would learn.

The problem for Carter was that having in effect run against Washington he had to work with it if he was to succeed. Admittedly it was not easy, but he had large Democratic majorities in both Houses of Congress, and Thomas O'Neill, the powerful Speaker of the House of Representatives, was eager to co-operate although Carter's staff had managed to offend him.

Carter should have made a go of it. After all, there is no training for the presidency because unlike Britain, with its cabinet form of government, aspiring presidential candidates cannot serve an apprenticeship as minister. To that extent all newly inaugurated presidents are inexperienced, with the possible exception of former vice-presidents, but most of his predecessors learned sooner or later. They were required to play politics, and the Washington variety can be rough and occasionally dirty, but Carter's election campaigns showed that he could wheel and deal as shamelessly as any old pro. Cold calculation resides behind that smile, and the eyes are ever watchful.

This year's primary campaign was an obvious example. Aware of his growing unpopularity, Carter sought protection behind the burdens of office and avoided the campaign trail while his staff rallied the Democratic faithful and helped to rewrite the convention rules to make his nomination almost inevitable.

Those personal weaknesses prevented him from making his mark on Congress as well as the nation. Nevertheless, one assumes that he could be re-elected this month if only because the Republican candidate, Ronald Reagan, would make a worse president. The independent candidate, John Anderson, makes political forecasting more difficult, but a majority of Americans might prefer to vote for the devil they know.

We can only hope that whoever is elected will have learnt some lessons from the last four years. I say "we" because the future of much of the world, as well as of the United States, still depends on the man who lives and works at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

There is much to be done. The world is a more dangerous place than it was when Carter came to power. American defence theorists have lost faith in the policy of containment, which for many years was the foundation of the post-war balance of power. Détente is now in question because of Afghanistan and the continuing deployment of Soviet ICBMs.

The Middle East presents the more immediate danger because of Western dependence on oil. Hostilities between Iraq and Iran are only one manifestation of the region's instability. A recurring nightmare for Western governments is the possible overthrow of the Saudi Arabian monarchy, and the American hostages in Iran are a dreadful reminder of the present helplessness of the United States.

Domestic problems are equally pressing. The claim that the United States is being steadily de-industrialized is an exaggeration, but American industry is no longer the cornucopia it once was. The world can only climb out of the pit of economic recession on the coat-tails of the United States.

This is the immediate agenda, but another crisis cannot be safely avoided for long. I refer to the American con-

stitutional crisis. There is no doubt in my mind that the success of the United States, and it is history's greatest success story, would not have been possible except within the framework of the United States Constitution. The old saying that God loves drunks and the United States might not convince everybody, but the founding fathers were either extraordinary men or they received some kind of guidance when they met in Philadelphia in 1787 to draft the Constitution.

It is the oldest written constitution, but the interpretation of its spare and elegant 18th-century English has changed with, and indeed made possible, the great changes which eventually created history's largest and most powerful democracy. Franklin Roosevelt's assertion of presidential power was the most dramatic example. Without it, he could not have dealt with the dreadful consequences of the Depression or mobilized the country to fight and help win the Second World War. We all owe him a debt of gratitude.

That said, a great price was paid and it increased when the Bomb once again transformed the presidency. No other single man, as far as is known, possesses the power to destroy civilization as we know it, and a man with such power over life and death is set apart from other men. One member of Johnson's staff recalled how he and others were inhibited from giving him advice he did not want to hear.

An immense bureaucracy known as the Executive Office was established to assist the president. Apart from the White House Office, it includes the National Security Council, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Office of Management and Budget and many other agencies. It is a government within a government, and is accountable only to the president.

The dangers are obvious. For instance, the president's national security adviser has more influence than the Secretary of State, but is not accountable to Congress. Presidents have been tempted to ignore Congress and govern through this inner government—which led to the Cuban invasion, the Vietnam war and other disasters.

In this complicated and dangerous world the American president needs more power than the founding fathers were prepared to give him, but not to the extent that the constitutional checks and balances and the separation of powers are diminished or ignored. Apart from the corruption of power, the American system cannot work effectively without sensitive observation of these constitutional principles.

I am not suggesting a return to a fundamentalist reading of the Constitution. But having digested the lessons of the last 50 years, and recognized that recent attempts by Congress to reassert its own powers have been less than successful, a new interpretation must be attempted. Only then will a new equilibrium between president, Congress and the people emerge.

Foreign affairs

by Norman Moss

Mr President,

First, as an overview on foreign affairs, I suggest that we look briefly at the lessons that may be drawn from the last four-year term. It seems to me that there are three. One is that more and more things are happening in the world, and even happening to us, over which we have no control. It might have been possible to prevent the seizure of hostages in Iran, but once they were taken there was nothing useful that the Administration could do. Another is that the refusal to support any villain simply because he is anti-Communist need not undermine the security of the Republic; we let the Sandanistas topple Somoza, but Nicaragua has not become another Cuba. Another is that the balance of economic power changes faster in this world than the balance of military power. Who would have thought four years ago that Japan would be producing more steel than us?

One more point by way of prelude: my brief is foreign affairs, but these inevitably interact with domestic affairs at some points. I will not dwell on the domestic aspects any more than I need.

I will begin with the Middle East, for this is still the most probable danger area in the next four years, the area in which a crisis is most likely to occur with which you will have to deal. I hardly need go over all the factors that make the Middle East so important to the United States today, and particularly the Northern part, around the Arabian Gulf. Oil is the principal factor and the source of all the others: financial strength, commercial importance and strategic importance also.

Let me begin with a caution, if this does not sound presumptuous. Do not pay too much attention to maps—particularly those maps that will be shown to you during the next few weeks which indicate the areas of vital interest to America and mark out their distance from the Soviet borders, and have coloured arrows showing the routes along which a military thrust could come.

This kind of map has bedevilled American policy-making for the last 30 years. It reflects a geographical view of containment, the idea that Communism spreads from the Soviet frontier like dry rot. But this is not the way it happens, nor does it indicate the ways in which Soviet power can be contained. The countries which have set up pro-Soviet régimes in the last 20 years, with the sole exception of Afghanistan, have been far from Russia's borders. Cuba, Vietnam, Angola, Mozambique, South Yemen.

Soviet tanks rolling across the Arabian sands towards the oilfields are the least likely of the eventualities with which you may have to deal. An anti-

Western uprising which threatens a part of our oil supplies is much more probable. Iran, not Afghanistan, is the pointer to the crises of the future. Situations like that do not have military solutions, and logistics maps are no help.

It could take the form of Islamic fundamentalism, the wave of the past, or political radicalism, purporting to be the wave of the future. It could occur first in one of those tiny statelets that have hardly more people than oil wells, or in Saudi Arabia itself. One can only try, both in anticipation of such an event and after it, to mitigate the effects on America.

The revolution in Iran took a violently anti-American turn because the United States was identified closely with the Shah's régime. Our task now is to tread a thin line between identifying ourselves too closely with a conservative régime when it is unpopular, and appearing to be a fair-weather friend who quits at the first sign of trouble. (This appears to have worked in Nicaragua, where our years of support for the Somoza family are not held too strongly against us by the present rulers.) Some guidelines might be: keep a low profile, in terms of the American way of life as well as official presence—a Coca-Cola poster can be as abrasive as a military base; avoid identification with the repressive instruments of state power, such as the security services; use what influence we have to persuade governments to adopt progressive and reformist policies where appropriate.

A domestic revolt such as occurred in Iran is not the only dangerous possibility in the Middle East. The Iran-Iraq war indicates the wide range of events that can disturb the area, and the variety of consequences that can ensue, with potential effects on our oil supplies, apart from others.

At this point, one has to come to the Arab-Israeli dispute, because the negative view of the United States that is held in much of the Arab world stems from America's support for Israel more than anything else. Nothing would do more to strengthen America's position in the Middle East than for America to show that it can use its influence on Israel for the benefit of some Arabs. Conversely, another Arab-Israeli war in which the United States was forced to support Israel could be catastrophic.

This is an added reason to put pressure on the Israeli government to make concessions on Palestinian autonomy on the West Bank, and also to loosen their hold on southern Lebanon. The pressure need not be dramatic; indeed, it should not be. As you know, Israeli requests for economic and military help are continuous. You do not need to refuse one, and face the



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Among the subjects that must engage the new President's mind are Iran, where anti-US feelings still run high, and Nato. Teamwork 80, left, was a Nato exercise whose name indicated the pressing need to co-ordinate policies.

Indian Ocean and, probably, air and ground forces would move to our recently acquired bases near the area, in Somalia and Kenya.

However, a word of caution here: military intervention in the Arab world would have such appalling repercussions that it should be considered only as a last resort, and then only as a quick in-and-out operation. If American soldiers were seen to be fighting Arabs and American aircraft bombing Arab villages, it would be difficult for any régime in the Arab world to maintain a pro-American stance and survive.

This kind of consideration brings me logically to Europe. At your next meetings with European leaders, and at all subsequent meetings for that matter, the Middle East should be high on the agenda. We should try to get our Nato allies to shed some of the reservations they have about making common cause with us outside the Nato area.

If we wanted to send forces to the Middle East in a hurry, we would need to use our bases in Europe to refuel. If they refused us their use (as they did during the Yom Kippur War in 1973) our Rapid Deployment Force could not be deployed rapidly. Also, it is possible that a British or French brigade might

settle a situation quickly where the landing of US marines would produce enormous complications. When the Saudis needed some help in clearing insurgents out of the Grand Mosque in Mecca a few months ago, they sought it from the French, not us, and wisely so.

We and the Europeans are in the same boat so far as Middle East oil is concerned. It would make sense if we were all rowing in the same direction.

In other areas also we need somehow to co-ordinate better Nato thinking. In the past, there have been episodes of friction due to misunderstanding that seem incredible given the amount of consultation that goes on: the row over the neutron bomb was the most recent. But we must work out our ideas together. All too often policies are devised here in Washington, and then the degree of Nato co-operation is judged by how far our allies fall into line with them.

And so to Russia, still, even in this multi-polar world, our principal adversary. Perhaps your most important task in foreign policy is to come to an understanding with the Soviet leaders. By an understanding, I do not mean détente. I mean the kind of understanding that two boxers have when they step into the ring. Each of us should know what the other is trying to do, what the rules are, and what will be the consequence of breaking one of them.

There is no such clear understanding now. The Soviet leaders were surprised when we reacted as strongly as

domestic flak that this would set off. It would be enough to delay our response, or make the terms less generous—refusing to write off the cost of military supplies, for instance. This might have the effect of changing the government in Israel, but Mr Begin's peace drive seems to have come to an end anyway. But I would not expect much change of substance from the new government. It is not likely to follow a very different policy unless it, too, is pushed. And we cannot push the Israelis far without pushing the other side also.

However—and this is one of those places where foreign and domestic affairs overlap—the most important thing you can do to strengthen our hand in the Middle East is here at home: reduce our dependence on imported oil, as indeed has been the Administration's aim for some time. In 1947, when

Britain was paralysed by a combination of a terrible winter and war-induced poverty and had to ask for help, the then Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, snapped to a Labour Party delegation complaining about some aspect of his policy: "Give me 100,000 tons of coal and I'll give you an independent foreign policy!" If you can give yourself five billion barrels of oil, Mr President, you will have an independent foreign policy.

I suggested earlier that you should not pay too much attention to military maps. Nonetheless, a military threat could occur as a result of some drastic political change. Newly unfriendly régimes might try to close the straits at the Red Sea or the Arabian Gulf through which much of the Western world's oil comes, perhaps with Soviet encouragement. In that case, we would have to move fast with our ships in the

we did to their invasion of Afghanistan, which so far as they were concerned was almost an internal matter.

We need more mutual understanding in the area of weaponry. We do not know the purpose of the Soviet nuclear build-up, as you will observe from the different explanations of your advisory groups, each of them full of certainty. Some officials will tell you that the Russians want to create a first-strike force which could in a crisis destroy all our missiles on the ground. I personally think this is unlikely, partly because of the large number of missiles that we have at sea in submarines. Nonetheless, we are planning to deploy the MX missile system in order to forestall them. But the MX can be seen as a potential first-strike force, and they are likely to respond by building more warheads.

This suggests the need for more arms control negotiations. Salt 2 might just get Senate approval. Even if it does not, it would suit us and the Russians to observe its provisions for a while just as if the treaty were in force. Whether it is ratified or not, we can go on to Salt 3 negotiations, not only on medium-range missiles in Europe, which it has long been assumed would be the subject of the talks, but also on the new long-range missiles. This would have the dual purpose of pegging missiles, which apart from anything else would save money, and of mutual education about each other's intentions. This will not guarantee that we will not all be killed, but should at least make it likely that if this does occur the people who kill us will know what they are doing.

I turn now to China, because our relations with China are governed by our relationship with Russia. So far, we have been able to fine-tune this: if we want to put a little more squeeze on the Soviet Union, we sell China some more computers, or send the Secretary of Defence to Peking. The Chinese will not always allow us to use the relationship in this way, and it might be wise to put it on a more stable basis during the next four years. Let us remember that they also are capable of manipulating the situation. At the moment, for instance, their internal propaganda is as hostile to the US as it is to Russia.

You may have to pay increasing attention to what one state official called recently "a troubled land of 3,000 square miles containing two language groups, each with its own culture and historical claims to the area, afflicted with one of the world's greatest gaps between wealth and poverty. . . likely to become America's chief crisis concern".

This comes under the heading of foreign affairs, but only just. The official, the Californian Tom Hayden, was talking about the US-Mexican border area. It is true that if a crisis erupted into violence, it would be domestic violence involving the Chicanos and illegal immigrants in America. But Mexican-American relations can play a part in this, for better or worse. In order

to make sure that it is for better, I suggest that we try hard during the next four years to reach an agreement with the Mexican government on immigration matters that does not offend their national pride. I suggest that we also encourage them further to develop their oilfields, not only for the reason that it is useful to have a major source of imported oil near by, but also to provide more jobs and money in Mexico and so reduce the disparity in wealth that is at the root of our problems.

Last, I will touch on our economic relations with the Third World. Economic aid as such is in bad odour at the moment, and we are not likely to get much change out of Congress if we ask for more. But we can adjust some of our economic policies along the lines of the Brandt Report, to guarantee stable prices for Third World primary commodities, open our markets to their imports and encourage them to develop the crops and industry most useful for their own needs (which is not always our policy now).

I think we can demonstrate to Congress that the Brandt Report is essentially correct in saying that the developed and under-developed nations are interdependent, and that it is in our national self-interest to see that they overcome their poverty, though you can expect lots of local rows about allowing in their produce. Some economists will argue over this. I would suggest that it is in our national self-interest in a more subtle and perhaps more profound sense than the purely economic.

All the indicators point to a coming food shortage which will mean famine in large parts of the world unless substantial changes are made in the patterns of economic activity. The British writer C. P. Snow foresaw this ten years ago, and predicted that our peoples would watch people in other parts of the world starving to death on their colour television screens. We may yet come to this situation of comfortable detachment from suffering.

But if we do, a lot of Americans will refuse to see this suffering as simply prime-time drama which, because it is taking place in a different continent, is no great concern of their government; and these are going to be by and large the most decent and articulate and public-spirited of our people.

A part of the tragedy of the Vietnam war was that a large number of fine young Americans were revolted by what their country was doing. They were alienated from their government and even, in some cases, from their flag. America was not standing for the principles that, according to their reading of American history, it should stand for, and being an American did not mean what they felt it should mean.

Ours will be an unhealthy society if large numbers of this kind of people feel that their government and their country's role in the world has nothing to do with their aspirations or ideals.

The economy

by Dudley Fishburn

Executive Editor of *The Economist*

Mr President,

There were many times during the long election campaign when you asked me to investigate how you could deliver on your various election promises. This memorandum brings you bad news—you cannot. During the campaign both you and your opponent vowed to cut inflation; increase defence spending; lower taxes; strengthen the dollar; and provide massive aid for our declining cities and the unemployed.

To achieve any one of these things would be difficult. To try to attempt them all would result not only in certain failure, but also in political suicide.

Your administration faces the following acute economic problems. I have ventured to make recommendations. But no one should see them until the campaign is over.

Problem: Inflation. This is now running at a level—12 per cent a year—which is unacceptably high. The American people, like those of West Germany but unlike those of Britain, will not tolerate this. To control it is your first political task. There is no fudging this issue. Continued inflation will make you enemies both among the poor, who are worst hurt by it, and the business community, which is reluctant to invest the capital needed for America to remain prosperous during your administration.

Recommendation. From the start of your administration, therefore, you need to shelve those heavy federal spending projects that were promised, largely under pressure from Senator Edward Kennedy, in speeches in New York and Detroit. Aim rather to win a reputation as a president who is mean with the federal dollar. Balance the budget. Bring inflation under control through higher interest rates and a tougher control on the money supply. Only when this is done, Mr President, will you have room to manoeuvre on your other promises. Short-term unpopularity at the start of your administration is the necessary price to pay for respect at the end of it.

Problem: Recession. The American economy is now in its second Opec-led recession of this decade. Industrial production is down. The GNP is falling. Unemployment has reached 8 per cent. Industry is not investing in the future. Productivity, which for so long allowed America to make the economic running against Japan and West Europe, is rapidly falling away. Perhaps most worrying of all, America's track record of pioneering new industrial research and development is faltering. In 1967 America accounted for one third of the world's science and technology; now it accounts for just a quarter. Add in the

collapse of the dollar abroad and it all makes for gloomy reading.

Now the brighter news. The American economy is remarkably resilient. It is still the economic motor for the free world. The dollar is undervalued. And the confidence that our allies have in us is greater than we have in ourselves. We have bounced back rapidly from recession before, most recently in 1976. Wall Street, which is enjoying a long overdue boom, clearly thinks we will do so again. **Recommendation.** Do little. Most important of all do not come up with some grand proposals either for tax cuts, or for great plans to spend your way out of this recession. These would only be ravaged by Congress. And by the time that anything that survived was finally put into action, the trade cycle will have changed. The American economy needs a White House policy that plays it cool and long. There is no reason why, once this recession is over, America should not continue to clock up a growth rate of 4–5 per cent a year—which is enough to make many an industrial country (like Britain) burn with envy.

Problem: Energy. The United States is still hooked on the Opec barrel. Although we are the second biggest producer of oil in the world, we still import half our requirement. This drains the balance of payments, weakens the dollar and restrains our foreign policy. Despite the attempts of earlier administrations, we are still regulating the price of domestic oil at unrealistically low prices. This encourages yet more imports and yet more waste. And it discourages both the development of alternative energy sources, and the exploitation of new oil reserves in our continent.

This policy of madness has been the fault of Congress, not the White House. Although natural gas and oil prices are now partly deregulated, and although American oil imports have begun to fall, there is still much to be done.

Recommendation. Lose no opportunity to get all controls on domestic oil and gas lifted. Nothing will stop wastage so effectively as higher prices. But you might also set a public example by keeping the stifling central heating and freezing air conditioning in all federal buildings within stricter limits. Encourage all alternative sources of energy, from windmills to nuclear power. New nuclear power stations—using the next generation of technology—must be built. Do not give political hostage to the fortunes of an ever more extreme "environmentalist" lobby. The president that gives America back its old energy independence will not only have achieved an enormous economic

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Agenda for the President



GAMMA FRANK SPÖNER

success, but a greater international security as well.

Problem: Tax. Ever since "Proposition 13", which slashed property taxes in California two years ago, every politician has been calling for tax cuts. You yourself did so, frequently; but no more frequently, I am happy to say, than your opponent. The problem is that these proposed cuts are inherently dishonest. They are not cuts at all; merely adjustments to rates which have become outdated because of the last years of inflation. Worse, you never mentioned that any cuts which might be made (for which Congress would inevitably take much of the credit) would need to be offset by higher social security payments (for which you, in the White House, would be given much of the blame). Federal taxes in America are not high by international standards; and it is better that you should balance the budget—or even run a small surplus—than cut taxes and have to borrow instead. The problem is that public expectations have now been raised.

Recommendation. With the election over, you must now talk more of fiscal responsibility than of tax cuts. You can, however, afford to make early proposals to Congress to change the tax law to allow quicker depreciation of industry's fixed capital assets. This will encourage investment. At the same time you could propose reducing taxes on the lowest paid, since this produces little income anyway. It is only half way through your administration, if the economy is doing well, that you can responsibly advocate lower rates across the broad spectrum of tax payers. Don't do so before; it will land you in fiscal trouble that you may spend the rest of your time in the presidency trying to escape.

Problem: Protectionism. Many indus-

tries, such as textiles, shoes, steel and car manufacturers, will soon be coming to you in the White House asking for protection from cheap imports from Japan and Western Europe. Many of America's 19th-century industries, unfortunately often concentrated in the big cities of the north, are no longer competitive. They are going through a painful process of contraction—and they have powerful, articulate congressmen to put their case. But the age of these industries, like the age of cheap fossil-fuel energy, is over. To prop them up artificially with either federal funds (as has happened to Chrysler) or, still worse, by protection from foreign competition would be expensive and futile. America's new wealth-creators are the high-technology industries—computers, microchips, software.

Recommendation. Seek an early opportunity to show that you are publicly committed to free trade. Economic isolationism is yet more dangerous than political isolationism. Any tariff barrier that the United States erects will be equalled by the European community.

America is still the motor for the free world's economy. You will be going to many a "world economic summit", where you could carry great authority as an advocate for free international trade—in currencies and capital as well as in goods. There you should step up pressure on Japan to play by free trade rules, but this you will find impossible if you turn protectionist yourself. May I make one immediate recommendation, Mr President? You should lift the embargo on grain sales to Russia, before all the 20 million tons we should have sold them are sold instead by our allies—for example Argentina and Australia. Free trade in farm produce is not only good for the Middle West; it

may help us to break the crazy food cartel of the European Common Market.

Problem: Political appointments. There are three key economic posts that you must fill wisely to show that the White House is going to provide an effective administration. Previous administrations got off to a bad start by publicly muffing these appointments. Do not under any circumstances give them to political cronies who have helped you in the campaign. (Make them ambassadors, where they can do no harm.)

Recommendation: 1 The secretary of the Treasury. You need a smart political operator for this job: just taking a big name from industry will not do. Your appointee must be independent, worldly wise and of strong enough mettle to stand up both to the Chairman of the Federal Reserve (Mr Paul Volcker) and to the finance ministers of Western Europe and the Far East, with whom he will frequently have to confer. They are a tough bunch; so give this job to a man who can give as good as he gets.

2 The chief economic adviser. This man must be someone who can tell you uncomfortable truths. He should be a recognized, establishment figure, with ties into big business and the labour unions alike. Choose someone whom you respect yourself. He should be a professional economist. How about a monetarist from the University of Chicago?

3 The budget director. This is possibly the most important job among your White House staff—the man who allocates and controls federal spending. Choose someone who is personally loyal to you, who knows your mind. He will need to know how to bestow budgetary favours on pet congressmen whose votes you need. A well placed highway project in the South or dam in

Crowded job centres in Detroit indicate the decline in the motor industry.

the Far West can win many vital senate votes.

Warning: These appointments must only be made after the most careful screening of each man's business background. If there is any hint of scandal in their past—as there was with Bert Lance—the Press are bound to pick it up, to your political embarrassment, and hound your appointee from office.

One final word of advice, Mr President. The White House is the centre of executive power. Its principal economic task, therefore, is the spending and raising of the federal tax dollar. Do not misread this power into thinking that you alone control the American economy. On the contrary, the White House has, historically, been particularly powerless in economic policy. (One reason, perhaps, why the economy has done so well.) Remember the disaster of Richard Nixon's attempt at a prices and incomes policy in 1973, or the utter collapse of the various presidential "economic packages" of the last five years. This is a capitalist economy, and it does not take kindly to presidential interference.

The federal budget takes up about 21 per cent of the country's gross national product. This is less than half the equivalent central government spending in countries like Britain. And the mood in America is for less, not more. So quickly forget those grandiose schemes and promises that loomed so large in the election campaign. A balanced budget, 5 per cent inflation and a benign neglect of the economy will win you much greater political acclaim by 1984 than foolish attempts to direct the world's largest economy from the White House. ➡



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The state of the nation

by Sam Smith



GAMMA FRANK SPONER

Mr President, You asked me to assess "the mood of the country". Aside from the arrogance involved in assuming such an assignment on behalf of 220 million of my fellow citizens, other factors impel me to take licence with your instructions.

The first is that, for the moment, you are one of the country's leading authorities on its mood. You sized it up sufficiently to put the voters in a mood to elect you. On the other hand, six months from now this may no longer be the case. Not only will the isolation of power set in, but the mood may—perhaps one had better say almost certainly will—change. Even if you succeed in solving present concerns, new ones will rise to take their place. Your expertise, I fear, is of a somewhat transitory and ephemeral nature.

Second, the predominant "mood of the country" is non-political. One good test of the seriousness of a political issue is whether people will forego consideration of the really important matters in life (such as baseball/football, one's children/spouse/lover, rain/drought, ping in the car's engine and what's for dinner) long enough to discuss it. On this basis it was clear early in the campaign that inflation and unemployment were truly serious issues. These, however, are exceptions. Most of Wash-

ington's major business continues to take second place behind such matters as how well baseballer George Brett is hitting.

Third, our concerns tend to be a matter of choice and too much attention to conventional crises may not only fail to produce their resolution but also obscure the real problems. You have a choice; you can either "toady" to the polls and thus constantly lag behind history, or you can try to implant your balance of concerns in the public mind. John Kennedy was the last president to use fully the office's prerogative to create the nation's mood and he remains beloved, even by those who would be hard-pressed to explain what he did while in office.

Finally, we give greater credence to those aspects of the national mood that are well articulated. But not every concern has its effective lobbying group nor are the recognized voices of special interests necessarily an accurate reflection of the concerns of those from whom they draw their political strength.

So I will not provide you with yet another litany of the known symptoms of public distemper or smugness or righteous satisfaction, but rather with some less noted categories of concern—some, in fact, so little attended to that no one has asked you about them at a news

conference or written demanding that you do something about them.

No matter. Distress is not sufficiently diagnosed by blaming it on a headache. We need to know whether the cause is bad vision, stress, a tumour or an excess of Old Crow the night before. Here, I submit, are some things to consider in making a deeper diagnosis:

Why can't we do what we want any more? We are moving towards a society in which everyone can stop everyone else from doing what they want to do. This is not merely a result of government regulation, of which so much was heard during the campaign. After all, a major tactic of the left during the 60s was preventing things from happening. Today, special interest groups of all stripes are far more effective in blocking unwanted legislation and compiling hit lists of intolerable legislators than they are in passing the bills or electing the officials that they want. Labour and management have developed this negative capacity to a high art, each heavily insuring itself against the outrages of the other, while unindemnified losses in productivity, jobs and exports blithely increase. The leading complainer about government regulation, American big business, is itself a major perpetrator of regulations. Only in business the phrase is different. It is called "company

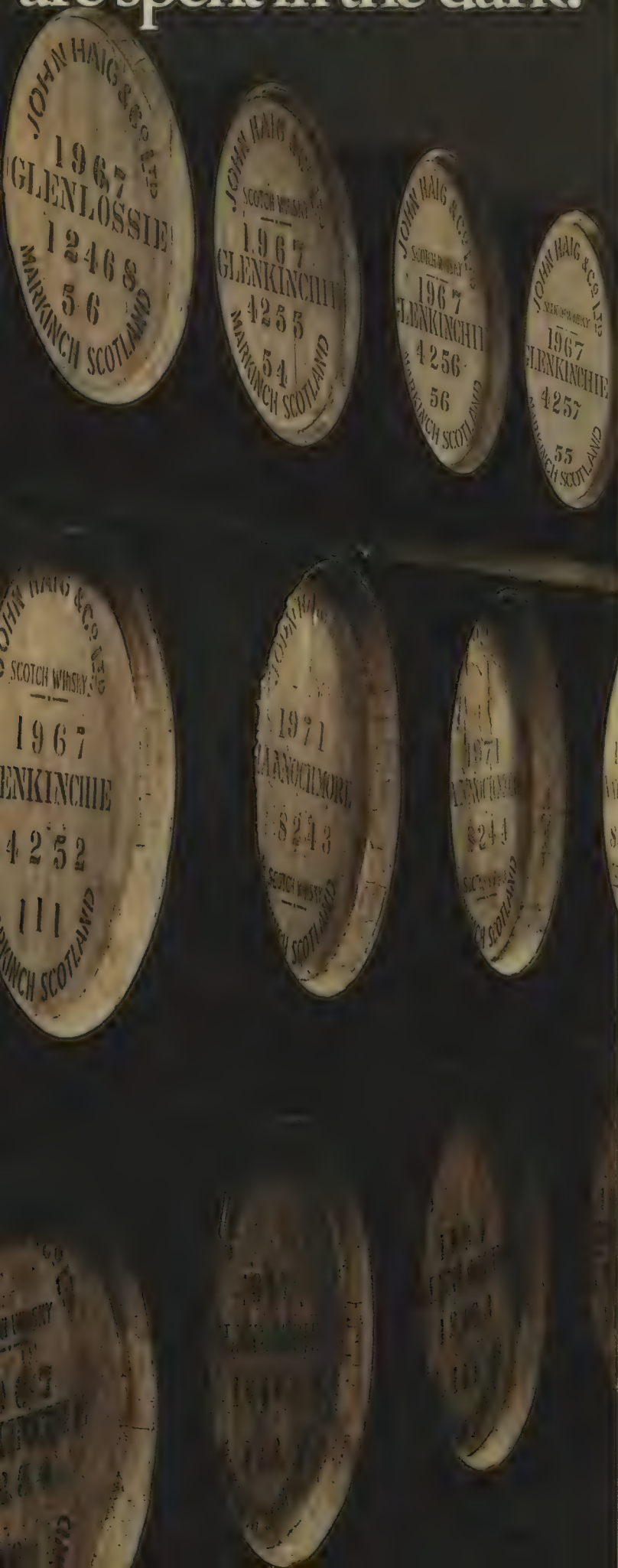
America is in the mood for protest. These young citizens were demonstrating over the re-instatement of the draft.

policy", as in the aggrieved consumer being told, "I can't do that; it's against company policy." Everywhere Americans go these days they are being told "no". If it is not against government regulations, it is against company policy; if it is not bad for your health, it is bad for the economy; if it is not offensive to women or blacks or Jews, it is offensive to evangelical Christians. And if it is economically and environmentally sound, if it is not against policy or regulation, and it offends no one, it is probably all booked up.

I propose that this administration seek ways in which more Americans can say yes to each other.

The presumption of perfection. I am sure you have noted that a woman in Massachusetts is suing her husband for damages incurred when she fell on the sidewalk outside their home. She claims he should have shovelled the snow off the pavement before she stepped out. This is but a recent example of something else wrong with America: it is no longer safe to make mistakes. This country, which was built on the courage to fail, now seems obsessed with not making mistakes, covering

The first years of a fine whisky's life are spent in the dark.



Agenda for the President

them up when you make them and suing when someone else does.

We have seen a proliferation of malpractice suits of all kinds, starting with medicine but extending even to children filing actions against their parents. With the encouragement of an avaricious horde of crisis-sucking attorneys we are all being taught the track-covering, weasel-worded, self-protective manner that used to be blessedly limited to the bureaucracy.

Even in our technology, we find a curious denial of error. Part of the argument of advocates of nuclear power has been that mistakes such as those at Three Mile Island were an aberration rather than an intrinsic part of human nature. The military refuses to recognize the validity of the proverb that begins "For want of a nail..." and continues to spend billions for high tech warfare even though, as Vietnam should have taught us, it may be thwarted by the simple tactics of a guerrilla. Our modern transit systems are similarly vulnerable; they are built on the assumption that trains do not break down. And the other day our local supermarket had to close its doors as its computer checkout system failed, leaving scores of shoppers with loaded carts inside angrily waiting for perfection to be restored.

I suggest this administration try to return failure to its rightful place in American society. We need to recognize the probability of error and be prepared for it, to develop the concept of mutual fault and to stop having so many winners and losers. As law professor Jay Folberg puts it: "The adversary process pits people against one another and results in a winner and a loser. Whenever you have a relationship that should continue, having a winner and loser only creates further friction."

There is some movement in the right direction, such as the growth of arbitration clauses in contracts and experiments in neighbourhood dispute resolution. One advantage of such a trend, incidentally, is that it might make it easier for politicians to make mistakes again. It is bad enough to expect your subways and tanks and computer checkout systems and physicians to run without a hitch, but America's current quality standard for politicians is absurd. Yet politicians encourage it by pretending they don't make mistakes. If it were not this way, many months ago we might have been able to tell the Iranians we were sorry for some of the things we had done and moved towards the release of the hostages.

The gap between self and state. As government grows in size and power, it absorbs the functions of institutions that formerly served as surrogate governments, such as the family, community and church. Relieved of major responsibilities by government, these institutions decline in importance, becoming less necessary to more people. When the trend is sufficiently advanced, individuals find themselves with the unpal-

atable choice of relying on a cold, distant and impersonal government or upon themselves. The stations in between are closed.

A natural side effect is loneliness, which is, for no small part of the country, a striking aspect of its mood. Healthy people will try to counteract loneliness and this effort has created an enormous new industry in America of which singles bars and disco emporiums are but a small part. These are places where the atomized individual goes to meet people he or she does not yet know, whereas formerly the dominant form of socializing was to join a group comprised in part of people you already knew. It is the social equivalent of zero-based budgeting. You start from scratch every time.

This mass of people who have so few other people and institutions upon which they can rely, and for which they feel responsibility, includes a minority that, by virtue of its education, income and concentration in urban centres, exercises a disproportionate influence on society. They are lonely but they can do something about it. If all else fails, they can afford a psychiatrist.

A much larger group consists of those without such options: recent immigrants to the country, new migrants to the cities, the traditional poor. For these people, the decline of intermediary institutions has been just as profound an event, but they lack the ability to compensate. A reporter friend, who is doing a study of Puerto Ricans in his state, tells me that he has noted a striking difference between the Puerto Ricans and earlier arrivals to mainland America such as the Irish, Italians and Mexicans in the south-west: the churches, labour unions, social organizations and local politicians that once helped to create a new home no longer perform this function. The Puerto Ricans are truly on their own. In such a situation, the gap between self and state becomes not merely a lonely space but a dangerous one.

Finally, there are the Americans that still wrap themselves in home, church and community. In their resistance to give up what seems noble about the way it was, they become almost paranoiac about the new loners. They are less lonely but equally frustrated, because they have been left with the values but shorn of their influence over history. This is the heartland of what is called the "swing to the right" but I doubt its political roots. It is instead the cultural clash between those who have chosen or been forced into a world of intense self-reliance and those who reject this world.

The inherent conflict between these groups can be eased by not aggravating issues that scratch at the difference, such as abortion and gay rights. And the ethnic pluralism that America accepts, at least in principle, has to be extended to a pluralism in cultural and personal values as well.

It would also help if the government

would strengthen intermediary institutions. In urban planning the federal government has done just the opposite, destroying communities with freeways and urban renewal projects and funding plans that show little feeling for their social ramifications. Similarly, although many politicians complain about the federal government's size and power there has been little support from right, middle or left for strengthening neighbourhood government. Reducing the size of the federal bureaucracy will not close the gap between self and state.

The disappearing democracy. You can go back more than 100 years and find signs that democracy was, in a structural sense, on the wane in America. The villain was not tyranny but the birthrate. As cities grew in size, the number of politicians did not grow with them. As a result, at the lowest level, people had to share their democratic representation with more and more people. Today, the lowliest city official for whom I can vote, my ward council member, represents twice as many people as did Abraham Lincoln when he went to Congress. At my entry into the democratic system I must share my representative with 80,000 other people. And in large American cities this is typical.

But it is worse than that. The July/August issue of *American Demographics* reports that there are 31,000 fewer elected officials in the US than there were a decade ago. Fifty years ago there were ten times as many elected school boards in the country as there are now. When new regional agencies are created in metropolitan areas, say for mass transit or water services, the planners, intellectuals, bureaucrats and Press unite in favour of "efficiency" over democracy—favouring appointed boards to control key matters of urban-suburban political concern.

Add to this the decline in voter participation: the presidential election of 1976 was won with 27 per cent of the nation's eligible voters; 18 per cent of the eligible voters elected the governor of New York State in 1978.

Fewer and fewer candidates chasing fewer and fewer voters. If it were a matter of economics you would say you were in a dying business.

To reverse this trend it will take more than pleading, propaganda, expressions of faith and so forth. We need to re-institute democratic power at its lowest level. People need to know their politicians and not merely see them on TV. They need their politicians' phone numbers as well as their platforms.

The old-time boss politicians like Mayor Daley of Chicago were not just strong men; they were part of a political system that reached into every block of their city. They understood that if you wanted power you had to give it away. People tolerated the graft and corruption in part because there was someone to whom they could go with a problem or a request. The mayor was not only in charge of the system; he had to respond to it. The need has not disappeared. Only the ability to meet it.

The vanishing middle. E. F. Schumacher argued that with each advancement in technology there is a tendency to discard the previous stage of development. As Rick Cohen of the Kettering Foundation describes it, "The only alternative to the most advanced stage is the most primitive. The middle ground disappears." While this problem may be of greatest importance to developing countries that need something between a wheelbarrow and a Porsche, the phenomenon is also affecting the economics of America. Consider, for example, the increasing difficulties of designing employment programmes. One cause is that our job market has become top-heavy. There simply are not enough low-skilled jobs into which to move the unemployed. They are not only unemployed; they are, by today's standards, useless. And so we find economists talking about "structural unemployment" and we find publicly acceptable levels of unemployment slowly rising. And the middle class should not feel safe from this. As Cohen points out, "The disappearing middle in size and complexity can also lead to the disappearance of those who used what the middle had to offer—the middle class." A computer specialist told me recently that he thought it only a matter of time before computers began assuming large numbers of middle-management tasks, potentially adding a vast new pool to the "structurally unemployed".

The spectre of irreversible error. Thirty years ago there was only one irreversible error of society that we really worried about: The Bomb. Now we are haunted by the thought that we might use up all the world's oil, that we will not be able to get rid of the wastes of nuclear production, that the ozone layer may be permanently destroyed, that rivers and streams may be made unfit for fish or us for evermore. We lump these under environmental concerns but they are more than that. The fear is not just that we may be foolish, destructive and exploitive, but irreversibly so. And the fear is not restricted to that special interest group known as the environmental movement or to residents near Three Mile Island. A friend from Rhode Island tells me that her newspaper advised readers to be on the lookout for suspicious trucks in their neighbourhoods that might be part of the growing business in illegal dumping of toxic wastes. We seem surrounded by the seeds of our own destruction.

You asked me to describe the mood of the country. I have tried to avoid the task but I will hazard one guess: that a surprising number of people in America are explicitly or at least vaguely aware that politically, socially, economically and environmentally, the American Dream is in trouble, that neither the source of the trouble nor its solution were adequately described during the recent campaign, and that you, like your opposition, are more a part of the problem than of the solution. They chose you anyway and so you've got four years to get them to change their minds. Thinking about these things may help ●

It seems only fair its last days should be spent the same.



DON'T BE VAGUE. THE DARK BOTTLE'S HAIG.

Reviving New Lanark

by Tony Aldous

New Lanark, long a place of pilgrimage as the home of Robert Owen's co-operative movement, is, for an old industrial development, surprisingly meritorious architecturally.

But preservation of the pioneering buildings remains a costly challenge.

Photographs by Dave Paterson.



To most people the name New Lanark evokes associations with, if anything, the beginnings of the co-operative movement. It was here that Robert Owen, later to become famous as an exponent of industrial socialism, set up a village shop not to make profit out of a proletarian clientele, but to sell goods bought in bulk at a modest profit, devoting this to financing a village education system.

But when Owen (born at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, in 1771) took over New Lanark in 1799, much of its social and industrial pioneering character had already been established by the man from whom he and his partners in the cotton-spinning trade bought the property and whose daughter he married—David Dale.

New Lanark really sprang from a visit Dale, a Glasgow linen merchant and banker, paid to the Falls of Clyde with Richard Arkwright. Arkwright saw their potential for powering a mill, and Dale built not only a mill but a model village to house 1,000 workers.

New Lanark is a fine example of an 18th-century planned industrial village.

Though whole families lived in, a single large room, Dale's tenements were soundly built and regarded as a great improvement on most industrial housing of the time. And Dale was a good and humane employer. Owen, by contrast, at first appeared as something of a martinet, tightening up the efficiency of the mill and the cleanliness of the households and stamping out drunkenness.

Later the opportunity came to put into practice his ideas on the development of industrial communities. He built a new house for the poor law apprentices who worked in the mill; the store; and a New Institution for the Formation of Character. This was at first used as a school for children up to ten (he refused to employ them below that age), as a lecture-room for adults, a hall for dances and a church. Later he built a separate school with a public kitchen to which the workers could take food for cooking their midday meal, thus freeing

many married women to work in the mill. His partners did not agree with all these progressive notions, and the partnership had more than once to be reconstituted to cope with withdrawals.

New Lanark's position, in the wooded valley of the Clyde about a mile from the town of Lanark and 25 miles south-east of Glasgow, is idyllic. The mill comprises a series of buildings along the bottom of the valley, and it was powered by water from the Dundaff Linn, brought through a tunnel to feed a number of waterwheels. Dale's and Owen's masons built well, and some of the buildings, such as the bell-towered centrepiece tenement block, New Buildings, and the round-ended Counting House, have real architectural distinction. But it is as a group—a co-ordinated piece of visual and social planning—that they stand out and have earned listing as Grade A historic buildings (the Scottish equivalent of Eng-

land's Grade I). Until the early 1960s New Lanark's owners maintained it well, but then the latest of them, the Gourrock Ropework Company, though it saw plainly enough that the houses needed modernization, could not afford to do so. A specially formed housing association, the New Lanark Association, stepped in and began a programme of refurbishing the terraces and converting them into viable modern units, and by the end of the 1960s there were 25 of these tenanted. But in 1968 Gourrock was forced to close the mills and another firm, Metal Extractions, with little apparent interest in New Lanark's history or the efforts to conserve it, moved in. The association, with the heavy cost of those first conversions as an outstanding debt, was unable to tackle further conservation projects. For some years, as the fabric of other buildings crumbled and no progress was made in combating decay, visitors (including many an overseas "pilgrim" to the birthplace of the

Reviving New Lanark

co-operative movement) rightly had the impression that New Lanark's physical heritage was seriously at risk.

In 1974 local and wider Scottish interests acted, shocked into action by the village's decay and perhaps most by the collapse of the roof of Robert Owen's school, then owned by the metal reprocessing firm but now in the guardianship of the Department of the Environment, which is restoring it. With the backing of the Scottish Civic Trust, Strathclyde University and central and local government, a New Lanark Conservation and Civic Trust came into being. Its aim is not just to preserve the place but to bring it back to life as a living community. Backed by considerable resources in grants from the Scottish Historic Buildings Council, Lanark District Council and Strathclyde Regional Council, it has so far been responsible for spending nearly £1 million, and the population, once 2,000 but which had sunk to perhaps a dozen, is now building up again. At around 120 it is about half way to the eventual target of 250 for refurbished houses.

Today's families, it may be noted, expect substantially more room than Dale's and Owen's millworkers. A couple like Jim Arnold, the trust's manager, and his wife, who live in a spacious four-storey house in Braxfield Row, have as much space as 60-70 men, women and children occupied in Robert Owen's day—and yet by the standards of the 18th and early 19th centuries those workers could count themselves well housed!

Arnold, a history graduate who has willy-nilly become building clerk of the works, tourist organizer, expert on building regulations and a dozen other things, owns his own house as what New Lanark calls "owner-restorer"—a person who buys a chunk of one of New Lanark's eight terraces under an agreement to restore it to the trust's specification to make it his home. There are 15 such homes completed and lived in, and some 30 more with works in progress or earmarked for similar treatment. But, aiming at a social balance, the trust intends these 45 owner-restorer properties to be matched by 55 tenanted houses, of which 25—those provided under the original housing association programme—are occupied.

Those, says Arnold, were crucial to the credibility of the trust's programme. "If the New Lanark Trust had not started in the 1960s nobody would have believed that what we wanted to do was possible." Now trust and housing association work closely together: Arnold is assistant secretary of the association's Northern Division, and the association's secretary, is on the trust's executive. Yet when the trust first arrived on the scene, the association was in dire straits: five of 25 rehabilitated houses had once more become uninhabitable because of damp.

That, it seems, is one of the hazards



of restoring buildings set on the steeply inclined sides of a river valley, typically with at least one storey which is at ground level on one side but completely below ground on the other. The current restoration and conversion programme generally adopts the expensive expedient of "tanking" this part of a building—laying a chunk of one of New Lanark's eight terraces under an agreement to restore it to the trust's specification to make it his home. There are 15 such homes completed and lived in, and some 30 more with works in progress or earmarked for similar treatment. But, aiming at a social balance, the trust intends these 45 owner-restorer properties to be matched by 55 tenanted houses, of which 25—those provided under the original housing association programme—are occupied.

The project has been kept going in recent years at an impressive pace by the bringing together of several special kinds of assistance. Job-creation labour, for instance, has made it possible to harness a willing and often enthusiastic workforce from among otherwise unemployed local youngsters; funds from the Radcliffe Trust made possible the training of one stonemason on the site, so that the skilled workforce now includes two masons, two slaters, two bricklayers and two joiners; and the residents of New Lanark's growing community themselves contributed the cost of refurbishing the New Buildings bell. This, which dates from 1786 and is said to have come from a ship carrying Scots to settle overseas who instead settled at New Lanark, was found to

need nothing more than a new clapper and hanging in a different direction from the one in which it had for nearly two centuries called the hands to the mill.

New Buildings, the architectural stepchild of the village scene, with its graceful proportions, noble pediment, and crowning bell tower, constitutes the private mail courier's project and with more than £300,000 spent over five or six years, is now nearing completion. Its first rented flats should be occupied by the end of this year, the next rest year. The hillside behind New Buildings is particularly steep, so "tanking" was necessary—and it added £20,000 per unit to the cost.

The impending completion of New Buildings brings into sharp focus a potential conflict between tourist curiosity, which the New Lanark Trust acknowledges as legitimate and indeed wishes to encourage, and residents' privacy. Last year 30,000 visitors went to the village, and on Easter Sunday this year close on 2,000 arrived. Robert Owen's fame attracts people from as far as Argentina, not to speak of school parties from nearer at hand.

At New Buildings the trust hopes one part to solve the problem by making one of the staircases a "museum stair", with rooms laid out on it to give visitors an impression of what life was like in the home of an 18th century millworker. Dale's Counting House at present houses a small interpretive display, and



help from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust is making it possible to expand visitor information facilities. The village's sub-post office already does a brisk trade in teas as well as stamps and postcards; and an enterprise called Scotland Direct, housed close to the post office in the New Buildings, Nursery Buildings and Store range, will send you by mail order anything from tartans and Orkney handmade jewelry to Aberdeen Angus steaks and malt whiskys at from £12 to £50 a bottle. The banks of the river upstream from the village are now a nature reserve, but there is a good public footpath on the New Lanark side to Corra Falls and the South of Scotland Electricity Board's hydro station, and the New Lanark Trust is co-operating with the Natur-



Top, an overall view of New Lanark includes the bell-towered New Buildings. Above and right, two of the village's eight terraces, one in the process of restoration, the other already occupied. Top right, the old mill buildings, now the subject of a compulsory purchase order.

alists' Trust, which runs the reserve, to provide facilities for visitors and the dissemination of information. As you make for the riverside footpath, you pass the 18th-century foundry and mechanics' workshop, which not only repaired but developed and made much of the machinery used in the mill. Long a roofless ruin, it now rings to the sound of a mason's hammer, as 64-year-old Pat Moran works steadily at its restoration, using and teaching



otherwise unemployed youngsters as he does so. He has been at it for four years, and points with pride to the replacement stones he cut and coloured to match the distinctive oval motif Dale set in the gables of his buildings. Mr Moran has plenty of skilled work in him yet, and a Manpower Services Commission grant enabled the trust to benefit from that skill. This building, too, may have a role in unfolding to visitors the story and significance of New Lanark. Dale's and Owen's own houses, in the centre of the village and modest enough by outside standards (though places to the mill workers) could well be used as restaurants or guest houses which would allow them to be self-supporting while permitting a degree of public access to their interiors.

But what of the mill buildings, dominating and filling the bottom of the valley and constituting the *raison d'être* of the village? The small but profitable metal reprocessing firm which owns them seemingly has neither the will nor the resources to preserve and restore them as their historic importance demands. Arnold and his colleagues are worried lest decay goes so far that restoration becomes too expensive to undertake. Lanark District Council has steeled itself to serve a repairs notice on Metal Extractions. If no repairs are done councillors have expressed themselves willing to follow up with a compulsory purchase order to save the mill buildings from worse decay and eventual collapse. When I visited New Lanark the council was negotiating with the com-

pany to buy the mill by agreement. But since then, in default of agreement with the owners, the council (now renamed Clydesdale) has decided to make a compulsory purchase order.

If it does acquire the mill, it will more than likely pass responsibility for restoration on to the trust—a formidable task, even in the mill's present state. But restoration for what? A Robert Owen industrial and social museum, perhaps, with more than likely some live self-supporting light industry or craft workshops in which there is certainly a keen demand locally. It is a huge and exciting challenge, with plenty of overseas visitor potential—but a daunting one, too, in these tight-purse-strangled days. Yet as an investment it would surely be worth while in tourism alone. ●



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Letter from Canada

by Gordon Bowker

The Attorney General of Manitoba proposed a new law this summer: he suggested making it a criminal offence for a politician to tell lies. Enthusiasm for this dream spread like a forest fire, only to be dampened when political commentators pointed out two major obstacles to its fulfilment. First, Canada has one of the highest *per capita* prison populations of any western democracy and there would simply not have been enough cell-space to accommodate the offending legions. Second, the representatives of the people were more likely to have the lawman from Manitoba committed to the local funny farm than themselves to the provincial jailhouse.

However, for a brief and ecstatic moment it was possible to believe there existed some great western Utopia with Winnipeg as its capital. Imagine the consequences of such a magnificent law! The innocent fun of offering our lizard-tongued legislators a one-way ticket to the prairies would be surpassed only by the pleasure of watching their mass departure. And imagine the engraved plaques sprouting on walls from Moscow to Montreal and from Pennsylvania to Patagonia bearing such epitaphs as, "Here lied George Bloggs, MP, dispatched to Manitoba on July 4, 1981—Rot in Peace!" That far-flung paradise would provide not only a Mecca for the politically disenchanted, but a golden opportunity for our new Centre Party whose members have so far said nothing. If they kept quiet for long enough they could inherit the earth!

I heard that gem of a news item on a car radio while driving down a snaky trail in London, Ontario, a quirky speed-trap aptly named Wonderland Road. Indeed, for the sober Englishman, Canada can sometimes appear just as bizarre a place as the subterranean cuckoo-land Alice discovered at the wrong end of a rabbit hole.

Take my summer base, London Ontario, itself—a sociological curiosity, housing, it is claimed, more millionaires per square inch than any other town in North America.

The town also boasts a River Thames, as brown and muddy as our own dismal tideway, districts called Chelsea, Hyde Park and Westminster, a Piccadilly and Oxford Street, like the originals in name alone, and an elegant new art gallery modelled after the old Crystal Palace. Here Anglophilia is the vogue and the English immigrants (even thicker on the ground than millionaires) are afforded the respect reserved in the Old Country largely for royalty.

The first local "kings" I encountered were two Lancastrian former regimental sergeant majors, both now taxi-drivers, who yelled at the passing traffic as if still swaggering the parade grounds of the lost empire. "You dog-legged f...er!", now shrieked at an indecisive Ontario motorist, must not too long ago have

scorched the quivering ears of wrong-footing recruits from Aldershot to Kuala Lumpur.

But the manoeuvring and fancy footwork that mattered in Canada this summer were happening "Up on the hill", the local euphemism for the centre of federal power, the Parliament Building which dominates Ottawa like the icing on a Christmas cake. The new fairy on top of the gateau this year (after Joe Clark's brief flirtation with the part) was Margaret Trudeau's estranged spouse, Pierre. Newly resurrected after defeat and resignation, the bright old LSE graduate seems determined to leave the Canadian confederation drastically unlike the way he found it on first becoming PM in 1968.

On July 1 he gave the country a new national anthem. On that auspicious day, the nation's 113th anniversary, the bilingual "Oh Canada!", a stirring call to watchfulness, replaced the mournful unilingual "God Save The Queen" as the song you are expected to snap to attention to on-hearing. The cries of anger with which the Anglophile millionaires of London, Ont, greeted this event were thoroughly swamped by the murmurs of surprise from the rest of the population who believed it had been the official anthem for years anyway.

It was, of course, all part of shrewd Pierre's overall strategy for snipping the umbilical cord still tying his nation to our Old Country. The heart of the matter is the rewriting of the constitution, presently enshrined in the British North America Act of 1867, an Act of the British Parliament, currently only modifiable by our own beloved tribunes. The Canadians want it "patriated" over the Atlantic so that then they can muck about with it themselves. But first they have to agree on how it should be changed, and right now they just cannot seem to do so.

Quebec cannot agree for a start because their Parti Quebecois government, headed by the chain-smoking journalist, René Levesque, wants as much separation from the Federation as it can get—for example a separate language and army. One sign of these times is the motto on Quebec car licence-plates which once read "*La Belle Province*" and now reads, ominously one might think, "*Je me souviens*". And stores are still being prosecuted for carrying signs in English. One dogged resister I spotted in downtown Montreal was a stout-hearted immigrant merchant whose shop-front carried the defiant message, "Taj Mahal Merchandise—Souvenirs and Handicrafts". Let's hear it for the Indian Indians!

The oil-rich Albertans want as much separation as *they* can get, so that most of their wealth stays where it is. At present that province levies ne'er a single cent in sales tax and has the lowest

pump-head petrol prices outside Ecuador and Saudi Arabia. The provincial and federal politicians have been arguing the toss all year about who should have what new powers and failing to agree, in the meantime turning deaf ears to the unions, the Indians and a variety of other interest groups clamouring to get in on the proceedings. Trudeau, in his more Ayatollahish moments, has threatened that if he cannot get agreement he will go to Westminster anyway, and has hinted darkly that if the Mother of Parliaments will not play ball he might declare UDI and force the provinces into compliance.

Like so many old colonies, it seems, the inheritors of the present situation are faced with having to sort out the mess left by two or three centuries of empire. But it is a different kind of mess from those countries, like Rhodesia, where Europeans were in a minority. In Canada the native people are the minority and are committed to a peaceful accommodation with the white immigrant majority. They do not lurk rebelliously in the bush and attack isolated farmsteads. Most remain on scattered reservations into which they have been progressively herded over the years.

However, the Canadian Indians and Inuit (Eskimos) refuse to fade away, as a 1969 Government White Paper suggested hopefully that, with some encouragement, they might. Far from it. Despite a horrendous infant mortality rate and a life expectancy ten years shorter than the rest of the population, their numbers are growing and the old languages and culture are being revived. A newly-aware and educated generation now see their land as having been taken from them by trickery and deceit. They claim that treaties signed over the last 100 years give them title rights to some two-thirds of the country. But they choose to fight through the courts, with some notable initial successes.

With a new constitution in the offing, the Canadian Indian Brotherhood (representing some 300,000 people according to the government but up to four million by their own definition) are demanding a separate order of Indian self-government and economic self-sufficiency within confederation, much along the lines of the present provinces. Unlike some provinces, however, they are committed to a united Canada and to sharing the vast resources to which they lay claim. Yet all their requests for a seat at the constitutional negotiating table have been turned down flat by the Trudeau cabinet. So they are asking the British Parliament to hold back "patriation" of the BNA Act until their aboriginal rights are guaranteed.

All of which puts our poor old British tribunes on the spot. On the one hand they will not want to interfere with a country to all intents and purposes independent for a century or more; on the

other they cannot easily ignore the provinces and the native people. The sins of our rapacious old fathers, it seems, will soon be paying their children yet another little visit.

This momentous wrangle is for once replacing the old Canadian obsession—the threat of American economic domination. It has far eclipsed the sinister news that United States companies are closing plants in Ontario at an alarming rate. But escaping from bad news seems an important theme of North American life. As Churchill once remarked, immigrants to the New World went largely to leave behind the quarrels and deprivation of the Old.

But where does one run to when even the New World becomes intolerable? One bolt-hole is now being constructed just outside Toronto. It is called, appropriately enough, "Wonderland"; not, alas, that dreamed-of Gulag for lying politicians but a fantasyland, modelled on Disneyworld and built of bricks, mortar and largely American dollars.

It covers 370 acres, 40 of which are for the parking of 12,000 automobiles. At any given time it will accommodate 40,000 merry-makers. Psychologists, consulted about what people wanted, advised a happyland to which your average Canadian can escape from his own Brave New Reality. Five giant roller-coasters, a medieval fair (selling medieval hamburgers), a Mexican fiesta, a Victorian carousel, an African village, a Moroccan bazaar, and two theatres (one a reproduction Greek theatre putting on "singalong and hootenanny") are the means of escape. Nor have the children been forgotten. For them the world of Hanna-Barbera (Fred Flintstone, Yogi Bear and all) are offered as an alternative to the Canadian Dream. Wonderland will be dominated by a 140 foot mountain of chickenwire and sprayed concrete—for the genuine escapers to leap from, no doubt.

Yet, not a few hours' drive to the north is a natural wonderland of forests, lakes and mountains, populated by genuine Stone Age people and real bears.

"Canada" is said to derive from an old Iroquois word, "Kanata", meaning "Nothing beyond here." We now know that this is not true. Beyond here lies Wonderland which, significantly perhaps, is to open as a new political Canada is being forged. Perhaps if Pierre Trudeau stays well away from the place and grapples courageously with his country's present reality Canada will get the constitution which all its people deserve. It is an awe-inspiringly beautiful country of friendly and vigorous souls who could teach the British a few lessons about living equitably with their fellows. And it now has the great distinction of having produced an Attorney-General who has taught us exactly how to deal with our politicians ●

FINE ENGLISH PICTURES

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THE COUNTIES

John Arlott's

HAMPSHIRE

Photographs by Richard Cooke



Hampshire is a far more complex county than the casual tripper or the through traveller appreciates. Indeed, in many ways, even in essence, it is quite unlike any other in England. Its physical attributes are simply laid out: it is roughly 40 miles square, but the last boundary changes lopped off Christchurch—which was part of the ancient Hampshire—and the wealthy Bournemouth, which was not. In the west the “Martin Peninsula” juts into Wiltshire; in the east Farnborough and Aldershot prod into Surrey and Liphook into Sussex. Geographically and topographically it is remarkably varied for its size. Its most striking major feature, the high chalk hills, turn in on the south-east from the South Downs in Sussex, divide and link with the North Downs running in from Surrey by the Hog’s Back. Through the valleys of those hills run small but well-known rivers, the Test, Itchen, Wiltshire Avon, and Meon—famous for angling and watercress; the sailing estuaries of Beaulieu and Boldre in the New Forest, and Hamble and Ems farther east, flow south to the Solent seaboard. On the other side of the watershed the Loddon, Lyde, Blackwater, Whitewater, Wey and Enborne run north to the Thames. A total of 165 watermills have been recorded in the county.

The two-thirds circuit of flat country lies south-west, north-east and south-east. There is the New Forest, private country but in immense public demand; in the south-east the narrow, fertile strip of strawberry country, and north-east the Aldershot scrub and commons suitable for housing estates, military exercises and rhododendrons.

If that seems a complex pattern within so small an area, the character of Hampshire is far more involved and

On this page we begin a new *ILN* series in which writers take an affectionate look at their favourite counties. The first, John Arlott, who as a BBC cricket commentator became known as “the sound of summer”, has lived in Hampshire for all of his 66 years.

defiant of definition. Indeed, it is unique among English counties, and that is by no means the insular opinion of a native. Britain is a country of varied but generally stable characteristics. Most large towns in England are typical of their counties in habits, customs, attitudes, accent, roots and loyalties. After all, it was only in the post-First World War period that the majority of the population of Great Britain became mobile, prepared to move freely and widely and settle in different districts. Even then, unless there was a strong economic or emotional reason, a considerable majority preferred to remain in their native district, the environment they knew, among friends and relatives. Thus it is true to say that, in their different ways, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Richmond, York and Scarborough are all essentially, profoundly and proudly Yorkshire towns. Despite—and indeed largely emphasized by—the insensitive decisions of boundary-changing bureaucrats, the same is true of Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Lancaster, Barrow and Fleetwood in Lancashire. It is, though, quite strikingly not the case in—almost alone among English counties—Hampshire.

There, an area of some ancient habitation and history, the dilution of indigenous population began more widely and earlier than elsewhere. So now the main towns which, not quite by coincidence, ring the county look outwards for their populations who, in their turn, look outside for their futures. Thus the true heart of Hampshire does lie, in fact, at its physical heart.

It was as long ago as the 17th century that Portsmouth and its related neighbours like Haslar and Gosport became “Pompey”, the headquarters of the Royal Navy, the base of sailors, the terrace housing of their wives and the dockyard workers, all recruited from far beyond Hampshire and in many cases moving out of it when their working days were done. Meanwhile Southsea, formerly the villa residential area for naval officers, had become a typical seaside resort with a shifting population. Even the cutback in the Navy and dockyard has not yet divorced the people of Portsmouth, the only island city in England, or their vast overflow onto the mainland, from their outward outlook.

By the mid 19th century Southampton had become the most important passenger shipping port in the

country; Cunard and White Star liners carried the name Liverpool on their sterns as port of origin, but they plied in and out of Southampton and there the shipping companies sent their staffs, from London as well as Liverpool. The container, cruise and ferry firms maintain the town’s dominant—outward-looking—merchant shipping tradition.

Soon after the Crimean War it was decided to make a base for the Army not too far from, but not too near to, London on a large available stretch of land too poor for farming. Aldershot accordingly became the home of the peripatetic British Army and in due course spread outwards over Farnborough. In 1909 the London and South Western Railway moved its main carriage depot from Nine Elms to Eastleigh with a London workforce and London loyalties. The 19th-century mushroom growth of Bournemouth, though no longer officially part of the county, emphasized the isolation of most of Hampshire’s population.

Then, in the second half of this century, Fleet and Crondall became retirement centres for Army officers from Aldershot, and the Hartley Wintney district a Surrey-type stockbroker belt for commuters. Suddenly, too, Basingstoke and Andover, within recent memory mellow market towns of some 12,000 people, decided of their own volition to become London overspill areas, whereupon they multiplied four times in size, with populations which still look back to London and constantly return there for their amusements and social occasions. Meanwhile the coastal strip from Emsworth to Lymington, to an increasing depth inland, has become a retirement zone for people from all over Britain.

That represents the failure of the county council’s intended coastal

Winchester, whose many tourist attractions include the Cathedral Close, top left, and the New Forest characterize “pure” Hampshire.

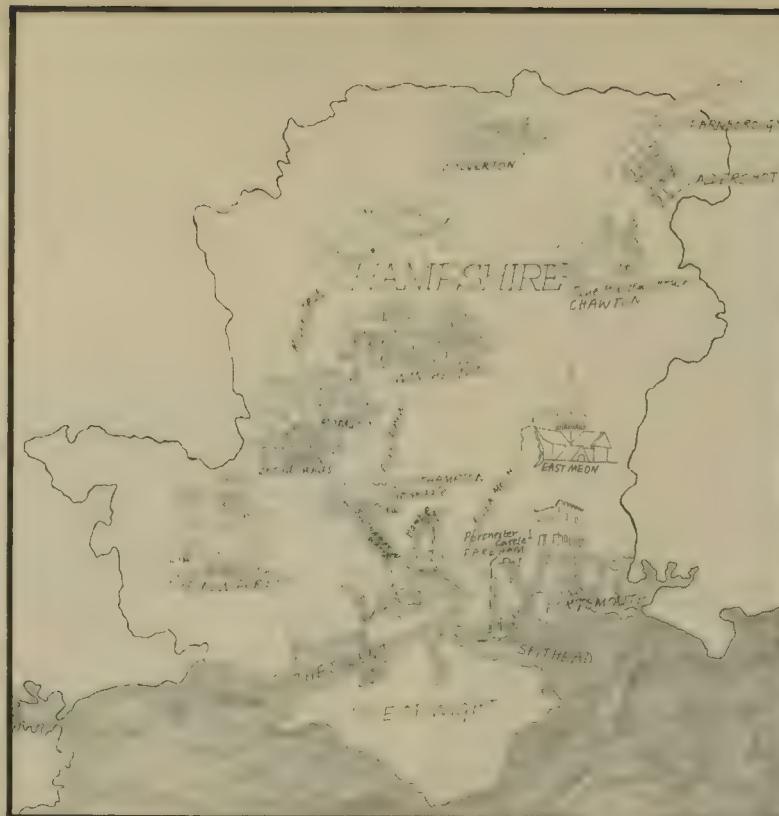
Hampshire

green belt, and as important an authority on planning as Professor Colin Buchanan has foreseen the only acceptable solution as the creation of "a grid with lungs" which has already been dubbed "Solent City".

Those towns account for the greater part of the population of Hampshire—three-quarters of its people living in a third of its area. The remaining two-thirds—the central highlands, centring on Winchester and the New Forest—account for the rest and are the nearest there is to "pure" Hampshire. Even in Winchester, administrative centre of the county, the county council, housed in its ever-expanding headquarters The Castle (known locally as "the Kremlin"), sets its face against appointing a native of the county to charge of a department. The only possible explanation is that it fears sympathy for the county in high places.

Nevertheless Winchester, capital of Wessex and of England under William the Conqueror and for several reigns afterwards, is a place of impressive dignity. It is still essentially the medieval city, small enough to be encompassed on foot and crowded with history, full of pleasing buildings and maintaining a mild tempo of life. Its true centre is not the county council offices but the Cathedral (12 English kings lie there) with the fine and mellow houses of its Close, and the College, most intellectual and influential of British public schools and, in its turn, architecturally mature and in sympathetic setting. The city cannot avoid being a tourist attraction yet, despite the volume of visitors, it contrives to maintain its own life.

About it lies the least changed, least populated and least disturbed part of Hampshire: the region of empty roads. Early in history the rivers attracted Saxon and Jutish invaders down from their hill-top fort-villages into the fertile valleys. The tracks they established were, because of their situation, necessarily narrow, far too narrow for the motor cars that were to come, and in many cases could not be widened. There are in effect four main roads in Hampshire but none is up to the highest standard, even though they link London and the Midlands to the main container port in the country and another of growing importance, and the holiday territory of the south-west. The former A30, which branches to Andover and continues to Bournemouth, was intended to be the M3 from London to Southampton but, due to the protestors, the motorway peters out into a deathtrap of single carriageway at Popham, 24 miles short of its destination. The resulting congestion is partly relieved 8 miles farther on by the dangerously out-of-date Winchester bypass and then the rather better Chandler's Ford bypass. The A31, the older version of the London to Southampton route farther to the east, joins the A30 at Winchester; the A3, improved piecemeal, is the original London to Portsmouth road, and the former



Portsmouth-Bournemouth coast road is being slowly converted into the M27.

These, following roughly the same lines as the railways, are essentially through-routes, ending in the docks or going on to the west, and they are busy. Indeed, outside the main towns about 95 per cent of the traffic travels over 8 per cent of the roads. The rest, over the hills or twisting between banks or hedgerows, are lonely, many barely affording passing space, and they link villages quieter, or at least less busy, now than for centuries. Hampshire has always been a basically agricultural county with its specialist crops like strawberries, watercress and hops and mixed arable and dairy farming. Much of the agricultural land in the central area is the most expensive in Britain and there are some very large and valuable holdings indeed, many of them parts of great estates. Present-day methods are reflected in the landscape. Tractors can work at speed over wide spaces but hedge-trimming is slow work and regarded as wasteful of labour, so many of the hedges have been grubbed up, leaving wide and generous sweeps of landscape but leading to the virtual extermination of many hedgerow flowers, plants, herbs, birds and insects. There is little use now in village children plodding round the hedges—where they exist—of the expertly managed farms in search of medlars, crab-apples, nuts, blackberries, violets or even, in far fewer cases these days, birds' nests.

The reduction in the farm labour force through mechanization, rationalization, amalgamation of farms, labour and machine rotas has altered village life almost beyond recognition. The cottages which used to house the large number of farm labourers who moved on foot and worked by hand are no longer needed. The farm hand, now rated and paid as a skilled worker, does not want a small, thatched cottage. He

prefers a semi-detached, or even detached, house with modern conveniences indoors and a garage out. The farmers found to their delight that their former tied cottages, whose upkeep seemed a financial handicap or a questionable asset, make enough on the housing market as retirement or weekend homes to provide the tractorized ploughman with the solid, up-to-date, brick house of his desire. Meanwhile the newcomers to the cottages maintain them more smartly than ever before, so well that thatching has become a profitable craft and reproduction carriage lamps are a saleable commodity. Competition for the county's "Best Kept Village" is intense and the entries impressively prosperous in appearance. So the countryside is trimmer, more efficient than before, but country life has altered. Village hall entertainments tend to be smarter than formerly; the average age of the population is higher, and it is less easy to raise a cricket team.

Recreational aspects of farm life such as shooting have become highly profitable, fully justifying the raising and farming of partridges and pheasants. Salmon and trout fishing, too, especially on the Test and Itchen, classic chalk streams of the fly fishermen, can be staggeringly expensive. Yet the commodity remains of high quality: the fish are healthy, flavoursome and in fair supply, but still—by heredity?—as artfully hard to catch as their predecessors.

Up on the chalk hills life is different. A lark or a hawk hovers; a pigeon tumbles in the sunlit quietness. The top layer of fine soil is so shallow that it nurtures only the short, sheep-grazing turf; given a little more earth you will find the slender juniper, above all others the tree of the chalk downs.

Typical of the down country—indeed, of upland Hampshire—is the short track where the wheel ruts have cut through to the bare chalk and



Hampshire

Area

933,276 acres

Population

1,392,000

Main towns

Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Basingstoke, Eastleigh, Farnborough, Fareham, Lymington, Aldershot, Winchester, Andover, Havant and Waterlooville

Main industries

Mechanical engineering; electrical engineering; shipbuilding and marine engineering; agriculture, forestry and fishing; paper, printing and publishing.

John Arlott's favourite Hampshire view is over the South Downs, right. Below right, the Hamble is one of the county's several sailing estuaries on the Solent.

powdered it, leading off a road to a lichen-covered gate with a juniper leaning, wraith-like, over it. Farther down in the valley, where the clay pockets are deeper, you will find the yew—"the Hampshire weed"—which lives to an immense age in so many churchyards.

Hampshire is said to be the most richly wooded English county; almost a sixth of its area is covered by trees. Much, but by no means all, of it is accounted for by the New Forest. The slopes of Stoner Hill, known as "little Switzerland", the massive beeches of Monkwood and the avenue of yews at Preston Candover are outstanding in their own right. The most famous of the beech hangers on the south-eastern slopes is that at Selborne, above Gilbert White's house. Development has, however, bitten deeply into Woolmer, Pamber, Alice Holt and Bere Forests.

The New Forest is the largest stretch of woodland in England. Its soil is on the whole poor and often acid, but it affords a great variety of terrain and scenery from rolling heath, through the Forestry Commission's regimented pines, the fine Douglas firs of Bolderwood, the aging beeches of Mark Ash and the dramatic oaks of Whitley Wood to the lush, well-watered woods of the Lymington Valley. It has long been in need of protection. William the Conqueror preserved it, after his fashion, as his personal hunting ground, through savage legislation against anyone who dared to take game there. There is, though, no evidence at all to support Henry of Huntington's allegation in 1135, often repeated since, that he "caused churches and villages to be destroyed and drove out the people and made it a habitation for deer". The present need is to protect it against ➤



Hampshire

those very people who come to enjoy it.

One and a half million people live within less than an hour's motoring of the New Forest. By 1970, statistics showed, campers were spending half a million nights a year there; on any summer Sunday 20,000 vehicles drove into it, creating 1,200 access points off a bare 10 miles of road. Not only were some 150 Forest ponies being killed every year and rare birds, insects, flowers and—a particular wealth—moths and butterflies destroyed but the cars and the odd game of motocross were eroding the turf beyond its capacity to recover before the following summer. The glades were becoming alternately dust-bowls and mud-ponds. Donn Small, Forest surveyor under the councils, Verderers and Forestry Commission, set out to save it. Thoughtfully, firmly, he planned no-car areas, reduced access points to halt what he called "a process of steady erosion whereby the character and the interests of the New Forest are being degraded and diminished". Above all, he created a system whereby a man may park his car safely and then walk—and he must walk, not drive—a few hundred yards to find himself in a forest glade as it was when William the Conqueror hunted there in 1081.

Leave the main roads and avoid the towns and villages; there are few enough of them in the Forest anyway and most of the places marked are little more than hamlets. Simply walk into the Forest, stand still and look; no need to move. You will find it peopled by several different kinds of deer (statuesque so that you do not even see them until your eyes have become accustomed to the light); pigs which have been there almost as long as the Forest; ponies; grey squirrels; snakes; a wide range of both common and rare birds, and splendid butterflies and moths. That is the measure of its richness.

For many, though, the best of Hampshire lies in its small towns and villages. Of course Winchester is hoary with history and Southampton and Portsmouth are full of interest, modern as well as antiquarian. The villages, though, are as good as any England affords and as varied. The classic village shape survives in the grouping of the church, manor house, vicarage and 19th-century school, with a garage or petrol pumps where the blacksmith's shop used to be, a green or pond, sometimes both, near the centre, and farmland running away into the open country.

The wide main streets or squares, broad enough to turn a coach and six, are a great feature of the county; you may see them at Wickham, Botley, New Alresford, Stockbridge and Petersfield. Some villages have suffered from infilling or other vandalistic development, but there remains a glorious

Inset on an aerial view of the New Forest are pictures of its native ponies; Winchester Cathedral; and the villages of Long Sutton and Upton Grey.





Hampshire

variety of small country places which have grown slowly under the influence of unhurried life. Their attractions are exceedingly diverse. To name all those worth visiting would be impossible, but the curious should be happy to pull off the main road for Long Sutton, Upton Grey, East Meon, Longparish, Ovington, East Stratton, Longstock, Easton, New Alresford, Romsey, that part of Porchester which lies remote from the main road to Portsmouth, Cheriton, Titchborne, and Rockbourne. For the church fancier the county is a treasure chest from Saxon to modern. There are some fine, great houses like The Vyne, Hackwood and Broadlands, but the wealth of domestic building lies in the fine manor houses and farmhouses, and there are mighty examples of barns at Damerham, Silkstead, Odiham, Old Basing and Minstead.

There were always fine vistas; the new roads have opened up many which were not to be seen before. One aspect of country life and especially of Hampshire too rarely appreciated is the aspect of well farmed land, ideally displayed in a rolling countryside, where pasture, cornfields, grazing cattle, farm buildings, hedgerows and trees form a pattern at once rich and ancient and which can be seen constantly changing—not merely day by day but minute by minute under the natural cloud-shutter of light and shade ●



Next month: J. C. Trewin's Cornwall

The wide, sweeping landscape reflects today's mechanized methods of farming, top. Above, on the border with Sussex.



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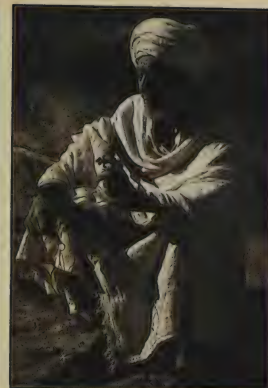
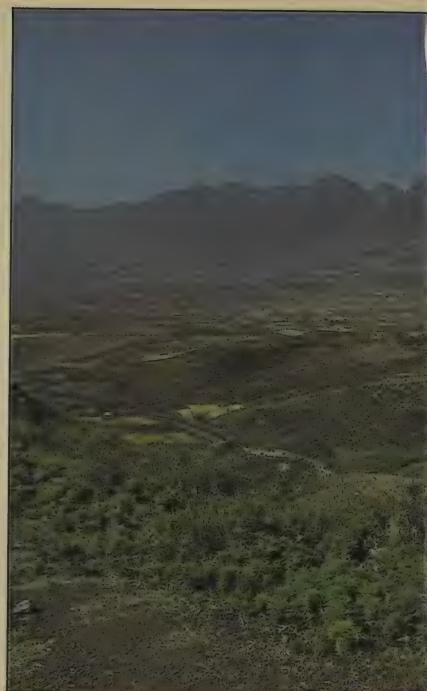
Scenes from Ethiopia

Photographed by John Young



Six years after the revolution which overthrew Haile Selassie in 1974, Ethiopia is in the throes of war with Somalia, and also with liberationists in her own Tigre province. The country is now under forceful Russian and Cuban influence. John Young is one of the few photographers to have been allowed to travel widely in Communist Ethiopia, though he was denied access to areas where fighting continues. His photographs contrast the Communist-controlled urban life with an existence in the deserts and highlands which has changed little in 1,000 years. From the capital Addis Ababa he journeyed north to the Wollo province (above), west into the highlands of Lalibela and to the fringe of the desert where the people live permanently on the edge of starvation.

Scenes from Ethiopia



The Coptic Church is central to the lives of Ethiopians and has survived the arrival of the Communist government. Politics and religion have learned to co-exist. The village of Lalibela, 125 kilometres west of the road linking Addis Ababa with the port of Massawa, is 12,000 feet up in the Ethiopian Highlands. The journey takes four hours by Land Rover, for the steep mountain roads are boulder-strewn and the traveller may meet long teams of mules and their drivers, carrying loads of salt and hides, in the narrowest places. Near Lalibela is a disused airstrip, and an almost completed Hilton hotel. Work on the latter ceased when the tourists who used to come to see the unique rock-hewn churches were deterred by the political unrest. The 12 monolithic churches, hewn into the rock and said to date from the 12th century, are in two groups on either side of the Jordan. Records state that they took 24 years to build: hundreds of workers were brought from Jerusalem and Alexandria to help in their construction. Deep trenches surround many of them, probably as a defence against Islamic invasion. The local villages support a community of over 300 priests, monks and nuns.

Red hammer and sickle emblems stencilled on the airport windows remind you that Ethiopia is ruled by a Communist military government. The army is everywhere, dressed in a mixture of Cuban- and American-style green battle fatigues and armed with the AK47-Kalashnikov, weapon of revolution. All government and public buildings are guarded and visitors are searched before entering them. Food is short, luxury goods non-existent, the professional classes absent. In the rural areas life has changed little over the centuries. Peasant farmers are organized into collectives and state farms produce sugar, cotton, tobacco and fruit—mainly for export. Almost all villages have their own citizens' association which regulates the politics and security of the area and functions as a court to settle minor disputes.

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Scenes from Ethiopia



The Afars are nomads who wander with their herds through the Danakil desert in the north-eastern corner of Ethiopia. Famine is never far away, for water is vital and if the rains do not come death must follow. The area was devastated by famine

a few years ago and now the Afars again face food and water shortages and are moving to the edge of the Ethiopian highlands in order to survive. In one clinic on the edge of the desert a father, prostrate from lack of food, is watched by his child.

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The making of the Lord Mayor

On the second Saturday in November Londoners and visitors to the capital can enjoy the Lord Mayor's Show, one of the City's oldest and most colourful processions. Our artist, John Thirkel, made drawings of events leading up to the ceremonies.

Head of the Corporation of London, the City's Chief Magistrate, Admiral of the Port of London, Master of the Tower of London, member of the Accession Council, and First Citizen of the metropolis, where he is second only to the Queen during his term of office; such is the dignity of the Lord Mayor of London.

It is suitable that the annual inauguration of such an important personage should be attended with some pomp, and the tradition of a pageant to accompany the new Lord Mayor on his ride through the City dates back to the 14th century, when the Mayor rode, or went in a water-borne procession via the Thames, to Westminster to present himself to his sovereign. Though the modern procession may fall short of the descriptions that survive of the splendid and extravagant pageants of the 16th and 17th centuries, they remain exciting and colourful enough. The theme of this year's Show is "Livery, Leadership and Youth", chosen as always by the incoming Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor for the ensuing year is elected on Michaelmas Day, September 29, from two Aldermen who have served as Sheriffs and who are nominated by the Liverymen of the City Guilds. He is installed on the second Fri-

day in November and on the Saturday rides in the State Coach, which dates from 1757, from his residence, the Mansion House, via Guildhall, to the Law Courts to take his oath of office before the Lord Chief Justice and the Judges.

The new Lord Mayor is Colonel Richard Laurence Gardner-Thorpe, an underwriting member of Lloyd's and a court member of the Worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers. He wished to illustrate in this year's Show not only the colourful and ancient traditions of the 92 Livery Companies, but also the fact that they are an important part of the modern working City of London.

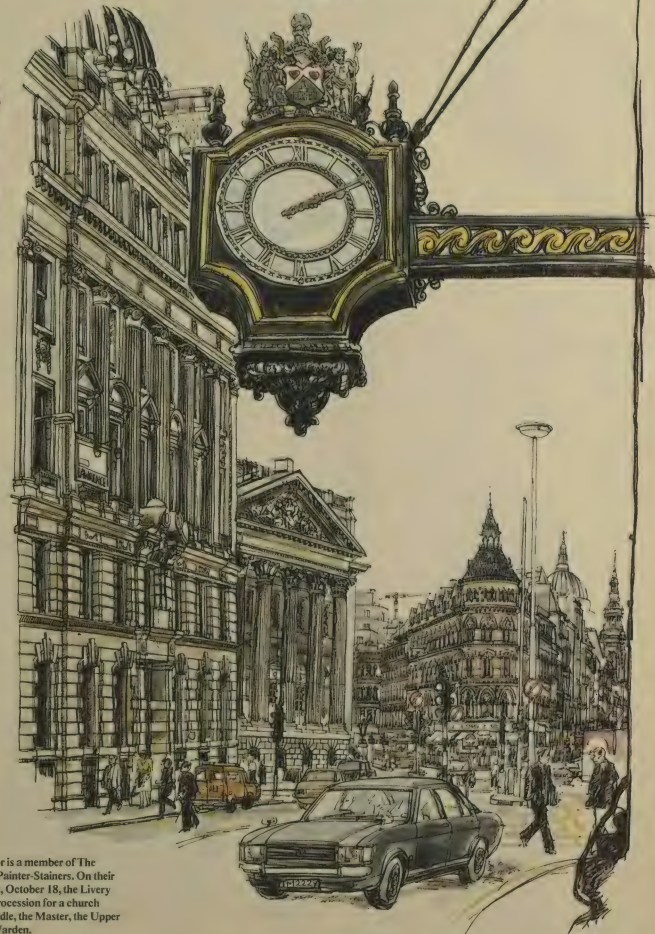


The emblem of the City of London is found marking the boundaries of "the Square Mile".



Left, temporary occupancy of the Lord Mayor's chair at the Mansion House, normally used by him on formal and civic occasions.

Below, a view of Mansion House from the Royal Exchange. Designed by George Dance the Elder and built between 1739 and 1753, the Mansion House was the first official residence of Lord Mayors; before that time they provided their own accommodation. The sumptuous state rooms are at first-floor level and include an Egyptian Hall and a Justice Room.



The incoming Lord Mayor is a member of The Worshipful Company of Painter-Stainers. On their saint's day, St Luke's Day, October 18, the Livery march from their hall in procession for a church service, left, led by the Beadle, the Master, the Upper Warden and the Renter Warden.



Left, the Esquires or Household Officers are the Swordbearer, the City Marshal and the Common Cryer and Serjeant-at Arms. These three officers act as aides-de-camp and take part in many of the ceremonial occasions of the Lord Mayor's year, as well as performing administrative and secretarial duties. The office of Swordbearer dates from the 14th century, that of Common Cryer is probably older; it is the latter's function to carry the great mace before the Lord Mayor. The first City Marshal was appointed in 1595 to maintain order in the City. Now he is responsible for organizing civic processions and calling the names of participants in the right order.



Left, Guarding the Wicket: at the Guildhall during elections for the Lord Mayor only Liverymen are allowed to vote. They are "no 'ted in" by the Beadle of their particular companies, who naturally know them by sight. The Beadle of the Painter-Stainers Company is on the left.



An escort of pikemen attends the new Lord Mayor as he journeys from Guildhall to the Law Courts in his coach—a magnificent 18th-century vehicle, carved, gilt and painted by Cipriani. The Lord Mayor wears his chain and seal of office and displays the great mace which dates from 1735, is silver gilt and measures over 5 feet long.

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Black is the ultimate in whisky.

A saint for Europe

by E. W. F. Tomlin

The reputation of St Boniface, whose 13th centenary is celebrated this year, has recently been re-evaluated and his importance in Europe reassessed.

"The Second Beast of Revelations, XIII." This was how St Boniface was described by the 16th-century Catholic friar known as "bilious Bale", who became Protestant Bishop of Ossory, Leinster. Needless to say, the First Beast was the Pope. Boniface had then been dead for 800 years; but the reputation of this great servant of the Papacy and apostle of Germany came under a cloud at the Reformation, and it did not emerge into prominence for centuries. Now, obloquy changing to veneration, Boniface, born Wynfrith in Crediton, Devon, has even been described as the Greatest Englishman. That is the title of an excellent symposium compiled by members of the Department of History of the University of Exeter and published by the Paternoster Press, which has also issued for the 13th centenary a new biography, *Boniface of Devon* by J. C. Sladden, together with a book for young people, *St Boniface and his World* by David Keep.

Born in 680, or very near it, Wynfrith came of a family of first-generation Anglo-Saxon immigrants settled on the "frontier" between Wessex and the Celtic Kingdom of Dumnonia, later Devon. His people, by faith Christians, were prosperous and probably aristocratic; and as a boy of seven or so he was sent to be educated at the Minster School at Exeter and then, as both student and teacher, to the monastery at Nursling between Southampton and Winchester. Wynfrith proved to be of such outstanding ability that he was employed on one occasion as an envoy from Ine, king of Wessex, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He might have risen high in the English Church, or perhaps, with his diplomatic flair, have served the state. Instead he resolved to carry the Christian faith to the pagan regions of the Continent.

Wynfrith was to undertake many missionary journeys; but the first of them (716) and the last (754) were to Frisia. There was a particular significance in this; for Frisia was the gateway to Saxony, where, as Boniface was constantly reminding his friends at home, lived their fellow-countrymen, the "Old Saxons", those "of the same blood and bone". But with all his immense achievements he never managed to evangelize Saxony, or even to set foot there. Frisia was his Pisgah, where he was to lay down his life.

When, after a first abortive journey and a brief return to Nursling, Wynfrith left England for Rome in 718, it was for good. The Pope, Gregory II, was greatly impressed by this dedicated Anglo-Saxon and, recognizing him to be the one priest ideally fitted to preach the faith to the heathen, and particularly to the Germans, he conferred on him a new and religious name, Boniface, perhaps after the early martyr Boniface of Tarsus and possibly to signify

"utterer of good words" or "the man who spoke well". On a second visit to Rome in 722, Boniface was obliged, as a test of his orthodoxy, to write out for the Pope a profession of faith, though it has been suggested that, owing to a difference in their pronunciation of Latin, a communication problem had arisen. No doubt because of his profound knowledge of Scripture, Boniface acquitted himself well and was thereupon consecrated a bishop.

Although neither a brilliant theologian nor indeed an intellectual compared with some of his contemporaries, Wynfrith was a man of common sense and practical reason; and these qualities must have struck the Pope most forcibly. What Gregory could not have realized was that Boniface was to prove one of the Church's greatest organizers and administrators. Indeed, his labours in the west, establishing the Church in Germany and reforming that of Frankland, were to be paralleled only by those of the Spanish Jesuit, Francis Xavier, in the east. In that lay his greatness.

We may venture to judge Boniface's character, first by his reaction to certain events that stand out in his life, second through his letters, of which 100 have survived, and third as reflected in the nature and variety of his friendships. The event made most of in the early pious biographies—six were written between the eighth and the tenth centuries—was the cutting down, in the presence of a crowd of pagans in Geismar, Hesse, of the famous oak sacred to Thor. As no immediate retribution visited Boniface, many forsook the old gods, though Boniface was the first to admit that his converts were apt to retain a residual paganism. But the act was typical of him: better a practical gesture than an arid disputation. His sermons, if they are genuine, reflect the same practical concern; and if they are spurious (the early Middle Ages were an era of earnest forgery) they were compiled by someone who had accurately gauged his mind.

Most revealing of all, if not revealing enough, are the letters. From the Pope he seeks advice not on doctrinal but on disciplinary matters; Boniface shows an anxiety, sometimes morbid in its intensity, to do the correct, the Catholic thing. As the years passed and his work of building churches and founding monasteries prospered, he acquired greater confidence; and in 746 we find him writing to King Ethelbald of Mercia denouncing him roundly for his immoral life. In 744 Boniface even reproached the Pope himself on account of rumours of simony practised in the

Holy See: an aspersion which, though the Pontiff repudiated it, seems to have touched a sore place for his answer is remarkably temperate.

Boniface had no illusions about the falling away of ecclesiastical standards in his age. More than one letter voices complaints about renegade priests, monkish violators of nuns, effeminate and pederasts and the usual band of dotty clerics. Then there was the tricky problem of women who, setting out on pilgrimage to Rome, got into financial difficulties and tried to solve them by resort to familiar methods: Boniface points out that this does the reputation abroad of Anglo-Saxon womanhood no good. Elsewhere he warns a valued friend, Edburga, abbess of Minster-in-Thamet, to dismiss the idea of pilgrimage because of the even more terrible risk of falling into the hands of the Saracens.

In his long years of exile Boniface treasured his links with his home country, and he did his best to persuade many friends to come over and help him. Although he seems to have been a somewhat withdrawn personality, and although his first biographer, Willibald (not to be confused with the bishop of that name, consecrated by Boniface in 742), maintained that he had early subdued "the enticements and diabolical suggestions which beset young men in the flower of youth", Boniface needed the trust and affection—even at a distance—of sympathetic and compatible women. He seems to have enjoyed the confidence and loyalty of half-a-dozen or so female religious, of whom Leoba or Leobgytha, pupil of Edburga and apparently a distant relation through his mother, was the most remarkable. She was beautiful, intellectual, pious in a serene fashion, and the counsellor of secular rulers. Eventually like several others, religious and lay alike, she came over to Germany to join his mission. Qualified by her training at the double monastery at Wimborne, she became abbess of Tauber-bischofsheim and a most successful mother-superior. Boniface asked to be buried with her: which our post-Freudian age can interpret as it wishes.

The multiplication of institutions, societies, associations and sodalities in the modern world tends to obscure our understanding of an age in which education and learning, social needs, and not least emotional sustenance were catered for almost wholly by one organization, the Church. The great monastery of Fulda, Hesse, founded in 744 and Boniface's greatest achievement, became a centre for the arts and even the sciences; and the singing school estab-

lished there soon after the saint's death attained a reputation unique in Europe.

Teacher and organizer he was by nature; by virtue of his obvious spiritual authority he became the counsellor not merely of fellow-ecclesiastics but of rulers and potentates. In his prime he seems never to have doubted his own right to admonish and advise; but, in one respect, the height of his ecclesiastical career was reached when, at the proclamation in 751 at Soissons of Pippin III as King of the Franks, he revived, possibly at Papal prompting, the custom of anointing the monarch with holy oil; and this custom has since continued at the coronation of every monarch in Europe, including our own.

By the time Leoba came out to Germany (748), Boniface was approaching his 70s; and seven years later he felt obliged to resign the high office, that of Archbishop of Mainz, which the Pope had insisted upon his occupying in 732, while making clear that he was to continue his work as a *peregrinus*, tied to no particular diocese. He was physically weary, his sight was failing, and some hints in his letters suggest that he was subject to moods of dejection. But he had no intention of retiring altogether from the world. Instead he decided to return to Frisia.

Accompanied by 40 monks, Boniface seems to have taken on a new lease of life in Frisia. In his old age he was responding successfully to a challenge first met in youth and the prospect seems to have afforded him a peculiar satisfaction. But at the same time he had intimations of mortality; and in June, 754, when he and his companions were in the neighbourhood of Dookum, now Dokkum, awaiting the arrival of some candidates for confirmation, they were set upon by robbers and massacred to a man. It is said that Boniface, though enjoining non-resistance, held above his head a gospel book or perhaps a bundle of tracts; such a volume, badly slashed, is still preserved in Fulda, whither his body was taken. There he lies not far from Leoba, who survived him by more than 20 years. She, too, was canonized.

Bishop Milret of Worcester had paid a visit to Boniface in Germany a short while before his martyrdom; he wrote to Lull, Boniface's chosen successor in the Archbishopric and another Wessex man, speaking of "the fulfilment of his noble work and his glorious end"; and a similar letter arrived from Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is only recently that Boniface has been given due recognition in his own country, though he has long been revered in Germany and Holland; and this has been the work not of theologians or pietists but of historians. In his *Making of Europe* (1932), Christopher Dawson declared him to have exerted more influence in Europe than any other Englishman.

Haworth

by E. R. Chamberlin

Haworth, home of the Brontës, is a major tourist attraction, but the Brontë Society has succeeded in preserving Haworth Parsonage, where they lived, as a fitting memorial to them.

Photographs by Roger Jones.



Haworth lies at the tip of a long finger of ribbon development stretching out from the industrial complex of Keighley. A traveller approaching the village by night might well believe it to be simply a suburb of that town. The orange sodium lights link village and borough; the dark mass of houses along the road make a canyon of it and the brilliant islands of lights in the distance seem merely spin-offs from the main mass, separated by inconsequential patches of darkness. But with daylight the islands are seen to be self-contained hamlets of grey and black stone, the inconsequential patches of darkness resolve themselves into open country and Haworth can be seen for what it is, a village of the high moorlands.

The moors come up to the very doorsteps of the houses, shaping the village

From the Parsonage, left, the church where the Brontës are buried is in full view.

and, to the visitor from the less barren south, seeming quite empty. But then the eye begins to take in an infinite subtlety of colours, an almost mathematical purity of form so that, by contrast, other landscapes seem momentarily claustrophobic. The moors form the background to the Brontë story, real life as well as fictional, from beginning to end. A villager told Mrs Gaskell that her first awareness of the Brontë children was how "the six little creatures used to walk out, hand in hand, towards the glorious wild moors which in after days they loved so passionately". The eldest of the six little creatures would have been barely eight years old when the family came to the village. Thirty years later they were all dead except Charlotte, who was

herself not far from the grave, and who remembered, "My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her: out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden . . . The distant prospects were Anne's delight, and when I look round she is in the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows of the horizon." For herself Charlotte said, "What a companion the sky becomes to anyone living in solitude—more than any inanimate object on earth, more than the moors themselves . . ."

And if the skies and moors form the constant background both to the village and the story of the sisters, dominating the foreground are the memorials of

death. There are four graveyards in Haworth, each crowded with the black, uncompromising slabs of millstone grit that mark the endless graves, mocking the bright tea-shops, trendy pubs and cheapjack shops of Main Street.

The Brontës lie in the crypt of the church. The upper graveyard all but engulfs the church and the Parsonage. Until the 1860s the churchyard was bare but then trees were planted to soften the bleakness; instead they made it sinister. In the gloom of evening the upright slabs jostle among the nettles like a crowd of dark, squat dwarfs; in the light of day they tell an appalling story of mortality among the young. On stone after stone name after name was added as children from the same family fell victim to the ubiquitous "fever" which gave Haworth a mortality ➤



Haworth

rate 45 per cent higher than that of its neighbours. The description which Mrs Gaskell made of the original Brontë memorial tablet in the old church in the 1850s can be applied to only too many outside: "At the upper end of the tablet ample space is allowed between the lines of the inscription. When the first memorials were written down the survivors, in their fond affection, thought little of the margin and verge they were leaving for those still living. But as one dead member of the household follows another fast to the grave, the lines are pressed together and the letters become small and cramped. After the record of Anne's death, there is room for no other."

When the Reverend Patrick Brontë brought his 39-year-old wife and six children to Haworth in February, 1820, he was introducing them to a type of death-trap. In this village, high on the moors, with the great winds rushing through and over and around it, the death rate was proportionally about the

same as that of Whitechapel in London, a notorious plague spot: "... 19.5 inhabitants fall victim annually to the want of sanitary precautions" said the bleak report of the Board of Health's inspector in 1850. He takes the reader on a kind of horrific "Cook's Tour" of the midden heaps of Haworth, referring to sites which can be identified today, such as the apothecary's shop where the midden was heaped up almost to the window-sill: "In these middens are thrown the household refuse and offal from the slaughter houses where, mixed with night soil and with the drainage from the pig-sties, the whole lies exposed for months together, decomposition goes on and offensive smells and putrid odours given off." He describes a communal water-tap situated below one of these middens and presents a macabre picture of the graveyard. There were 1,344 burials in ten years, the graves packed side by side under slabs which virtually pave the area.

The Reverend Brontë's wife was the first to die. Maria Branwell Brontë came from Cornwall; her family home in Penzance had been a handsome brick

building a stone's throw from the clean, boisterous Atlantic. She died of cancer 18 months after coming to Haworth. In 1825 the eldest child, Maria, died in her 12th year and Elizabeth, in her 11th, three weeks after that, both from a fever contracted at school. Twenty-three years passed and then, over a bare 18 months, three more of the Brontë family died: Branwell, an opium addict, aged 31 of consumption; Emily who, refusing to believe that her own time had come at the age of 30, died upon the sofa in the parlour; and Anne, who had gone to Scarborough in an attempt to recover from the fever, died and was buried there aged 29. Charlotte died six years later at the age of 39, only a few months after marrying her father's curate.

The unrelieved gloom of the story and the awfulness of the graveyard lead the visitor to expect the Brontë's home, the Parsonage, to be a dreary, haunted survivor from the past. It is, in fact, a dignified Georgian building whose elegant rooms are flooded with light from large, handsome windows. The contents of the house, from Patrick Brontë's top hat in his study to Emily's

couch in the parlour, look as though the family has just walked out. But that casual, spontaneous appearance is deceptive: it has taken the better part of half a century of acquisition and restoration on the part of the Brontë Society to give the house its present-day look.

The Society claims to be the oldest English literary institution, with a continuous history since its foundation in 1893. In 1928 a local resident, Sir James Roberts, bought the Parsonage for about £3,000 and presented it to the Society as a museum. But it is more than a museum: like Wordsworth's Dove Cottage it is also a unique centre for scholars. In the same year that the Society acquired the Parsonage an American member, Henry Houston Bonnell, bequeathed to it part of his collection of Brontëana—a rare collection of manuscripts and drawings which he had acquired over a lifetime. Over the years the Society has restored the house to its mid-19th-century appearance, using for it the copious documentation that exists both in the letters of the sisters and in the descriptions of visitors, notably Mrs Gaskell. The atmosphere of



the house is feminine, almost light-hearted, from the pretty floral wall-papers to the exquisite cleanliness and neatness on which every visitor to the family remarked. It is difficult to associate the house of today with that tragic picture painted by Mrs Gaskell of Charlotte after her sisters' deaths: "All the grim superstitions of the North had been implanted in her... they recurred to her now, with no shrinking from the spirits of the Dead. It seemed as though the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear. On wet windy nights, cries and sobs and wallings seemed to go round the house, as of the dearly beloved striving to force their way in."

Joanna Hutton was curator of the museum during the formative post-war years when the numbers of visitors began to increase spectacularly. Today she runs the privately owned Museum Bookshop, which occupies the apothecary's shop whence the wretched Branwell acquired his opium. Brontëana forms the firm foundation of the book-shop's stock, but there is a wide range of English classics, arguing that a high pro-

portion of the vast numbers of visitors to Haworth are not simply rubbernecks. Of sites outside London, Haworth today ranks second only to Stratford-upon-Avon in tourist popularity with numbers now approaching 700,000 annually. The bones of the village remain unaffected—the steep hill with its great cobbles, the dignified stone buildings, the superb moorland views visible from almost every house. But Main Street is given over almost entirely to a tourist trade ranging from the trashy to the good but irrelevant. One of the most startling examples of the power of tourism is a shop run by a Ghanaian, selling Ghanaian prints and costumes—excellent in themselves but incongruous in a Yorkshire moorland village.

After the museum the Black Bull, where Branwell Brontë went to drink, tends to be the prime attraction. Locals and the Civic Trust deplore what has happened to it. "Ten years ago it was a decent pub. Stone floors, wainscoting, separate rooms... A Yorkshire pub. Now it could be anywhere." In keeping with the current passion of the major brewers to gut all pub interiors, the small

rooms that Branwell Brontë would have known have been demolished, creating one large, plushy room which, though comfortable and pleasant enough, could indeed be anywhere. A shrine has been set up in the dining room, displaying excellent portraits of the Brontës and what is supposed to be Branwell's chair. The Civic Trust hopes to restore the Black Bull to its original form.

Brontë souvenirs have swamped the village, from Brontë tea towels to steak à la Brontë—although, with Yorkshire resilience, pie and mushy peas still figure on the menu in the less self-conscious establishments.

At the bottom of Haworth's steep hill a signpost points to localities from the novels; the favourite is, of course, Wuthering Heights. About 3 miles away on the moors is a ruined farmhouse, Top Withens, which the Brontë Society has identified with becoming hesitation as the possible site of Hesthelf's storm-tossed home. "The buildings, even when complete, bore no resemblance to the house [Emily] described but the situation may have been in her mind when she wrote of the



moorland setting of the Heights" says the Society cautiously. Most guides simply give the identification as fact.

Over the past few years another, and even odder, development of the myth has been taking place. On the road between the villages of Stanbury and Haworth stands a plain, comfortable pub which used to be known as The Taylor's Arms. As Taylor's is a small local brewery and the pub is owned by a different brewery it was decided, reasonably enough, to change its name. Wuthering Heights was chosen. "People come and take photographs of each other under the sign," says the landlady. The house at Top Withens is accessible only on foot after a walk of a mile or so. It is far easier to stop the car at the pub on the road, and there seems little doubt that the locale of "the grim and awful doom of the house on the moors" has been shifted, in the eyes of untold thousands, to a cosy village pub.



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THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE

The Chatsworth collection

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The continuing existence of certain large aristocratic private collections can seem both an irritant and a threat in a modern democratic society. How untidy the whole arrangement really is! Here are masterpieces too important for any private possessor; would it not be better to confiscate them at once, to ensure that they can continue to be enjoyed by the British public?

The great Devonshire collection at Chatsworth has in fact been the subject of certain "confiscations" as a result of death duties. The British Museum now has the Chatsworth Apollo, a Greek bronze head of the fifth century BC, plus Claude's *Liber Veritatis* and Van Dyck's Italian Sketchbook. The British Library has acquired the tenth-century Anglo-Saxon manuscript, perhaps the greatest Anglo-Saxon manuscript that exists—the marvellous Benedictional of *St Athelwold*. The National Gallery has the Donne Triptych by Memling. The National Portrait Gallery has Holbein's cartoons of Henry VII and Henry VIII. But much still remains, and the treasures of Chatsworth are still being added to—two wonderful Palmers to the collection of drawings; rare botanical books to the library; and the present Duke and Duchess have acquired a number of modern paintings, among them a startling pair of portraits of themselves by Lucian Freud.

The selection of works from Chatsworth which opens on November 1 at the Royal Academy was originally made for the United States and has recently completed a tour of six American museums. It gives a good capsule view of the collection as a whole, showing how it has grown, and the various impulses and needs which have contributed to its creation.

The paintings, for example, very naturally include a number of portraits of the Cavendish family and their circle, among them Van Dyck's portrait of Charles Cavendish, second son of the 2nd Earl of Devonshire, a Royalist commander killed at the Battle of Gainsborough in 1641; a speaking sketch of the architect William Kent by the Roman late Baroque artist Benedetto Luti; and the famous Reynolds of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire and her daughter. There are also Old Master paintings illustrative of the English aristocratic taste of the 18th century. To me the most moving of those on view are the famous Poussin *The Shepherds in Arcadia*, and the Rembrandt *Portrait of an Old Man*. Both paintings, but in very different ways, speak of mortality and its threat to all human beings.

The collection of Old Master drawings, despite the losses already mentioned, is one of the best ever created in England. Much of it had already



Portrait of an Old Man by Rembrandt van Rijn, signed and dated 1651. Oil on canvas 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 26 inches.

reached Chatsworth by the year 1729, and it represents the cream of several collections made by practising artists in the 17th century—Sir Peter Lely, P. H. Lankrink, and Nicolaes Anthoni Flinck, the son of a pupil of Rembrandt. From Italy there are drawings by Mantegna, Leonardo da Vinci and Vittore Carpaccio. There are also a number of drawings by Raphael, where the power and sweetness of line do much to defend the reputation of this now unfashionable master. Among the drawings from northern Europe are a whole series by Rubens and Van Dyck, portraits by Holbein which closely resemble the series in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and wonderful landscape drawings by Rembrandt.

One very special group within the Chatsworth drawing collection is the long series of designs for court masques by Inigo Jones. These designs evoke the atmosphere of the early Stuart court—the "King's Arcadia", as someone called it in the time of Charles I. Here, for instance, are costume designs for *The Lords' Masque* by Thomas Campion, which was staged in the Whitehall Banqueting House on February 14, 1613, to honour the marriage of James I's daughter Elizabeth, later the exiled Winter Queen of Bohemia, to the Elector Palatine.

In addition to being collectors of drawings, the Dukes of Devonshire were also collectors of ancient gems. From the Renaissance until the 19th

century such gems were indeed considered to be on the same footing as old drawings: the true connoisseur was expected to interest himself in both subjects. Gems had the advantage that they were often illustrated in sumptuous catalogues with engravings by the most distinguished hands. But some years have passed since such things were truly in favour—interest in ancient cameos and intaglios is only just beginning to revive. The Devonshire Collection is one of the few old accumulations of such material which has not been carelessly dispersed. Instead, its fate has been a very curious one. When Tsar Alexander II of Russia was to be crowned in 1856 the leader of the British mission was Earl Granville, nephew of the 6th Duke of

Devonshire who decided to give Countess Granville something special to wear at the festivities; he lent her the cream of the Devonshire cameos and intaglios, which were made up into a parure by the jeweller C. F. Hancock, consisting of seven items, not all of which would have been worn at the same time. The style is a sumptuous Victorian adaptation of Renaissance taste.

The exhibition includes a good selection of the decorative arts. Chatsworth has accumulated much furniture which was originally made for other houses; on exhibition will be chairs, probably designed by Kent, from Lord Burlington's Palladian villa at Chiswick, and other furniture, also Kentian in style, which comes from Devonshire House, Piccadilly. The gold and silver plate is superb and evokes perhaps better than anything on view the sheer grandeur of English aristocratic life in its heyday. A French silver-gilt toilet service of 1670 bears the arms of William and Mary, and probably came to the then Princess Mary on her marriage in 1677. There are 23 pieces, and the exhibition catalogue describes it, with quiet pride, as being "unquestionably the most important surviving toilet service in Western Europe". A big pair of silver gilt pilgrim bottles, probably by Adam Loots, William III's personal goldsmith, and certainly made in 1688, were a gift from William III to the 1st Duke of Devonshire. The date is significant, as the recipient was one of those chiefly responsible for bringing Dutch William to the throne of England.

Finally, no household as large and grand as Chatsworth would be complete without spectacular ceramics, both for display and for use at table. And here again there are both royal and family associations. The Devonshire family, naturally enough, patronized the Derby porcelain factory, and here are a cup, saucer and matching tray made for Duchess Georgiana around 1800. The present Duchess of Devonshire was once a Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale, and one of the amazing household depicted by her eldest sister Nancy in her novel *The Pursuit of Love*. Here are some items from a Berlin service of 1780, or thereabouts, which has a Redesdale provenance. It has another fascinating historical association as well—it originally belonged to Warren Hastings. There are also pieces from a dessert service presented to the 9th Duke of Devonshire by George V and Queen Mary—one suspects it was in fact the latter, with her impassioned interest in antiques, who made the choice. The porcelain, appropriately, is Derby of about 1790, each piece painted with scenic views of Derbyshire, where Chatsworth is situated.

It is hard to know whether the show is more appealing as a glimpse of history or as a distinguished sampling of many kinds of art. Yet there is no need to draw the distinction: due to the generosity of Chatsworth's present owners, it is all there to be enjoyed ●



Lady Elizabeth Foster, Later Duchess of Devonshire by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted in 1787. Oil on canvas 29½ by 24½ inches.



One of a set of five dessert plates painted by Zachariah Boreman, c 1830, with views of Cavendish houses. Derby china, 9¼ inches diameter.



Silver gilt ewer by Ralph Leake, London c 1685, 12½ inches high. Engraved with the arms of the 4th Earl of Devonshire and his Countess, Mary Butler.



The Children of the 4th Duke of Devonshire by Johann Zoffany, c 1765. Oil on canvas 39½ by 49½ inches.



Left, *William Cavendish, 5th Duke of Devonshire* by Pompeo Batoni, signed and dated 1768. Oil on canvas 53 by 38½ inches. Above, one of ten colour plates from *The Beauties of Flora* by Samuel Curtis, printed in Nottingham in 1820 and conceived as a rival to Robert Thornton's *Temple of Flora*.



Detail from *The Holy Family* by Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo. Oil on canvas 38 by 27 inches.

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Return to the kibbutz

by Hugh Baillie

The author, who saw the foundation of the kibbutz at Neot Mordekhay in 1947, returned there recently. Here he records his impressions of the changes, and the constants, he found.



Top left, the children's farm with the Lebanese hills in the distance. Top right, a Swiss volunteer picking plums. Above left, giant gum trees shade the houses. Above right, olives, ornamental palms and oleander round the swimming pool.

Early one cold morning in January, 1947, I was rudely shaken from my sleep in the police station at Metulla, the most northerly point in Palestine, situated in the hills above the narrow valley, enclosed by the heights of Syria and Lebanon, through which flows the upper Jordan. Within minutes I was dressed in winter uniform, rifle checked, and inside a 15 cwt truck. There were five of us and I was the junior constable in the party. Half asleep, we tumbled about uncomfortably as we raced down the sharp bends into the valley.

Stopping for a few minutes to pick up two Arab police from the police post at Khalsa, we headed south. Only now did the reasons for our unseemly haste filter through to the back of the truck. The previous afternoon a new Jewish settlement had been established beside the Jordan without official warning. Shooting had been reported.

Soon we turned east off the road and as we bumped uncomfortably along the dust track the first streaks of dawn, green and red, began to lighten the distant Syrian hills. As we approached the Arab village of Zawiya a dozen armed Arab horsemen, clearly silhouetted

against the cold dawn light, retreated towards the hills, dust rising behind the galloping hooves.

The entire population of the village crowded round an Arab who lay dying beside the dusty road. There was shouting and wailing. Already we could see, across the bare fields, a circle of prefabricated buildings enclosed inside a high barbed-wire fence. We drove across to the settlement and our station sergeant quickly made contact with the *mukhtar* (headman).

For those first settlers at Neot Mordekhay this had been an operation swiftly completed though long and carefully prepared. The land was theirs, no doubt about that: it had been sold, like so much Arab land, to the Jewish Agency by an absentee landlord. But that did not give the new owners the right to establish a settlement without government permission. Such permission was always subject to long delays—delays considered intolerable by the intending settlers lodging uncon-

fortably elsewhere in the country. Moreover, once established, a settlement was usually permitted to remain. Indeed it was difficult to dislodge under the complex Ottoman law which was then the law of Palestine. By completing a perimeter fence and ploughing a single furrow round it the settlers could establish a strong legal case for staying put.

For the Jews therefore it was essential to establish a settlement rapidly, hence the operation we now saw before us: an entire village set up in 12 hours. But there were risks. Absentee landlords frequently neglected to tell their village tenants of sale (this was the case here) and resistance was to be expected. Settlements were allowed to have armed police for their defence but the powers of the Jewish settlement police were strictly limited to the settlement to which they were attached. In practice some bending of the rules had to be permitted and the settlement police generally escorted new settlers to their land; and if they were permitted to remain it was obvious that

they must be allowed some degree of self-defence.

But in the case of Neot Mordekhay further steps were deemed necessary to keep the peace between the settlement and the village. There had, after all, been fatalities on both sides and the possibility of further violence was real. It was therefore decreed that an official police detachment (one British and one Arab constable) should reside in the settlement until things had settled down. I had two periods as the British constable, and came to know the place—and the people—quite well.

It was not an arduous task. Our principal duty was a daily walk across the fields to drink coffee with the *mukhtar* of Zawiya. Facilities in the settlement were severely limited (no further building had been permitted) and I shared a small bedroom with my Arab colleague. Other living accommodation we shared with the settlers and we all ate our meals together.

I do not recall a great deal about those days. I remember a game of chess with a settler who was probably rather good. He discovered too late that there was no deep strategy in my



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Return to the kibbutz

play, and I won. I avoided a rematch. I also remember a struggle across the Jordan one night when my police truck took a short cut and deposited me on the wrong side. The river was in spate and I reached the settlement drenched.

In those early days there was only an advance party of about 30 members actually in the settlement, most of them young. Some 130 others waited in Nahariyya, a coastal resort. There were only three women in the advance party. Almost all the first settlers were refugees from Austria and Czechoslovakia. Most had escaped before 1939 and many spent the war in detention camps in Mauritius. Several had lost their entire families at the hands of the Nazis. Hebrew was already the official language but German was most commonly spoken, and most of them spoke English as well. Some had an amazing grasp of languages. A wide variety of skills—from manual to medicine and law—were represented; but all the settlers had latterly been studying agriculture and the kibbutz's first library contained a core of books on the subject.

The founding of the kibbutz had been planned in detail. The first, prefabricated, buildings were admirably simple and utilitarian. The daytime hut was well constructed. There was a good kitchen, a simple eating area and recreation facilities included table tennis. Water was pumped from the Jordan; washing facilities and sanitation were perfectly adequate.

The settlement was a commune in which all were equal. Officials were appointed but most decisions were reached after general discussion. Individuals did not earn an income. Cigarettes were issued and clothing was communal. Money could be made available for specific purposes which might (in the future) include holidays and missions abroad. Most of the colonists were personally penniless. Like other kibbutzim Neot Mordekhay was financed by the Jewish National Fund. Loans might be as large as £100,000, a considerable sum in those days. But repayment was long-term and interest rates were low.

To be honest, I did not like the settlers. For their part they could barely conceal their resentment at having to give up some of their limited space to us; at best we were tolerated. More importantly I was, at 18, emotionally out of tune with the intensity and the single-mindedness of these people. They were obsessed with the land and with the idea of establishing a viable community within an Israeli national concept. They were prepared to sacrifice individuality to a future in which the young could grow up happily and securely.

We are now in that future. How has it all worked out? Is the intensity still there? Are the younger kibbutzniks, unborn at the birth of the kibbutz, filled with the intense nationalism, the single-mindedness, of their parents? Have

objectives changed? Are there, if things have gone well, things which we can learn from them?

Now, more than 30 years on, I have been back there. I wrote to the kibbutz and was invited to visit it as a guest. My hosts could not have been more generous or welcoming. Towards the end of my stay I was interviewed for the settlement's weekly news sheet. "We would like to know what you think of the kibbutz. Not what you think we have achieved in developing the land and improving living conditions: all visitors feel they must pay us compliments. What we would like to know is your deeper reactions."

It was not at all easy. After all, the first impression is a physical one: to say they have worked wonders is no mere compliment. The living area gives an impression of having been here for ages—the giant gum trees alone seem to prove this. The creeper-covered houses, the gardens, even the many pet dogs, seem to speak of a century-old village, not a settlement only 30 years old. The sheer variety of trees and shrubs—bougainvillea, jacaranda, oleander, ornamental palm and date palm, Mediterranean pine, fig tree are but a few of the varieties—suggest a long history.

Likewise the pattern of normal life—men, women and children going about their daily work and play—also speaks of a long-established society. The change was particularly startling for me as I recollected the treeless desert of my last visit (we notice change less if we are living in the middle of it), but the achievement is genuinely remarkable.

Neot Mordekhay is a kibbutz in Upper Galilee, "owned" collectively by its members who form a cross-section of a basically European society. Looking round the dining hall you would not say they looked particularly Jewish. There is nothing particularly unfamiliar about the food: it is a little drab, maybe, but carefully thought out in nutritional terms, with reasonable variety, and with plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. The common language is Hebrew, but in secondary schools English is taught as the second language.

Neot Mordekhay has about 400 members, about average in size within the kibbutz movement, and husband and wife have equal rights. The population is doubled when account is taken of children, a small number of resident experts and the floating population of volunteers. The land is owned in perpetuity by the Jewish National Fund, but other ownership rights are equal throughout the membership. Some executive decisions are delegated to committees, but there are regular membership meetings to decide major policy issues. These are well attended when controversial matters are in debate.

Every member is entitled to accommodation in either a house or a flat. On leaving school at 18, boys and girls will normally be called up for national service but will still be entitled to a flat, possibly shared, to which they can return on leave even though they may not yet have decided to seek member-

ship of the kibbutz.

Meals are generally eaten in the dining-hall, though some families eat at home in the evening. Drinking water, now piped from the Golan Heights, and soda water (most refreshing in this climate) are on tap outside the hall. The present cramped and dowdy building is being replaced by a striking new dining hall, designed by an outside architect, due to be completed next year.

The kibbutz has its own nursery and primary schools, children live at home with their parents until—and this is a recent change—secondary school age, when they live together and travel each day to the neighbouring kibbutz, Kfar Blum. Recreational facilities are superb: a fine swimming pool, tennis courts, one of the best football pitches in the country, a sports centre and a leisure centre. I have never seen children looking so well and happy.

Cultivation of the land was the obsessive driving force of the first settlers and it is still the central activity. The principal crops are cotton and apples, including Delicious, Golden Delicious, Jonathan and Granny Smith. The annual crop, around 4,000 tonnes, is harvested over a four-month period. The apples are put straight into cold store and are then gradually sold for eating in Israel.

Cotton is ginned in a co-operative factory a few miles away. Alfalfa, used as a fodder crop, was once grown extensively, but demand is falling and it is being phased out. Kiwi fruit, or Chinese gooseberry, if current trials are successful, might become a major crop in the future. Minor crops include plums and persimmons. The choice of what can be grown is quite limited since although summer temperatures may rise to 40°C, the winters are too cold for such crops as oranges and bananas.

The traditional emphasis on the land persists, but industrial ventures make an important contribution to the economy, offering work to the older members. A small shoe factory produces light shoes and sandals. A plastics factory produces plastic sheeting in various sizes and finishes for use as tarpaulins, car covers and so on. The factory is a success, though not wholly popular with kibbutzniks since round-the-clock operation is necessary to achieve viability. The capital investment in machinery must have been formidable. The kibbutz is not infallible, however, and a factory canning apple juice has had to be closed; there were problems over management and high-interest funding. Second-grade apples now go to the nearby town of Qiryat Shmona for processing.

Everyone on the kibbutz works a full, six-day week, beginning on Saturday evening and finishing on Friday evening. Even the older children work one day a week, at first on the children's farm, later alongside others in regular kibbutz work. During summer work in the fields starts at 5.30 when it is cool and dawn is breaking. Everyone goes to work by bicycle. The kibbutz owns a number of vehicles, such as the new VW minibus in which I was taken for a drive along the

Lebanese border; they are primarily used in the business activities of the kibbutz. Outside, everyone travels by bus.

Kibbutzniks earn a weekly wage—and it is the same for all. It is not extravagant, but enough for some to save up for hi-fi equipment, others to spend on cigarettes or alcohol or clothes. All kibbutzniks are entitled to an extended foreign trip every 20 years; but other trips—for business, educational, even compassionate reasons—are often allowed and paid for. There are a resident doctor, a dentist, even a physiotherapist.

Membership of the kibbutz is open to all. Some of the original members I met in 1947 are still around, and their children and their children's children. Some years after the first settlement a group came from South America and since then there have been groups or individuals from many parts of the world. David Brown, whose wife Sylvia devoted a lot of time to looking after me, came from Glasgow. He was already over 40 when he became a member and according to the rules he was too old to be admitted. But rules are made to be broken: a good carpenter was needed—most of the furniture is made on the spot—and David is just that. David is of Jewish extraction, Sylvia is not. Both retain Scots characteristics (humour especially) in the Israeli environment.

But Jewish history and tradition are inescapable and have to be accepted, just as the immigrant to Britain has to accept Christmas, historic buildings, the weather, strikes, and at least the memory of the Second World War. Neot Mordekhay is a secular settlement: its membership includes but one (albeit influential) Orthodox Jew and there is no synagogue. But being a Jew implies an unspoken consciousness of centuries of persecution and dispersal. Perhaps the bitterest memories of the Nazi holocaust are beginning to recede, and I found no antagonism towards contemporary Germany. For the younger members it never had the same reality anyhow, until the film *Holocaust*, which they found devastating and shocking.

Of the recent events perhaps the most deeply fixed in the memory of Upper Galilee kibbutzniks is the six-day war of 1967. In the first four days the Israelis staged a brilliant campaign to destroy the Egyptian Army in Sinai. "At that point," a kibbutznik told me, "we were sure we'd had it. Such brilliant success would be followed by a peace and we would be left to the mercy of the Syrian guns we could actually see, trained on us from the hills just across the border. Then, on the fifth day, we suddenly heard a deep rumble coming from the south and we realized it was the sound of tanks. Some went north, some turned east, past the kibbutz." The Syrians were driven back and the Golan Heights annexed. "We were saved." The feeling of insecurity persists, albeit less intensely. Less than half an hour's drive and you are at the northern frontier post of Metulla, looking deep into the Lebanon across the plain of Marjayoun. The hilltop road touches the border in several places and you pass

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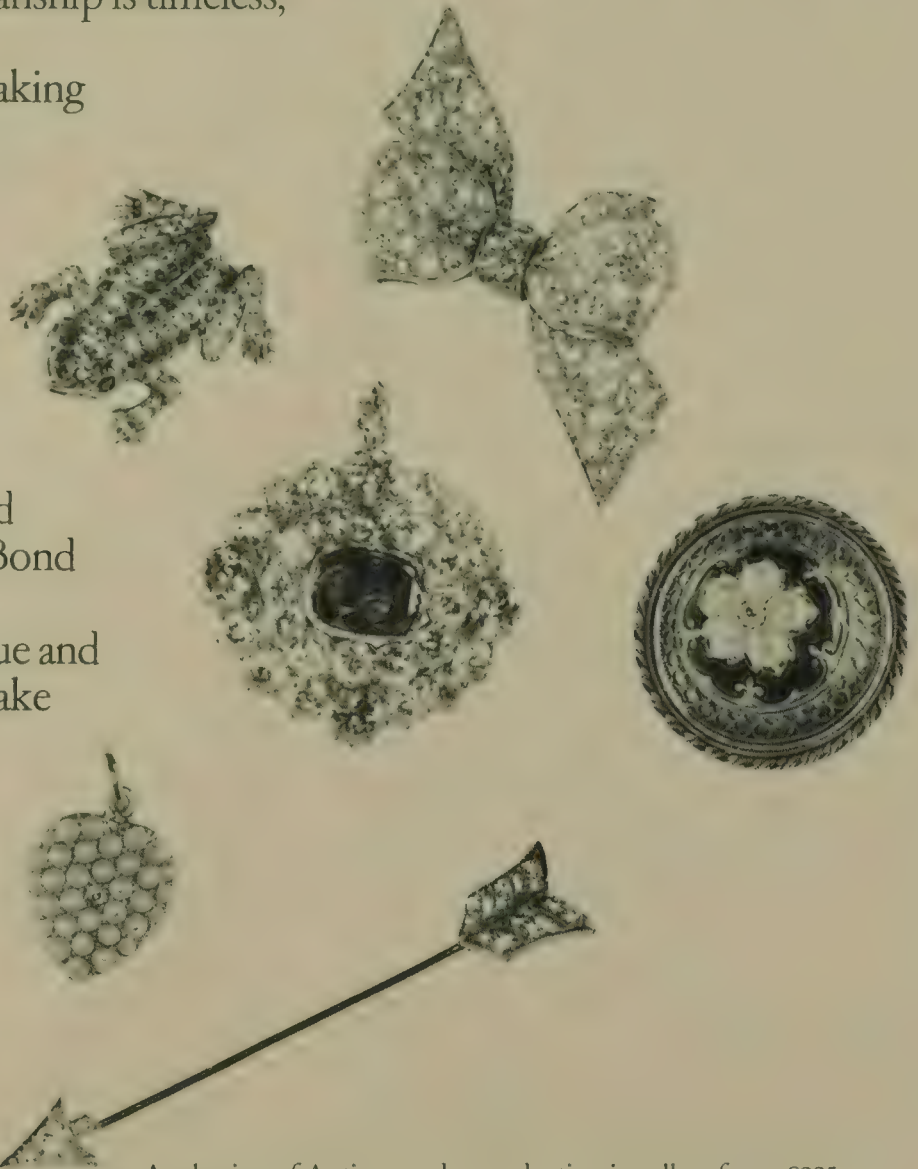
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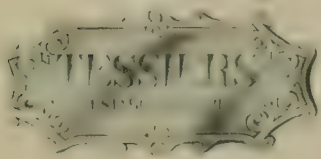
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Return to the kibbutz

settlements which have suffered from PLO attacks. The sound of gunfire is still familiar and as the big, troop-carrying Sikorski helicopters fly past in the night there is an unspoken question as to what they may signify. There are soldiers everywhere, many of them looking incredibly young. On more than one bus journey my suitcase rested on an automatic rifle. Israelis are sensitive to world opinion, which they feel is often biased away from honesty and justice by political expediency. Oil is the major factor. And of course Israel cannot itself buy oil from its neighbours.

The underlying Jewish experience is vivid and a non-Jew can only obtain membership of the kibbutz if he is prepared to accept this. But it is covert rather than overt. In general people in the kibbutz are unusually friendly, smiling, normal. I had the misfortune to watch England's demise at the hands of Italy in the World Cup on the large open-air television screen. It was the major topic of conversation, together with criticism of Prime Minister Begin, during a coffee break in the machine repair workshops next day.

What of the future? Will the second generation, lacking the burning motives of their parents, still want the life of the kibbutz? So far the signs are auspicious. Many take a look at outside life and sort themselves out, but about half return—and that is what is needed. Though the kibbutz is naturally disappointed if those they send to university, at considerable expense, find their lives outside, they do not begrudge it. A good number of the students return—even after several years. The security and fraternity of the kibbutz are undeniably appealing, and the land, the traditional mainspring of the kibbutzniks, is still an attraction. Some would say that the life is better for boys than for girls; that there is more glamour in the boys' jobs and that the girls inevitably find themselves working in the kitchens or in the laundry. But the opportunities for girls exist, not quite equitably perhaps, but nearly so.

What of the volunteers? The future of Neot Mordekhay may not be dependent on them yet their contribution to the kibbutz is substantial and you find them everywhere, working with a will. They come from almost every country you can think of and few, except the Israelis, are Jewish. For them it is a marvellous, cheap holiday, part of the post-school experience, a superb, international get-together. But though the kibbutz values highly the work done by the volunteers there are reservations. It is a fact that most of the rare crimes which have occurred have ultimately been traced to them and there is a real fear, not without foundation, of the introduction of drugs.

For the most part the volunteers stick together, living and working alongside the kibbutzniks but without real involvement with the kibbutz. Most stay a few weeks, then pass on, some to return, often with friends, another year. A few

have stayed as long as two years, though this is now discouraged. A few have ultimately been accepted as members of the kibbutz.

The kibbutz has wisely relaxed some of the rules it imposed in the early days; it is sensitive to change and where the need for austerity no longer exists rules have been changed accordingly. Nor is scientific and technical progress ignored. Factory machinery, agricultural machinery, farming methods—all are up to date. New fertilizers are introduced to increase yields, the latest chemicals control pests. Cash is invested to improve yield and profitability and loans (often at very low interest rates) are usually obtainable.

Much of the expertise on which investment is based and carried out lies outside the kibbutz, partly in official bodies, such as the Ministry of Agriculture, partly in the units of the kibbutz movement. The ready availability of technical advice and investment capital are a great asset. So are the specialist co-operatives within the kibbutz movement—in marketing, for instance. But it is possible that the kibbutz itself has little opportunity for those of exceptional ability and this may be a factor which leads some of the young to look outside for their careers. True, a brilliant career within the kibbutz framework is possible. Ehud Avriel, who has represented Israel as ambassador in Ghana and Italy, has always retained his membership of Neot Mordekhay, where he still lives. And Teddy Kollek, the extraordinarily uncontroversial and successful Mayor of Jerusalem, has retained his membership of kibbutz Ein Gev. But the young may have doubts about the possibilities of a "career" within the kibbutz framework. Indeed the distinguished *individual* is probably at odds with the communal society.

We are probably misunderstanding the whole concept of the community life if we become too concerned with the individual. Maybe the system militates against the emergence of a Herzl, a Chagall, a Barenboim. And it does not really matter so long as there are people for whom the life is meaningful. It is indeed an attractive life from many points of view. I think it is impossible not to admire the achievement of the last 30 years, to commend the flexibility in the face of social change. And there is no reason, so far, to doubt the continued prosperity of the kibbutz. I enjoyed my visit enormously and liked the people.

Is there, I could not help wondering, something for us to learn here? Individual features stand out. Care of children, respect for and integration of the elderly, the availability of capital for social development as well as industrial progress—these are features of Neot Mordekhay we can envy. But these things are part of a social system, a movement; and "you can only start a movement like this", said a senior member, "if you have something like the holocaust as your starting point, your inspiration..." He is probably right.

I wonder what it will be like in 30 years' time ●

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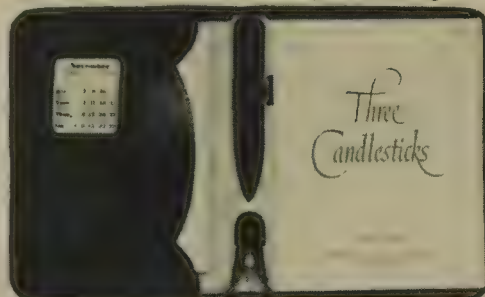
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Changes at Charing Cross

by Christine Hacklett

Described in the *Blue Guide* as "the centre of London for the purposes of the tourist", Charing Cross has changed much over the years and continues to evolve.

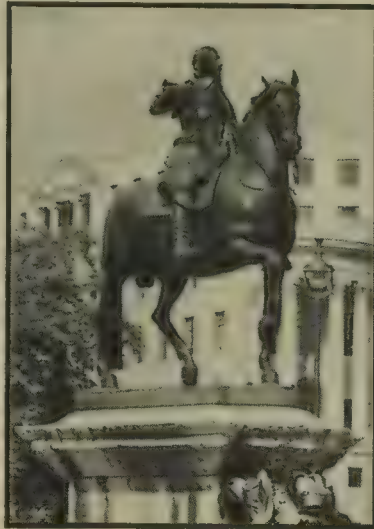
"The full tide of human existence," said Dr Johnson, "is at Charing Cross." He knew well the bustle of the crowds hurrying about their business, thronging the noisy Hungerford Market, arriving and departing by stage-coach from the Golden Cross Hotel.

Today this little pocket of London is as busy as ever, the pavements crowded with shoppers and sightseers, the roads alive with a fast-moving flow of traffic sweeping around Trafalgar Square down Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue. On one of the islands around which the cars and buses swirl is a plaque set into the pavement which marks the point from which distances from London are measured. Over-shadowing it is a huge statue of Charles I, gazing down Whitehall towards Westminster. It was London's very first equestrian statue and survived only because of the cunning of a 17th-century brazier.

It was originally commissioned by Charles I's Treasurer, Lord Weston (later the Earl of Portland), who intended it for his garden in Roehampton. It was cast in 1633 but before it was erected the Civil War began and the statue was hurriedly hidden in the crypt of St Paul's Church, Covent Garden. Cromwell's men, acting on a rumour, searched there in 1650 but it was not until five years later that it was found. It was sold as old metal to John Rivet, a brazier living in Holborn, who was instructed to break it up.

In due course he offered for sale candlesticks, nutcrackers, bodkins, spoons and knife handles made, he said, from the metal of the statue. Royalist sympathizers eagerly bought them as mementoes of their martyred king while Puritans purchased them as evidence of Cromwell's triumph. It seemed quite clear that the statue had met its end. But all the time it had remained in Rivet's garden, buried beneath stacks of timber. After the Restoration news of its preservation leaked out and the Treasurer's son claimed ownership. Rivet was reluctant to part with it but eventually it was returned to the Portland family and finally came into the King's possession. In 1675 arrangements were made to erect it at Charing Cross. The pedestal was designed by Wren who supervised its erection on the site of the old Eleanor Cross.

The little village of Charing with its tiny church and scattering of houses already existed when Queen Eleanor died near Lincoln in 1290. Her embalmed body was brought to Westminster, resting each night in some religious house. Twelve crosses were erected to mark the route but not all were close to the abbeys or convents themselves. Charing Cross seems to have been one of these excep-



Hubert Le Sueur's statue of Charles I is decked with flowers on the anniversary of the King's execution. The Eleanor Cross is a replica of the 13th-century original.

tions for there was at that time no religious house there. It was, however, an important road junction, for here the road from London to the west was joined by the road south to Westminster. Many travellers would see a cross erected there. And it was in sight of the Queen's final resting place at Westminster Abbey.

Completed in 1294 or soon after, the cross at Charing stood until 1647 when as a "monument of superstition and idolatry" it was defaced and subsequently destroyed. Its Purbeck marble was used for knife handles and the Caen stone to pave part of Whitehall. A replica by E. M. Barry stands in the forecourt of Charing Cross main line station.

The main line terminus and its forecourt cover an area which was previously occupied by Hungerford Market. Sir Edward Hungerford, last in the line of a family which had owned a town house by the Strand since 1442, was an incorrigible spendthrift. His most famous extravagance was the purchase of a wig for 500 guineas; a bust of Sir Edward wearing it was placed in a niche in the wall of the market. Over the years he worked his way through his inheritance and when his house was seriously damaged by fire in 1669 he was unable to repair it. He sought permission to open a market in its grounds, and Wren is said to have designed it. It opened in 1682 and soon had 35 shops, but by the 19th century had degenerated to such an extent that it was described as "a deplorable dirty-looking piece of ground, flanked by squalid houses and a cemetery for... dead dogs and cats..."

In 1833 the market was completely rebuilt. At the opening ceremony crowds in the upper and lower galleries watched the inflation and ascent of a



hot-air balloon to the accompaniment of band music, cannon shots and the peals of St Martin-in-the-Fields's bells. A grand quay was constructed in granite to receive steamboats from the City, Westminster, Vauxhall and Greenwich, while housewives from Southwark and Lambeth could cross the Thames by Brunel's pedestrian Hungerford Suspension Bridge.

In 1854 the market was severely damaged by fire when two boys lighting gas lamps in Hungerford Hall, which had been built nearby for the 1851 Exhibition, carelessly threw the lighted strips of paper they were using as tapers on the ground.

Eight years later the whole property was bought for the formation of Charing Cross railway terminus. Brunel's bridge was dismantled and its chains and ironwork used in the construction of Clifton Suspension Bridge, which Brunel had also designed. The name Hungerford Foot Bridge remains to this day, however, referring to the footpath by the side of the railway bridge over the Thames.

Almost opposite Charing Cross station today is Golden Cross House, preserving the name of a celebrated hostelry. The first Golden Cross Tavern stood opposite the original Eleanor Cross and was succeeded by a hotel of the same name farther east. From its windows travellers could watch the crowds around the pillory which stood close to the statue of Charles I. It was much used in the 18th century; the sentence was usually one hour in the pillory at the mercy of the crowd. Occasionally treatment was so severe that the culprit did not survive, as was the case of John Middleton who was pilloried at Charing Cross for perjury in 1723. At the other extreme, when Daniel Defoe was pilloried at Temple Bar in 1703, flowers,

not mud or stones, were thrown and the crowd drank his health.

The Golden Cross became a famous coaching hostelry and at the height of its fame in the 1820s the proprietor had 700 horses at work. These were accommodated in stables around a central courtyard and in recesses both above and below ground level, which were reached by stairs which the tired animals had to negotiate. Coaches from the Golden Cross ran to Brighton daily—a journey of eight hours—and even as far afield as Exeter. But as the railways gradually came into existence the coaching trade declined.

Charing Cross Station was opened in 1864 with London's first really big hotel at its front. As it was the terminus for boat trains a constant stream of travellers to and from the Continent was accommodated in its 250 rooms. In 1920 the boat trade was transferred to Victoria. The customs shed at Charing Cross was demolished, the foreign signs taken down and the station assumed a smaller role.

Several times in the last 80 years proposals have been made to demolish the entire station and substitute a road bridge that would sweep into Trafalgar Square, and the idea is not dead yet. The face of Charing Cross could change again, as it has little by little over the centuries. Golden Cross House has replaced the old hotel; another hotel, the Craven, next to the station has vanished and an office block with shops at street level is planned for the site. Nearby another block will replace the building that was once the Strand Corner House.

Beneath the ground a network of tunnels and a colourful new booking hall link three Underground lines to form London Transport's new Charing Cross Station. The former Trafalgar Square Station has been incorporated and such is the extent of the complex that having descended from the Square itself one could emerge again from beneath Coutts's offices in the Strand, beyond Golden Cross House.

This island site has been Coutts's Head Office and Strand Branch since 1904, when they moved from the south side of the street. In the 1970s it was rebuilt and is now a gleaming cream building with shops around its base and a subway with shopping arcade beneath it. Within is a magnificent banking hall, spacious and light with a glass front and high glass roof. Amid trees and shrubs is a waiting area around a pool.

This tranquil spot seems a world away from Dr Johnson's London. Indeed, apart from the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, the only sight familiar to Dr Johnson which remains today around Charing Cross is the magnificent statue of Charles I.

Evidence of the Stone Age

by Alison Betts

Little known, barren and forbidding, the north Arabian desert, empty today, bears the marks of inhabitants of a distant past in strange enclosures, hill forts and unusual Neolithic artifacts. A recent expedition investigated the area.

The north Arabian desert, perhaps commonly imagined as a rolling waste of yellow sand dunes, is in fact made up of a series of widely varied geomorphological zones. One of the most spectacular of these is the volcanic basalt massif which stretches from southern Syria across Jordan into Saudi Arabia, a barren and forbidding land of craters and rock-strewn hills, broken occasionally by stretches of white sandflats. Its forbidding aspect seems to have deterred all but the most intrepid of travellers and much of the area is poorly mapped and almost unexplored.

It is clear, however, that this region was not always as empty as it is today. RAF pilots in the 1920s reported "mysterious walls", strange, star-shaped enclosures, fortified hill-tops, conglomerations of hut circles and long walls curving across the desert floor for many kilometres. The first clues to the early date of these came when Henry Field, traversing the mail route from Cairo to Baghdad, collected flint artefacts belonging to various phases of the Early Neolithic period dating roughly from the seventh millennium BC. Excavations of a series of stone circles in Wadi Dhobai to the west of the basalt plateau produced similar Early Neolithic material, as did a later survey in the Azraq basin on the western fringe of the basalt. Despite these hints, however, maps of Neolithic settlement in the Near East show a linear distribution from northern Sinai through Palestine, the coastal plains and western Syria, and along the Euphrates valley towards Mesopotamia, the empty spaces between the two ends of this curve punctuated only by a few isolated question marks. In the summer of 1979 two small survey teams sponsored by the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem went to the Qa'a Mejalla region in the heart of the basalt massif in an attempt to answer some of the questions posed by this enigmatic area.

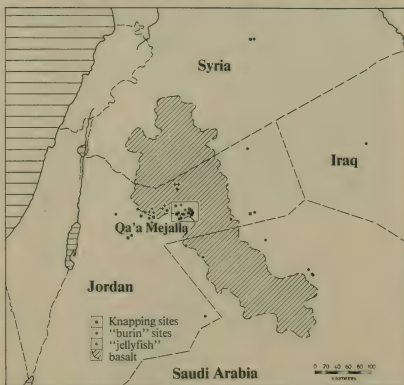
Like the modern bedouin, man in the desert has always been nomadic, camping for a few days and moving on, leaving little behind to mark his passing save a few lines of stones cleared into rough shelters and windbreaks. The desert floor is strewn with remains of these circles and corrals, some modern, some undoubtedly ancient. The bedouin, when asked about these walls, tell the in-

quiring traveller that "these buildings are not of our time... the fathers of our fathers already found them". For the most part these walls take the form of amorphous agglomerations of sub-circular structures, often stretching for a kilometre or so along the edges of wadis and sandflats. Occasionally there are isolated hut circles higher up on the basalt, or clusters of small huts grouped together in a wadi.

Not so long ago, and certainly in the seventh to fifth millennium, the desert was rich in wildlife—gazelle, ostrich, vast herds of gazelle—and one of the main occupations of the desert nomads was, naturally, hunting. To assist them in this they constructed long chains of walls leading to large enclosures. The herds of gazelle in the course of their seasonal migration across the desert were guided by the walls into the enclosures where a massive slaughter took place. To watch for the approach of the game the hunters chose a convenient position on a hill-top with a commanding view of the adjacent wadis and mudflats. While waiting they would pass the time preparing arrowheads. Their knapping sites, found on many of the hill-tops in the desert, have scattered blades, blanks, double-ended cores and arrowheads with short tangs. These are typical of the seventh millennium aceramic Neolithic period.

About this time a new development was taking place. In the Levant by the seventh millennium settled village existence predominated over the earlier nomadic way of life and this process seems to have influenced people even in the marginal desert areas. On low basalt terraces around the major basins semi-permanent camps and settlements became established, possibly so that their inhabitants could practise primitive agriculture on the moist soils of the wadis. These sites are easily distinguished by their unique lithic assemblages which consist predominantly of concave truncation burins together with a variety of awls, borers and scrapers. A burin is formed by a blow just to the side of the point of a flake or blade in order to detach a long narrow splinter known as the spall. This has the effect of sharpening the point, usually for use as an engraving tool for wood or bone. However, normally burins account for only 2 to 5 per cent of the total tool assemblage.

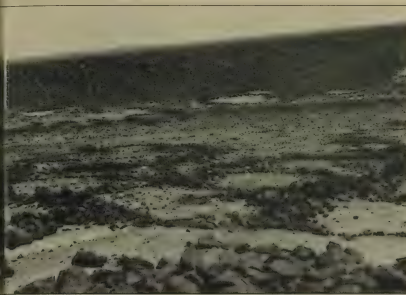
On these sites one kind alone averages 65 per cent of all the tools. Due to the concentration of deposit we can be certain that these sites saw regular, if only seasonal, occupation, perhaps for three months in a year. However, the precise reason that these people chose to abandon their traditional heritage of nomadic existence escapes us at present. The sites are most common around the large sandflats used today by the modern bedouin for simple cultivation. Yet the artefacts which these Neolithic people have left us give no indication at all of agricultural activity. There are no querns, grinders or sickles, nor do we have any evidence for hunting—no spears nor arrowheads. We are left with the enigma of the burins. Why so many and to what use were they put?



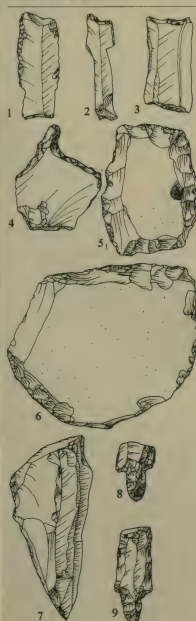
A map showing distribution of prehistoric sites in the north Arabian desert.



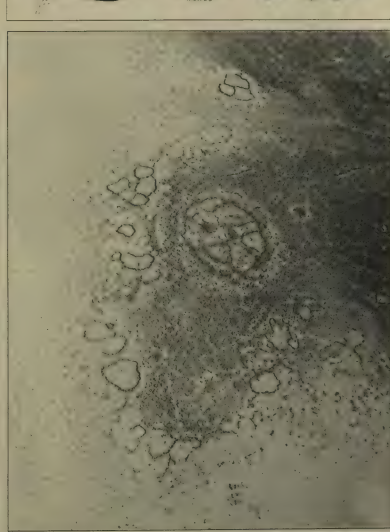
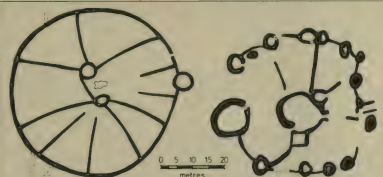
A hilltop knapping site, with a scatter of discarded flints.



An extensive Neolithic complex of hut circles and corrals is still used by modern tribes of bedouin.



A selection of Neolithic flint tools from the north Arabian desert. From the top, three of the many burins found; an awl and a tabular scraper; a larger tabular scraper; a double-ended blade core and two tanged points.



Top, diagrams of "jellyfish" in the Qa'a Mejalla area and, above, a similar structure from the air. These sites were fortified and used by extended family units.

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It does not seem feasible that there

was such a high demand for engraving tools. Wood is scarce in the desert and although the burins could have been used for working bone it is highly unlikely that so many would have been needed. An alternative explanation must be sought. The technique of removing spalls from either side of a blade to facilitate the production of a tang for arrowheads is known from a few examples at alternative Neolithic sites, sleds in south Jordan and Bousra on the Euphrates in Syria. There are however no arrowheads on these desert sites. The only plausible explanation is that the burins themselves were in fact waste products of the production of spalls which were then worked into drills for bead-making, piercing leather and similar tasks. This answer is not wholly satisfactory but has been partly substantiated by the discovery of a few examples of burin spalls with secondary working. The burins themselves, however, have other value. Because they are so distinctive it has been possible to identify sites similar to those in the survey areas as far apart as central Syria, Iraq and northern Saudi Arabia.

At least there are a few answers to the questions raised by the "burin" settlements. There are other more enigmatic sites about which we can only guess at present. Among these are the "jellyfish", so called because of their unusual shape. They are usually 30 to 50 metres in diameter, consisting of two concentric circles of low stone walling divided into irregular segments by radiating walls. Often huts are attached to the outer circle and some have quite elaborate entrances. These sites presumably functioned as extended family units. The enclosure could be defended if necessary and access was limited by the complex nature of the entrance. The interior divisions could hold animals for the night and watch could be kept from the small shelters on the outer wall. A similar plan is in use among nomadic pastoralists in Africa today. Because of the transient nature of life in the desert most sites offer little dating evidence and these "jellyfish" are no exception. However we can be fairly sure that they are early, probably seventh-millennium, since their walls are extremely eroded. One example contained concave truncation burins but, since the majority produced no burins, it seems likely that this "jellyfish" pre-dated the nearby burin site and was re-used by its occupants.

The desert still contains many "mysterious walls", some as yet undiscovered. However the hints offered by earlier researchers have now crystallized into a new perspective of the desert areas of northern Arabia in the Neolithic period. There is now enough evidence to say that sometime in the seventh to fifth millennium a territory encompassing northern Saudi Arabia, most of Jordan, western Iraq, and southern and central Syria was populated by a coherent semi-nomadic Neolithic culture hitherto virtually unsuspected in the region.



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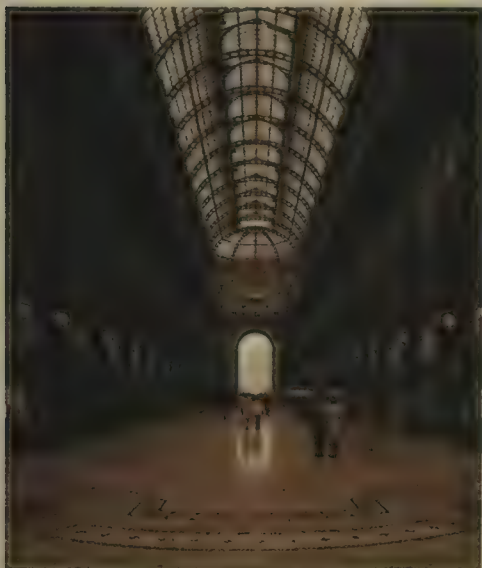
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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth II: Dylan Thomas's house

Though Dylan Thomas is usually associated with Swansea, Carmarthen and Gower, he lived intermittently in London. With Caitlin, his wife, he occupied the basement flat at No 54 Delauney Street, Camden Town, from the autumn of 1951 until they left for the second of his American visits in the following January. He described it as "our new London house or horror on bus and night-lorry route and opposite railway bridge and shunting station". Thomas died in 1953 aged 39.



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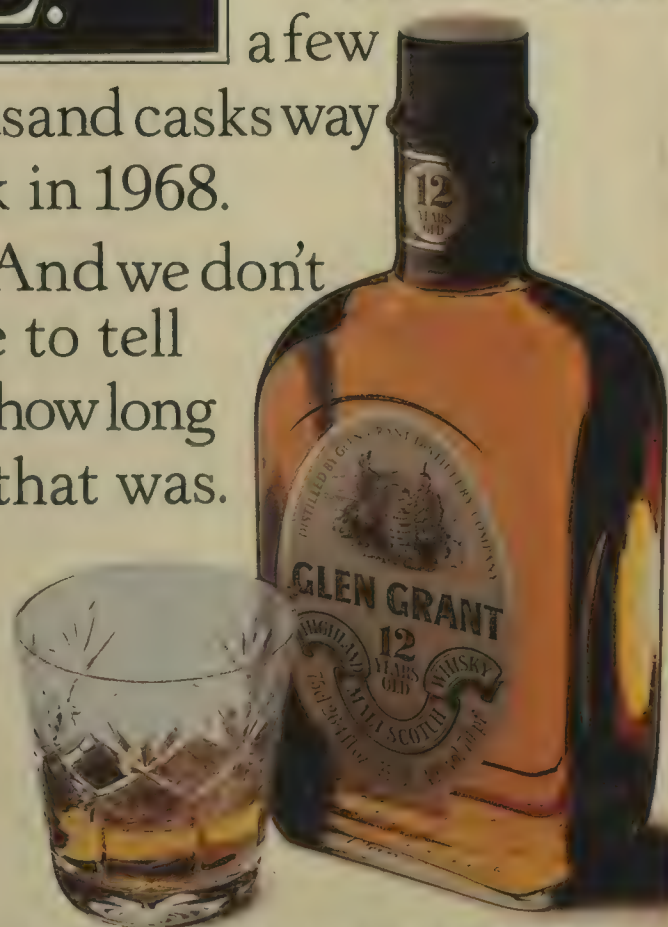
Still, there is one consolation. While we have to wait 12 years for Glen Grant malt whisky to mature, you don't.

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A plurality of pencils



HILTRUD SCHMIDT

by Ursula Robertshaw

Although they were invented as long ago as 1822 and although they can be found in a bewildering variety of styles, materials and forms, propelling pencils have been strangely neglected by collectors. We illustrate some of the more conventional formats, instantly recognizable as pencils, mostly made of silver,

some parcel gilt; but even here there is wide variety in the tooling, the decorative finials and the mechanical details. Several include penholders to cater for the sudden urge to write in ink, one has an enamelled case with a portrait, another an ivory handle.

S. Mordan was one of the main firms making propelling pencils, and they were in production until their premises

were destroyed in 1940. Their catalogue for 1898 reveals some charming conceits: a pig who produced the pencil from his mouth when his tail was twisted; a pencil the size and shape of a match; another formed as a coach horn (which included a cigar cutter), another as a miniature polo stick; one pencil was contained, telescopically, in a thimble, another in a tiny beer bottle, or, for those

with up-market tastes, a champagne bottle; another could also be used as a paper-knife and a book-mark.

Later pencils were, and still are being, made in all kinds of plastics, but today's products are generally much more sober in design—though luxury asserts itself: Kutchinsky sell a pencil in 18 carat gold, beautifully tooled and inlaid in royal blue enamel, for nearly £700 ●

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The Pioneer view of Venus

by Patrick Moore

In December, 1978, America's Venus Pioneer reached its target and entered a closed path round our sister planet. It has been sending back data ever since and now, for the first time, we have been able to draw up a reliable map of 80 per cent of the Cytherean (deriving from the old Sicilian name for Venus) surface.

Through a telescope Venus must be regarded as a rather disappointing object. Generally, almost nothing can be seen except the characteristic phase: crescent, half- or three-quarter shape. Since Venus is closer to the Sun than we are (67 million miles on average against 93 million miles for the Earth), the phases are only to be expected as Venus, like all the planets, shines only by light reflected from the Sun. However with Mercury and Mars we can see definite surface features, but Venus is hidden beneath a dense, cloudy atmosphere which no telescope can pierce. Before the Space Age our knowledge of the nature of the surface was practically nil. All that could really be said was that since the Cytherean atmosphere consists largely of carbon dioxide, and this gas tends to act as a "greenhouse", the surface was likely to be extremely hot.

Many theories had been proposed. Early in our own century Svante Arrhenius had pictured Venus as a world in a "Coal Forest" age with primitive, luxuriant vegetation and everything dripping wet. Later it was suggested that Venus was more probably a raging hot dust-desert without a trace of moisture anywhere. Against this, two eminent American astronomers, F. L. Whipple and D. H. Menzel, maintained that the surface was mainly covered with water—in which case there seemed no reason why life should not have appeared there, just as it did long ago in the oceans of Earth.

The marine theory was killed in 1962, when Mariner 2 bypassed Venus and showed that the surface was much too hot for liquid water to exist; the temperature is over 900°F. It was also confirmed that while the planet spins slowly in 243 Earth-days (longer than a Cytherean "year" of 224½ Earth-days), the upper clouds have a rotation period of only four days. Moreover, Venus spins from east to west instead of west to east, so that if it were possible to see the Sun from the surface it would rise in the west and set in the east.

Since then the Russians have soft-landed several probes on Venus and have even obtained two pictures. But the only real way to draw up a map was by using radar, and this is what Pioneer has been able to do.

The results are of tremendous interest. Venus contains highlands, lowlands and a huge, rolling plain which covers about 60 per cent of the total surface and stretches right round the planet.

There is no "sea level" on waterless Venus, so that in giving heights all that can be done is to relate them to the mean level of the surface. On this basis the range is from 35,400 feet above the mean to 9,500 feet below, giving a total range of 45,000 feet.

The highlands have been likened to continents standing on the plain. There are two main high regions. Ishtar Terra in the northern hemisphere and Aphrodite Terra close to the equator. Ishtar is about the same size as Australia, and is bordered by comparatively steep escarpments. Aphrodite Terra is somewhat larger than Ishtar, though not so high; it measures 6,000 by 2,000 miles, and consists of eastern and western mountain ranges, separated by a rather lower region.

At the eastern end of Aphrodite there is the vast Rift Valley, 175 miles wide, 1,400 miles long and 9,500 feet deep—about the same as the Mariner Valley on Mars. Compared with this our largest canyons, such as that of the Colorado, appear dwarfish. There are also volcanoes, two of which, Rhea Mons and Theia Mons, make up what has been called Beta Regio. Both are some 13,000 feet above the plains and seem to be of the same type as our own Hawaiian volcanoes, but much larger.

This being so, we must ask whether there is active vulcanism on Venus now. Opinions differ. According to one suggestion, Venus has a very thick crust, more lunar than terrestrial in type, and only one large "plate" instead of the Earth's six; if so, volcanic activity would not now be expected. However, we cannot rule out the existence of erupting volcanoes for there has been violent volcanic activity there in the past.

The atmospheric pressure on the surface of Venus is between 90 and 100 times that of the Earth's air at sea-level; there is continuous lightning and electrical effects are all important. Information has also been obtained about the atmospheric circulation. The clouds seem to "spiral down" over the poles, so that the Cytherean weather system is quite unlike that of the Earth. The chances of finding Earth-type life are extremely slight. The high temperature alone seems a fatal objection, and it must also be remembered that the clouds contain large amounts of sulphuric acid.

Pioneer is still operating, further American probes are planned, and in the near future there is to be a joint Soviet-French experiment in which balloons will be released into the Cytherean atmosphere and tracked as they drift about at various levels.

Venus is indeed quite different from what had been expected. It may be the Earth's twin in size and mass, but it is a non-identical twin. The attractive picture of a watery world has proved to be very wide of the mark. Beneath those shining clouds, the conditions are more like the conventional idea of hell! ☉

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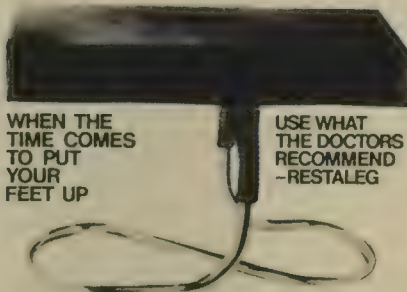
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MUSEUMS

Out of season problems

by Kenneth Hudson

One in six museums in Britain closes during the winter and in the tourist areas the proportion is much higher. Staying open for the benefit of ten to 20 visitors a day is absurd and so the dark, cold and foggy months are devoted to refurbishing and stocktaking. Few people regard this arrangement as satisfactory—any business which trades for only half the year is bound to have problems with overheads and cash flow—but in large parts of rural and seaside Britain a practical alternative is difficult to find.

Wheal Martyn Museum, which tells the story of the china-clay industry, illustrates the situation very well. Its site on the main road from St Austell to Bodmin can hardly be described as remote. Population, not place or climate, is the problem here. On an average day in midsummer there are four to five times as many people in Cornwall as in November or February. The difference is not merely one of numbers: the summer population, as a whole, is more mobile, more inquisitive and better provided with time and money than the winter population. It is certainly much more likely to visit Wheal Martyn.

A museum which exists solely for the benefit of tourists is nearly always second rate. Wheal Martyn, however, is not a completely tourist-centred museum. Established seven years ago by the china-clay industry, which means in effect the giant English China Clays group, it has its roots in a part of England which is exceptionally conscious of its traditions and where the churned-over landscape, with its pits, waste-tips and abandoned engine houses, never allows one to forget that mining is inseparable from Cornish history. ECC, with its excellent company archive and house journal, is one of the most historically conscious industrial concerns in Britain. It provided the site for Wheal Martyn (two old clay workings), carried out the daunting task of clearing away the rubbish of years and gave the money to build and equip

the core-museum. ECC wanted its own employees and their families to visit the museum, to learn from it and to be proud of it, but felt it should be independent of the company, looking after its own finances and deciding its own policy. While, therefore, it continues to derive great benefit from its close associations with ECC, Wheal Martyn has its own board of directors and is a limited company with charitable status.

I visited the museum towards the end of this year's tourist season to see how business was going. The admission charge for adults was raised in the spring from 70p to £1 and, probably as a result, there has been a slight falling-off in the number of visitors, though neither the curator nor the chairman of the board seemed worried about this. About 50,000 people visit Wheal Martyn each year. Of these, 5,000 arrive in school parties and the remaining 45,000 include 30,000 adults and 15,000 children, giving a total income from admissions of approximately £40,000. To this one must add the profits from the museum shop and the café, £80 and £30 a day respectively. Nowadays an income from all sources of, let us say, £50,000 is by no means a fortune.

Wheal Martyn knows that to stand still would be disastrous; each year there must be new exhibits, new attractions. Adding to the collections is not too difficult as the mine captains—the pit managers—let the museum know of any interesting finds. A "Peerless" 4 ton lorry turned up in this way: built in 1915, it was buried under a waste tip from 1930 to 1958 and is now nearly restored to its original condition. As at every museum where solvency depends on tourists, publicity is all important. In Cornwall this is handled by the Cornish Association of Tourist Attractions, which publishes a booklet called *Have Fun in Cornwall*. Wheal Martyn contributes with several popular places to the cost of producing the booklet and receives a page in exchange. Each establishment offers a copy of the booklet to all its visitors and in this way one subscriber publicizes all the rest.

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Wheal Martyn, the museum of the china-clay industry in Cornwall.

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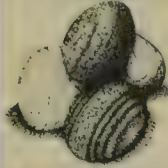


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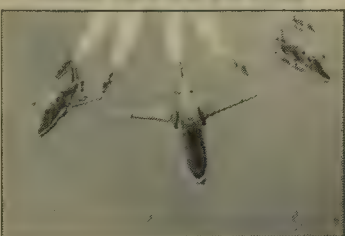
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Spilling the beans

by Robert Blake

The Castle Diaries

by Barbara Castle

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95

What is the point of keeping a diary? Anyone, whether or not in politics, might do so to remind him or herself of times and episodes which so quickly evaporate into oblivion. It is convenient to have a record even in the abbreviated telegraphese of Gladstone, although one might hesitate to claim the same purpose—the rendering of an account book to the Almighty. Such a diary could also be an invaluable *aide mémoire* for those who feel that they should write their reminiscences. Clearly Harold Macmillan made much use of his, and it was a useful though by no means the only source for the six volumes of his political autobiography.

It is, however, quite another thing for a political figure, major or minor, to write a diary intended to be published either posthumously, as in the case of Greville, Harold Nicolson and “Chips” Channon, or in the author’s lifetime, as Dick Crossman’s were meant to be and Barbara Castle’s have been. These two distinguished left-wing figures—no one has yet emulated them from the right—are the first Cabinet ministers to reveal in detail what went on, or rather what they thought went on, at Cabinet meetings. The political memorialists of the past, Lloyd George, Churchill, Dalton, Eden, Macmillan, although they pressed against the rules of official secrecy to the furthest limits, although they exercised their right to “refresh their memories” from the government papers of their periods in office—closed of course to everyone else—and although they “swung rank” as much as they could, stopped well short of this. The rules for outsiders were very strict. When I was editing Lord Haig’s diaries, published in 1952, I was warned by Sir Norman Brook that any references to the Field-Marshal’s discussions with the War Cabinet of 1917-18 required clearance by the Cabinet Office, although they had occurred 35 years earlier.

All this changed when in Harold Wilson’s second administration Crossman’s executors, of whom Michael Foot (“Mike” to Barbara Castle) was one, challenged the authority of the Cabinet Office and got away with it. The precedent is decisive. For good or ill the confidentiality of Cabinet discussions on recent events has been irrecoverably breached. Crossman’s publication date was over ten years after the events recorded. The last chapters of Barbara Castle’s diaries are appearing only four and a half years after she was sacked by Jim Callaghan. But in both cases the subjects of dispute and the people concerned are fresh in the minds of those interested. It is hard to see what principle could be used to stop another

alleged Cabinet diarist, Tony Benn—who was sacked by the electorate—from publishing an even more up-to-date version of the Cabinet’s proceedings. Prudence might prevent him, for he is still in the political game, but there is no other obstacle in his way.

However beneficial this may be for contemporary historians, it is certainly bad for Cabinet government. The notion of collective responsibility, traditionally supposed to be one of its vital principles, is bound to be weakened if ministers know that their differences in discussion are shortly going to be published, sometimes in a lop-sided version and with acid personal comments. The last years of Callaghan’s government amply demonstrate that this decline is already happening, and is not merely a threat on the horizon. How beneficial will this new freedom of publication really be to historians? Presumably any extra source is to some extent welcome, but this one will need to be scrutinized with particular care. A prominent Labour politician once told me that wherever he looked in the Crossman diaries for the account of some episode in which he was specially involved he found that it was wrong. Of course it may be the prominent politician who was wrong, but the conflict shows that fallibility of memory. The versions published so far of the Crossman and Castle diaries do not overlap chronologically, but eventually they will for there is more to come. It will be interesting to compare them. On the whole I would back Barbara Castle. She wrote up her diary the same evening or as near to it as she could, whereas he dictated the week’s recollections during the weekend—a less reliable method.

If, as may be the case, the Castle diaries are more accurate, they are also less interesting than Crossman’s, partly because Crossman had a more powerful mind, partly because the political questions with which he was involved were more important. Barbara Castle’s diaries, which are published at altogether inordinate length, deal largely with hospital pay beds and the remuneration of consultants. However important all this was to her, it seems a monumentally tedious subject today, and the prominence she gives it obscures the fact that many other issues were on the agenda.

What the diary does illustrate is the old Civil Service trick of filling the glasses of workaholics with the liquid which they appreciate. The great thing is to ensure that the minister never has a spare moment in which to *think*. Barbara Castle loved being on the move and displaying the human touch. How much good it did her is a moot point.

If the benefit of political diaries is negative for the constitutionalist and ambivalent for the historian there is at any rate one category for whom it is positive—the authors. Doubtless they had many high motives—democracy, open government etc. But, Dr Johnson observed, no one but a fool ever writes except for money. Dick Crossman was not a fool, nor is Barbara Castle.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Nuns and Soldiers

by Iris Murdoch
Chatto & Windus, £6.50

The Shooting Party

by Isabel Colegate
Hamish Hamilton, £5.95

A Short Time to Live

by Mervyn Jones
André Deutsch, £6.50

Imago Bird

by Nicholas Mosley
Secker & Warburg, £5.95

A love story by Iris Murdoch would not be quite like anyone else’s. Sexual love is celebrated with intoxicating, almost mystical, fervour, and the development of relationships, the characters’ changing perceptions, their discoveries and self-discovery, are pursued with relentless subtlety. Their motivation, whether jealousy, fear or opportunism, is elaborately analysed. The nuns in the title of Miss Murdoch’s new novel are either those who choose, or are obliged, to find their salvation elsewhere than in the satisfaction of sexual love, or they are the people on whom we lean for support and whom we selfishly presume to be free and willing to provide it. Or they are both. The soldiers are those who cling to an honourable, self-sacrificing role, and grow to depend on it, perhaps fatally.

The difficulty is to contrive a plot adequate to the theme. Here, after the death from cancer of Guy Openshaw, we find his rich widow Gertrude planning to settle down in perfect friendship with an old friend, Anne Cavidge, formerly a nun. She then dismays her circle of friends and relations (centred on her Ebury Street home) by marrying Tim Reede, a raffish, cheerfully parasitic artist, a protégé of Guy’s. Peter, a Polish exile known as the Count, a diffident, lonely man obsessed by his tormented father’s frustrated patriotism, sustains an undeclared passion for Gertrude. Anne, who has a vision of Christ in her kitchen, falls in love with Peter, but finds herself the helpless observer of the emotional greed of Gertrude who, assured of Tim, makes a *cavaliere servente* out of Peter and hopes to retain her hold on Anne. Tim, before his climactic pursuit of and reunion with Gertrude in France, has had to terminate a scruffy relationship with his mistress Daisy. Anne, who gains nothing for herself by dissuading Peter from suicide, turns tentatively back to the religious life. In narrative terms the treatment is full, sometimes dramatic but not always convincing.

Among the guests Isabel Colegate has assembled at a country-house party in Oxfordshire in 1913 there are those who, married or unmarried, fall in love in spite of themselves, or who consider casual affairs. The desires and dilemmas of these late Edwardians, as Miss Colegate reveals them in *The Shooting Party*, are not so exhaustively explored

as those in *Nuns and Soldiers*. But she has an effectively concise way of showing us where her people stand and what they feel about one another. Vanity and passion are seen to distort judgment. Lionel Stephens, promising young lawyer and fine athlete, feels himself a better lover for Lady Lilburn and a better shot even than Lord Hartlip. Hartlip’s jealousy of his rival shot causes a fatal accident, and his wife Aline welcomes the intimacy she observes between Lionel and Olivia Lilburn: being herself tempted to an affair with another guest she now feels Olivia more accessible to her. The wit, assurance and frivolity of country-house society is well caught in some excellent conversational passages, but intimations of the mortality of this way of life, feared by some, favoured or actively sought by others, provide an insistent undertone.

Novels not infrequently begin with funerals and, in fact and fiction, it often seems to rain at them. *A Short Time to Live* begins with the funeral of a journalist, Michael Kellett, who died mysteriously on the South Pacific island of Tamatuvu. Among his old school friends present is an MP who, with Kellett’s widow and his first wife, sets out to discover and publicize the cause and circumstances of his death. Another of the school contemporaries is Titus Hardcastle, a merchant banker whose activities in prospecting for chrome on Tamatuvu, buying arms and getting involved in a *coup* there, bring him close to direct responsibility for Kellett’s death. Mervyn Jones has written an exciting and intriguing story and he makes the anxieties and misgivings of his characters in their moments of isolation stick most satisfyingly; the uncertainties of Kellett’s widow Alison in adapting to a life without him; the joys and fears of Titus’s young, immature wife Emma leading a double life with a lover; Titus, a dying man in a London clinic, watching the fiasco of his revolution on television, his rackety financial world falling about his ears, and later drinking himself to extinction in a remote Welsh cottage, reflecting on the working of “Hardcastle’s Law”—whatever you intend, the opposite always happens.

Nicholas Mosley makes rather heavy weather of his hero’s troubles in *Imago Bird*. At 18 Bert, waiting to go up to university, is living in the London house of his Uncle Bill who is Prime Minister. He suffers from a bad stammer and an inability to take the world of grown-ups seriously, and goes to a psychoanalyst for help with these possibly connected problems. His involvement with Trotskyites, meetings with strangers, odd occurrences in his uncle’s house, the shadow of espionage and the sense of being observed not only by security men, all contribute to the random, hallucinatory effect of Bert’s experiences. There is light at the end of the tunnel, and his journey of self-discovery is often vivid. But conversational exchanges and passages of reflection tend to run on like a jerky, breathless commentary.

Shades of Greene

by James Bishop

Ways of Escape

by Graham Greene
The Bodley Head, £6.95

In his earlier book *A Sort of Life* Graham Greene wrote what he has described as a fragment of autobiography which took the story of his life to the age of 27. *Ways of Escape* offers further essays in autobiography. Some parts will be familiar, having been published as introductions to the Collected Edition of his works and as articles in newspapers and magazines. Loyal readers of Mr Greene's works may at first be tempted to suggest that this second excursion into autobiography might thus have better been titled "A Sort of Book", but if they are fair-minded they will surely concede, well before they have completed the first few chapters, that this would be too facile a judgment. *Ways of Escape* is more than a sort of book; it is a masterly construction in which the previously published pieces, sometimes refashioned and enlarged, have been securely dovetailed with new material to provide absorbing insights into the way so many fine novels were written: where the ideas came from, how the characters were conceived (and often grew in a manner not expected, and certainly not designed, by their author), and what made the stories develop in the way they did.

The escape that Mr Greene confesses he was so frequently seeking was from the drudgery of his work, for the writing of a novel does not become easier with practice. "The slow discovery by a novelist of his individual method can be exciting," he notes, "but a moment comes in middle age when he feels that he no longer controls his method; he has become its prisoner. Then a long period of *ennui* sets in: it seems to him he has done everything before. He is more afraid to read his favourable critics than his unfavourable, for with terrible patience they unroll before his eyes the unchanging pattern of the carpet." He has tried many forms of escape—by writing plays (when he clearly enjoyed the companionship of rehearsals but objected to the idea that he might write a producer's play by setting down a loose collection of scenes for someone else to put together on stage), or short stories (which offered a novelist the escape "from having to live with a character for years on end, picking up his jealousies, his meanness, his dishonest trends of thought, his betrayals"), and by travel. His journeys to so many parts of the world were not normally undertaken in search of copy or a setting for a new novel, though some of these places—Sierra Leone, Vietnam, Haiti, the Congo, Cuba, Paraguay—were ultimately adopted for this purpose, and in the process became part of what is sometimes called, to the author's irritation,

"Greeneland".

Mr Greene also has no patience for those who describe him as a Catholic author. After *The Heart of the Matter* he felt himself "used and exhausted" by the victims of religion. He is often critical of his books, and not least of *The Heart of the Matter*, in which he now finds the scales too heavily weighted, the plot overloaded and the religious scruples of Scobie too extreme. He had intended the character of Scobie to show that pity can be the expression of an almost monstrous pride, but found instead that to readers Scobie was exonerated, hunted to his doom by the harshness of his wife.

It is refreshing to learn that Mr Greene has never cared greatly for the symbolic, for he has often been the victim of those who seek symbols in all they read. He recalls an entertaining example of this victimization, when a learned critic found, in the film of *The Third Man*, justification for the surname of Harry Lime in a passage about a lime tree in Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, while the Christian name of Holly, given to the principal character, was obviously, the critic noted, closely connected with Christmas—paganism and Christianity were thus joined in a symbolic dance. The truth of the matter, Mr Greene reveals, was that he wanted for his villain a name natural yet disagreeable, and to him "Lime" represented the quicklime in which murderers were said to be buried. And the name Holly was chosen because Joseph Cotten, the actor playing the part, had not approved of the first choice, which had been Rollo. "So much," writes Mr Greene, "for symbols."

In truth he has no need for symbols. A descriptive passage of the Blitz in London, and other reminders in this book of his journalistic reporting—from Kenya during the Mau Mau emergency, from Indo-China, from Batista's Cuba—show the strength of Mr Greene's pen, and he draws justifiable satisfaction from the examples of its power in provoking the enmity of the dictators Stroessner in Paraguay and Duvalier in Haiti (a brochure put out by the Ministry of Haiti five years after Mr Greene visited the country described him as, among other things, a liar, a *crétin*, a stool-pigeon, a spy, a drug-taker, a torturer, and as unbalanced, sadistic and perverted). "A writer is not so powerless as he usually feels," Mr Greene comments, "and a pen, as well as a silver bullet, can draw blood." *Ways of Escape* shows well that Mr Greene, at the age of 76, has not lost his facility with this weapon. He once thought *A Burnt-Out Case* would be his last novel, but it proved not to be so. He gives no clue in this book about whether others might now come, but we learn that there is much unfinished work in his desk, and there is hope in his acknowledgment that "a writer's imagination, like the body, fights against all reason against death."

Other new books



Greta Garbo, in what is considered by many to be her greatest performance, *Camille*, from *Garbo: a portrait* by Alexander Walker, published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson at £10. Walker (who considers Garbo and Chaplin to be the cinema's greatest stars) was given unrestricted access to MGM's archives and has written an entertaining and well illustrated book which is primarily concerned with Garbo's 15-year association with MGM, although it also describes the actress's life before and after her Hollywood years.

The Good Museums Guide

by Kenneth Hudson
Papermac, £3.95

Kenneth Hudson is both friend and critic of museums. He has devoted his life in recent years to visiting museums in many parts of the world, and to writing about them with sympathy, understanding and, sometimes, when they fall below the standards his enthusiasm expects, with pain. He can fairly claim, through his column in *The Illustrated London News*, to be the first regular museum critic, and as a member of the jury of the Museum of the Year Award scheme he has been influential in raising the standard of museum presentation and in stimulating public interest in what museums contain. This volume provides a brief guide to the content, condition, opening times and facilities of 400 of the 1,600 museums and art galleries in the British Isles, which Mr Hudson and his

team of reporters confidently assert to be well above average. It is a courageous and no doubt controversial venture, but one of great value.

The London Book

Edited by Ian Hesselberg
Bergstrom & Boyle Books, £9.95

This book is about the tiny details of London—bollards, pillar boxes, door knockers, chimney pots, coal holes, rainwater heads and other small objects which are perhaps generally overlooked by those who come to gaze at the city's better-known landmarks, or who pound the streets every day on their way to and from their work. As Sir Hugh Casson writes in his foreword, it is more like a bird-spotter's notebook than a guide, and just as indispensable—"both as a valuable record of 'endangered species' and, literally, as an eye-opener to the beauty of detail".

Send for Winston

In the article "Send for Winston" published in our May issue the author, Ronald Porter, quoted a short passage from Laurence Thompson's book *1940* published by Collins in 1966. Unfortunately the passage from the book, which described Leo Amery's denunciation of Chamberlain in Parliament, was not attributed, and Mr Porter has asked us to correct this omission, which we are happy now to do.

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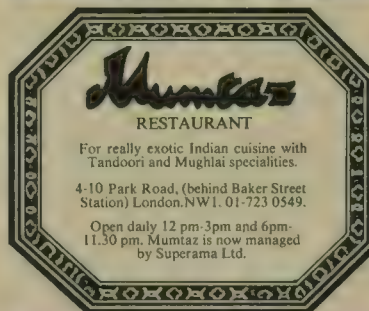
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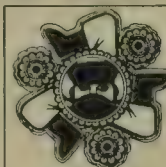
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A Chinese feast

by Nicholas de Jongh

"I'll take you on a tour of China with five dishes," said Kenneth Lo, the owner of the restaurant Memories of China which opened in July in Ebury Street. Mr Lo is as interesting as his food, and even more unusual. His grandfather, Sir Lo Feng-Lu, who was knighted by Queen Victoria in the dog-days of the last century, was Imperial China's Ambassador in London. And Mr Lo, after reading Physics at Peking University, moved in a culture-shocking switch to take a degree in English at Cambridge, became a welfare officer at the Chinese consulate in Liverpool, extended his diplomatic career, and played big-time tennis, beating Bunny Austin in one precious set and representing China in the Davis Cup and at Wimbledon after the war. He has founded a Chinese gourmet club and has written more than a dozen Chinese cookery books. Now at the age of 67 he has opened his own restaurant.

The façade of Memories suggests something very grand, very Chinese, very artistic. There are three tinted glass frontages and on each of them is etched a T'ang dynasty horse, each one a mount of the Emperor T'ang Hai and costing several thousand pounds. The entrance-door, also glass, has painted on it a huge Chinese lock. Inside, the design and atmosphere are almost neutral: cold, clear, bland and attractive. White walls prevail, with fixed wooden Chinese screens separating the tables. The menu is a large, changing, movable feast. There are two set fixed-price menus: one, the lobster feast, costs £13.50 and the other, a prawn, chicken and crab dinner, is £10.50 (VAT is included in each).

There is also a vast, à la carte menu of classical and regional specialties, chosen from the various provinces of China. Mr Lo had dinner with us to give a Chinese food tour and we started with smoked fish with sesame prawn toasts (£3.50), a dish which comes from Peking and Shanghai. The fish tastes so delectable, he says, because it is sautéed with sugar, soya and wine. In his guide *The Complete Chinese Cook Book* (Fontana, £1.50) Mr Lo explains that Chinese cooking achieves its "delicacy and refinement" of taste by 40 different heating methods, large-scale "cross blendings of flavours", and a wide range of seasoning and sauces applied at the last stage of cooking to cause "explosive orchestration". The crisp prawn toast, in which a prawn taste is embedded, modifies the fierce flavour of the fish.

We followed this with a Cantonese dish, a North China barbecue favourite, barbecued lamb in lettuce puffs (part of the first set menu for £4.50). You are given huge lettuce leaves into which you fold the lamb with Chinese onions. The meat was a little too dry for my palate,

but the textural roughness does not matter much when the flavour is good.

By this time my stomach was beginning to feel comfortable, but we had hardly begun. We continued with a salmon trout in the Cantonese style, somewhat English in its taste, and some dry, fried, shredded beef, a dish from Szechwan (a main course from the first menu). This consists of dried shreds of a tangy, crunchy meat with an unfamiliar and delightfully sharp taste.

"The only remarkable thing about my restaurant," observed Mr Lo as we cooled down our delighted, heated mouths with a dry house white wine (£4.50) "is that it's unremarkable." A surprising comment: the only familiar feature of the whole meal was its thoroughly British conclusion—a fresh fruit salad with Loseley's ginger and honey ice cream to cool us down finally. Even this selective series of tastes (and I could only manage a few mouthfuls of hot-and-sour soup), does not give a full impression of Memories. Next time, for instance, I mean to try the steamed Kailun chicken, which is Julienned fillet of chicken interleaved with broccoli, asparagus, mushrooms and Chinese wind-dried sausages (£5.50). Prices of main courses range from Peking duck at £14 to quick-fried sliced beef at £3.75.

Since this month's column has begun with a new restaurant I will keep to the theme by mentioning another establishment which has been partly repainted and been given a new manager. Thierry's in the King's Road is French cuisine *in excelsis*. Apart from a three-course set lunch for £3.50—which covers a wide range and is highly satisfactory—its five-page menu, with a special selection changing each week, is immense in variety. The smallish eating room, with another one downstairs is with its red-painted, low-ceiling atmosphere un-English. No Briton would cram the walls with so many early 20th-century watercolours and Dumas books. We started with traditional smoked salmon and a lovely concoction of sliced avocado with sour cream, prawns and fresh crab. My duck in aromatic green pepper sauce at £6.25 with *petits pois* (65p) was one of the more expensive dishes, but very tender and subtly flavoured. My companion chose one even more delicious: trout meunière (£3.50) in a gently flavoured prawn sauce. From past experience I can recommend the *Petit pot au chocolat* (95p) which is rich, creamy and home-made. But we chose fresh strawberries in lashings of whipped cream; and the last drops of Chablis 1978 (£9.50) brought the evening's satisfaction to a mellow close. This is a restaurant for all purses and palates.

Memories of China, 67–69 Ebury Street, SW1 (tel: 01-730 7734).
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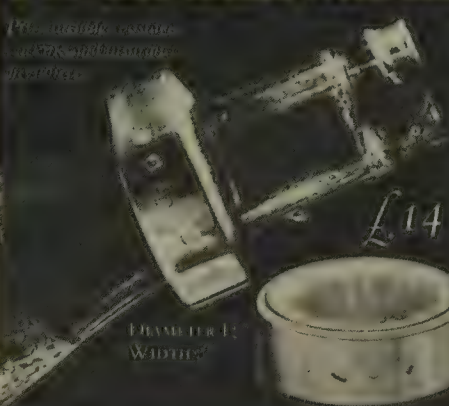
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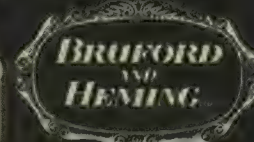
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Donald Woods and South Africa

From H. de C. Stevens-Guille

Dear Sir,

May I comment on the article about Donald Woods, "The editor who dared" (*ILN*, August)?

The article tells us that Mr Woods foresees vast social trouble in South Africa within a few years, in which he estimates that up to 10,000 people will be killed, and that he is "mobilized" to aid and abet the turmoil. When asked by Joan Bakewell if he will return to South Africa he says he will not do so until the turmoil is over. Thus, if one may slightly misquote W. S. Gilbert "he will lead his regiment from behind" . . .

If only he would realize that his extremist attitude makes it all the more difficult for the many thousands of moderate Whites to persuade the government to improve the social conditions of the Africans. He is in effect doing the opposite of what he intends.

In lesser matters the article contains errors of fact: it states that Mr Woods claims that when he lived in the Transkei other Whites regarded it as a "mystery" that he had a fluent knowledge of

Xhose. I myself know and know of very many Whites who can speak fluently in one of the many African languages. A further language claim is that he "didn't know blacks who could write their own names". He cannot have looked around very diligently. Even 30 years earlier than the time he was speaking of in a neighbouring African tribal area at least 50 per cent of the Africans could read and write. I know well because I was there—and saw the official statistics.

As for the claim that London newspapers cannot get through to the authentic black spokesmen: Chief Buthelezi and Chief Mangope might be distinctly displeased if Mr Woods labelled them as not authentic, and there are others—and they are frequently quoted in South African newspapers.

So what is the truth in all this language claim? And what is the purpose? Presumably merely to try and denigrate South Africa.

Moderate Whites here think that Mr Woods was probably badly treated by the government here but is that a good reason for him to sow death and destruction among 20 million people?

H. de C. Stevens-Guille

Claremont

Cape Province, South Africa

items at Clevedon and I was in no way criticizing this action. I am glad these things are there. I think the nation got a remarkable bargain out of the deal and I only wish fate had been kinder to the family.

London Transport services

From the Director of Press & Public Relations, London Transport

Dear Sir,

In his, otherwise, most interesting feature, *London in crisis* (*ILN*, September), Des Wilson unfortunately repeats what appear to be fashionable but wrong criticisms about London Transport services.

Services, he says, appear to be steadily deteriorating. That is not so. While there is still room for improvement, bus services in particular have improved significantly over the past year. On the Underground, service levels are better than they have been for a number of years. Both are likely to beat their mileage targets this year.

London Transport, says Mr Wilson, is watching its trains and buses become antiquated, knowing there is little it can do. Wrong again! A new generation of buses—Titans and Metrobuses—is already in use on many London routes and 500 more are on order for delivery next year. On the Underground, the older rolling stock is gradually making way for modern trains—witness the new stock now appearing on the District Line. Seventy-five of them will be in service by the end of next year.

F. E. Wilkins

London Transport

London SW1

The legacy of language

From Bruce Chote

Dear Sir,

I would like to comment on Sir Arthur Bryant's article, "The legacy of language" (*ILN*, September). While agreeing wholeheartedly with his sentiments regarding the excellence of the English language as exemplified particularly in the Authorized Version of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, my agreement has to be confined within the realm of literature only. Sir Arthur's observations, however, almost land him in the sphere of theology, which is quite a different matter.

Sir Arthur is fortunate, like many of us, to have enjoyed an education that has resulted in a feeling and appreciation for fine literature, and for him the words of the Bible and Prayer Book have great significance. But this is not to say that those same 16th-century words and phrases hold the same meaning for countless people whose background and education do not qualify them for their appreciation. I venture to say, with respect to Sir Arthur, that it is not arrogance or stupidity on the part of our clerical establishment to make the Bible simpler. After all, language changes.

There is always a danger that Christians will idolize the words or particular versions of the Bible and Prayer Book, overlooking the essential message contained therein. Even Jesus warned against observing tradition that had such a binding effect on followers of the Covenant. Each new translation of the scriptures claims to be good English.

Undoubtedly the Bible and Prayer Book in their 16th-century versions will continue to be used and enjoyed, but where the Church is at work, and where there is a choice between literary beauty and the message, there is no doubt about which takes priority.

Bruce Chote

Essendon

Australia

The Mary Celeste

From M. O. Simpson

Dear Sir,

The interesting article about the *Mary Celeste* (Christmas Number, 1979) is rational but does not yet give a complete explanation of the mystery. Certainly it does seem possible that this ship was abandoned deliberately shortly after dawn and that the presence of 1,701 casks of crude alcohol on board, some in a leaking condition, had something to do with this.

I have read several commentaries on this greatest of sea mysteries but in none is any surprise expressed at alcohol being shipped from New York to Genoa. Considering that the hinterland of New York is not exactly noted for its vineyards, while Italy is one of the foremost wine producers, shipment of wine

alcohol would be a case of sending coal to Newcastle.

It seems probable that the "crude alcohol" was something quite different from potable alcohol and was industrial alcohol, otherwise known as wood spirit or methyl alcohol, obtainable by distillation from wood. America had great forests with wood to spare which could be used for distillation.

The distinction between grape (or grain) alcohol and wood alcohol is not an academic one. Whereas the former (ethyl alcohol) can be consumed by humans with some degree of tolerance, the latter (methyl alcohol) is definitely poisonous. Drinking methyl alcohol or breathing its fumes leads to headaches, nausea, dementia and eventually death.

The discovery made on unloading the *Mary Celeste* that some casks were not intact has generally led commentators to conclude that they had been broached deliberately and the contents swigged by the crew. Such a melodramatic speculation is unnecessary. If nine casks were in a leaking condition there must have been alcohol fumes in the hold. Elsewhere it has been explained that passageways below the accommodation would have permitted such fumes to permeate the cabin. The fact that the abandonment is concluded to have taken place shortly after dawn is consistent with the ship's complement having woken giddy and sick and realizing that they were being poisoned by fumes. This would explain a haste to open the hatch and ventilate the ship, and to take to the ship's boat and lie off some distance away where the air would be pure.

What happened after that must remain speculation, but at least it is understandable that the behaviour of the master and crew may have been irrational if the fumes they had been breathing were not those of just "crude alcohol" but methyl alcohol.

M. O. Simpson

Cape Town, South Africa

Experiences of death

From Joan Forman

Dear Sir,

I am at present researching a book on the nature of the experiences of death and near-death, and should be grateful for any authentic accounts which your readers may be able to give me.

I am particularly interested in evidence of hallucinations or visions seen by dying persons; in any positive sequence of events which appears to take place prior to and during the event; and in any apparent manifestation of the individual's survival of death.

Any verification of accounts by other witnesses, particularly medical, whose confidentiality will be respected, will be valuable.

Joan Forman

Tanglewood, 4 Seton Road

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The Elton Collection

From Sir Charles and Miss Julia Elton

Dear Sir,

We appreciate Kenneth Hudson's article (*ILN*, July) on the Elton Collection now at Ironbridge, particularly as Arthur Elton himself said that the work of the great illustrators of the Industrial Revolution came to fruition in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*. However Mr Hudson is wrong to say that "a not inconsiderable part" of the Collection is still at Clevedon Court.

At the request of the National Trust (to whom the house belongs), and on view to some 12,000 visitors a year, a small representative collection of prints can still be seen on one staircase. Otherwise virtually the whole Collection was passed over to the Treasury since both family and executors were concerned that it should remain essentially intact.

Mr Hudson's suggestion that only so much was given "and not a scrap more" is gratuitous and untrue, and we should be grateful if you would correct this.

Charles Elton, Julia Elton

Clevedon Court

Clevedon, Avon

Kenneth Hudson writes:

This is a sensitive subject. I have every sympathy with the Elton family in its protracted dealings with the Treasury and the Revenue and I am not alone in wishing that the whole Collection could have remained at Clevedon Court where it properly belonged. In the circumstances, however, I am sure it was perfectly proper to retain appropriate

Report from the Motor Show

by Stuart Marshall

Often the star turn at a motor show is a super-sophisticated, extravagantly expensive creation that enthusiasts drool over but is beyond the wildest dreams of ordinary mortals. It is, therefore, pleasing to report that three cars getting equal star billing at the International Motor Show held at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, from October 17-26, are all within reach of millions of potential new car buyers.

They are the Austin Metro; the Fiat Panda; and the Ford Escort. One of them must in due course be chosen by an international jury of motoring correspondents as Car of the Year 1981. BL Cars, from Sir Michael Edwardes downwards, fervently hope it will be the Metro. Hot favourite, however, is the Ford Escort.

The Metro, finally unveiled officially on October 8 after a long-drawn-out, highly public gestation period distinguished by continuous information leaks, is what the Mini could have been five years ago if BL had had real money to invest in new models from the be-



ginning of the 1970s. It is a three-door hatchback, conforming with the classic formula for small family cars by having an engine set sideways, driving the front wheels, and a body offering the maximum amount of interior space within a highly compact exterior. The

Mini started this trend 21 years ago, but it has since been overtaken by more comfortable, less noisy competitors.

So the Metro puts BL back in the fight with a car that, though recognizably a developed Mini, is far more refined, rides better, does not have a

hunch-backed driving position and is clearly exceptionally economical on petrol. Had it appeared in the mid 70s it would have been a clear Car of the Year. But for 1981, I think not, though it will be a close thing whether Fiat or BL take the runner-up award.



Ford's new Escort is as up-to-date as the original, 13-year-old Escort had become old-fashioned—a fact which, however, did not prevent it from being Britain's best-selling or second best-selling car, year in, year out. The new front-drive Escort seems bound to repeat this record.

It is in every way an excellent car,

especially the mid to top of the range models with the new, overhead camshaft 1.3 and 1.6 litre engines which Ford are making at a £150 million plant in South Wales. At present, it comes only as a three-door or five-door hatchback but an estate car will join the range later in the year. The new Escort, sharply styled and with all-independent

suspension, covers the whole gamut of small/medium car buyers, from the fleet manager seeking cheap transport to the senior businessman buying a luxuriously equipped car for his wife.

The Escort has handling and road-holding in the Alfased class—and praise can go no higher than that—and is as mechanically refined as the VW

Golf or Opel Kadett. Its front-drive transmission is virtually silent. If any aspect of the Escort disappoints, it is in ride comfort. There is a surprising amount of sharp, vertical movement over imperfect roads and, curiously, this is aggravated by the seat springs, rather than covered up. Nevertheless, the Escort must be Car of the Year. ➡➡

The Panda, displayed at the Motor Show but not due to go on sale here before next spring, is Fiat's answer to the roomy runabouts like the Citroën Deux Chevaux or Renault 4. Although the back can be turned into a load-carrier comparable with a small delivery van, into a camping car or a hammock for a young baby, the Panda is a less bucolic vehicle than the Citroën or Renault. It has an admirable ride (as does the Austin Metro) and I found it as content thrusting through Rome's crazy rush hour as it was humming along the autostrada at 70-75 mph. The Panda must be one of the cheapest cars of its kind to make. All the glass and most of the panels are flat, yet the finished result does not look disagreeably slab-sided.

Car of the Year juries are no less nationalistic than the rest of the population of the countries from which they are drawn. That being so, I think the Panda will just beat the Metro into second place. The Italians will, naturally, give it their votes. So, I suspect, will the French. And the Germans, though not unsympathetic to the Metro's claims, will favour the Panda, not least because Fiat's service network in Germany is more credible than BL's.



The next most important car as a crowd-puller at the NEC is the new **Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit**, with its longer wheelbase **Silver Spur** and the **Bentley Mulsanne** variants. Mechanically, the most important change to the Silver Spirit by comparison with the Silver Shadow II it supersedes is the redesigned rear suspension. For some years people like me have been pulling Rolls-Royce's corporate leg by pointing out that buyers of a Jaguar XJ-12 spend less than half as much money on a car that is faster, handles better, is quieter and rides more comfortably. With the appearance of the Silver Spirit this is no longer true.

The Jaguar XJ-12 is still faster and costs not much more than one-third of the Silver Spirit's £50,000. It handles better, too, but is no longer any quieter or better-riding. Rolls-Royce rear

passengers now have a superlatively good ride in the Silver Spirit. The fuel consumption of around 15 mpg on a run is 20 per cent better than that of the original Silver Shadow—a matter, perhaps, of greater social than financial importance for the man who can afford to invest so breathtaking a sum in his personal transport.

The Silver Spirit corners swiftly without disturbing its passengers and is sepulchral silent right up to its 120 mph maximum. The annoying tyre harshness that used to disturb rear seat passengers has been eliminated. I prefer a power steering set-up which gives a little more feel of the road than the Silver Spirit's. Rolls-Royce say that most customers like it as it is but I believe the next improvements to be announced to the cars in the mid 80s will include a

reduction in the blandness of the steering. A smaller, more economical V8 engine is envisaged, too, along with an overdrive for the three-speed automatic transmission.

In appearance the Rolls-Royce has changed considerably. It now looks rather like the offspring of a Silver Shadow and one of the grander Mercedes saloons. Whether the Rolls is a mechanical marvel or a magnificent anachronism is not for me to say. What is beyond doubt is that it is a glorious machine to drive or ride in.

On the remaining show stands, sensations are few and far between. All manufacturers, however, are showing awareness of the need to make their cars more economical and price-competitive at a time when competition for sales has never been tougher.



The latest **Audi**, the 80 coupé, made its début at the Paris show a few weeks ago and will not be on sale in Britain until the spring. It uses the same body shell as the Quattro, that sensational four-wheel-drive, very high performance coupé that stopped the show at Geneva last spring and is, for me, the most interesting car to appear this year. Audi use electronics in the 80 coupé to make a little yellow arrow light up to warn the driver that he is wasting petrol by over-speeding the engine in low gear.

Alfa Romeo return to the luxury car market for the first time in 15 years with the V6-engined saloon simply called "The 6". Its equipment is of almost unparalleled completeness and, for what it is, the under £12,000 price tag is not expensive. Whether the magic of the Alfa Romeo name will persuade senior businessmen to buy what is a remarkably sober looking five-seat saloon remains to be seen.

BMW have produced the ultimate "stretch" of their nearly eight-year-old 5-series saloon by fitting it with a 3.5 litre, fuel-injected engine from the large 7-series cars. This 140 mph executive express with limited slip differential has power enough to lock horns successfully with cramped and nervous super-cars, yet it accommodates five people and their luggage and costs a relatively modest £13,745.



Mazda have replaced their 323 rear-drive hatchback with a brand new car looking quite astonishingly like the Ford Escort, a fact that can only be partially

explained by Ford's financial link with Toyo Kogyo, who make the Mazda. Despite a disclaimer from Toyo Kogyo, emphasizing that the new car reflects

their own concept and development, the visual similarity between the two new cars is a considerable coincidence. The Mazda goes on sale here in the New

Year and will be available with automatic transmission. Ford, however, have not yet announced plans for a two-pedal Escort.

Citroën will please business buyers by offering their Prestige saloon with a proper automatic transmission, after compromising with semi-automatics for many a long year. Restyled **Mitsubishi Colt Galant** saloons, which replace the Sigma, are displayed and will soon join the new **Lancer** in the showrooms. The Galant's engine still has the unusual balance shafts to damp out four-cylinder vibrations but they are now belt- not chain-driven, to reduce noise levels.

Honda's hatchbacks and saloons attract attention, not least because the **Bounty**, a joint Honda-British Leyland medium size saloon, is due to roll off the assembly tracks at the former Triumph plant at Canley, Coventry, within a year. Lancia's Car of the Year 1980, the front-drive, five-door hatchback Delta, will be joined soon by the **Trevi**, a strangely old-fashioned-looking saloon with a boot that has been evolved from the Beta. The Opel Rekord medium/large saloon appears as the **Commodore**, with a six-cylinder engine and rather grander interior.

Morris show their **Ital**, a Marina with a nose bob and redesigned tail to keep the car alive and marketable for another couple of years. **Peugeot's** most attractive 305 estate car, with a very clever rear suspension giving a flat load floor, makes its UK debut.

Pride of place on the Renault stand goes to the **Fuego**, an elegant, latter-day competitor for cars like the aging Ford Capri and the new Audi 80 coupé. Renault try to steer people away from calling the Fuego a coupé, emphasizing its interior space and large boot, which rival those of a medium-size saloon. But it seems a fair description to me.



Rover, at long last, have introduced a version of the SD-1 hatchback with an interior reflecting traditional Rover quality, with hide seats and careful colour matching to make the oblong box of instruments of the fascia seem less of an excrescence. Sales of the Rovers have been hit, rather unfairly, by the trend against large-engined cars; in fact these high-g geared five-seaters are notably economical. Higher specifications, and lower or unchanged prices, are announced for several of the Rovers.

While Rover are reputedly developing a three-box version of the SD-1 for buyers who are not sold on the idea of a large car with a hatchback, **Saab** have already introduced a saloon based on their successful 900 liftback. Knowing that you really cannot afford to develop a brand new engine concentrates the car designer's mind wonderfully. Saab, having pioneered the use of turbo-charging

in a family-cum-executive type car for performance (especially acceleration) benefits without raising fuel consumption unduly, have introduced a most ingenious refinement. This allows the use of various grades of fuel in a turbo-charged engine with a higher than normal compression ratio because electronic sensors detect when damaging detonation, or knocking, starts, and reduce the amount of boost accordingly.

Talbot, struggling to establish a new name (the company used to be Chrysler UK and before that the Rootes Group in Britain) have majored on the **Solara**, a saloon derivation of the Alpine hatchback. A new, larger car, first shown in Paris, will reach Britain in 1981.

In the TR7 convertible, **Triumph** show that Britain can still produce a sporty soft top that is, beyond argument, the best of its type at the price. **Vauxhall's** range of mainly anglicized

Opels is the best it has had to sell for years, though their survival as a British car manufacturer, as distinct from an assembler of imported components, is in doubt. Volkswagen's **Jetta**, a Golf with a boot, shows that the retreat from the hatchback body is not confined to the medium-large sizes of car. And **Volvo**, though leaving well alone mechanically, have cleaned up the front end of their 240 series cars so that, head-on, it will now be quite difficult to tell one apart from a Morris Ital or Renault 18.

However much one deprecates the increasing similarity of cars, it really is inevitable. The designer feeds into the computer all the legal requirements of headlamp position, bumper height, non-aggressiveness to pedestrians, controlled crush space for occupant protection, and so on. Who can wonder that a car meeting identical criteria does not look much different from its rivals? ●

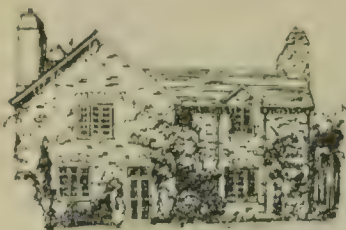
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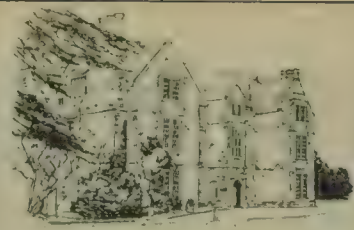
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In Shakespeare's town

by Adrianne LeMan

Stratford-upon-Avon, birthplace of William Shakespeare, must be the realization of every tourist's dream of rural England: the river Avon, complete with picture-postcard swans, flows through the town, 16th-century, half-timbered houses are commonplace and, despite the hordes of visitors, it still has the atmosphere of a small market town. The streets are not lined with multiple stores and supermarkets but with local traders and the shops are as busy with local people as they are with tourists.

Stratford is set in the heart of England and, apart from its own attractions, is surrounded by so much to see and do that it is hard to make a choice. Coventry and Worcester cathedrals, Warwick and Kenilworth castles, Leamington Spa and many stately homes and National Trust properties are within easy reach by car, and in addition there are racecourses at Stratford, Warwick and Worcester. But for the first-time visitors to Stratford sight-seeing presents no problem. There are enough things in, or near, the town to keep anyone occupied for a weekend.

There are five houses known as the Shakespeare properties: Shakespeare's birthplace in Henley Street, Hall's Croft in Old Town and New Place in Chapel Street, all in Stratford; Anne Hathaway's cottage in Shottery, and Mary Arden's house in Wilmcote.

Shakespeare was born in the house on Henley Street in 1564. His father bought it, together with garden, orchards and the house next door, for £40 in 1575. The house now contains a collection of furniture and replicas of documents connected with the poet and, in the room where Shakespeare was born, a window in which famous visitors such as Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle scratched their names.

Considering the care and attention otherwise paid to the house, I found it curious that a 17th-century baby-minder in the kitchen had a large "Do not touch" notice—in three languages—securely drawing-pinned to the wood! The pretty garden behind the house contains a picturesque, but very dead, tree carefully supported by posts and stakes, but there was no notice saying why it had been so lovingly preserved. Did Shakespeare climb it as a child? Did he propose to Anne Hathaway under it? It would be nice to know.

Hall's Croft was the home of Shakespeare's daughter, Susannah, and her husband Dr John Hall. It contains a display of 17th-century furniture and a reconstruction of a doctor's surgery of the period. The Halls moved to Shakespeare's last home, New Place, after he died; New Place was deliberately destroyed by its owner in 1759 and only the foundations remain. Access to these is through the New Place Museum in

Nash's house, the home of Shakespeare's grand-daughter.

Anne Hathaway's cottage is about 2 miles outside Stratford, in Shottery. It is a pretty thatched cottage—the oldest part is 15th-century—set in a traditional English garden. There is the inevitable queue to enter the house but, again, the property is well looked after—to such an extent that the smell of furniture polish is almost overpowering. The lower rooms show furniture and artifacts of the period but the most interesting object is Anne Hathaway's parents' bed. The bedstead itself is of lovely carved wood but the "spring" and "mattress" consist of a kind of cat's cradle of thin rope overlaid with a plaited straw pad. It looks excruciatingly uncomfortable.

Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, lived in Wilmcote, about 4 miles from Stratford, and this former farmstead, well preserved and furnished with contemporary furniture, is also open to the public. It was built in the early 16th century and was a farm until bought by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust in 1930.

It is quite possible to walk to each of these houses but, for the less energetic, Guide Friday Ltd, based in Henley Street, Stratford, specialize in tours of Stratford and Shakespeare country.

We paid a visit to *The World of Shakespeare*, billed as an audiovisual entertainment. A series of illuminated tableaux, with a commentary by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, vividly depicts a journey made by Elizabeth I from London to Kenilworth Castle. The performance lasts for only 25 minutes and even small children should not be bored by it.

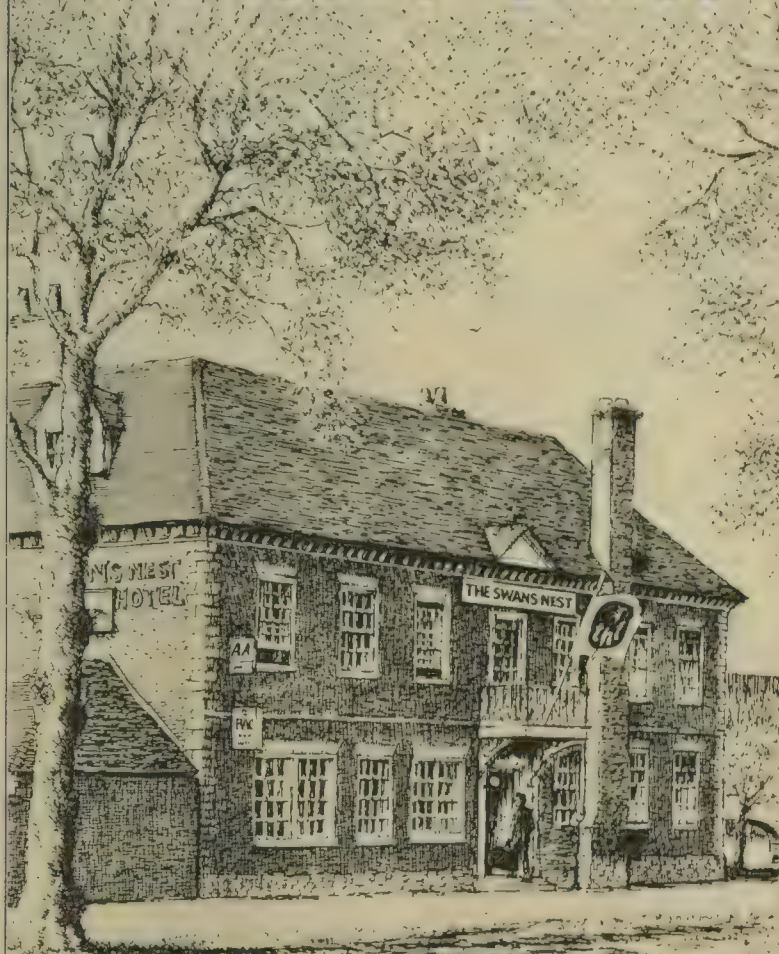
And of course we went to the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. A very good production of *Hamlet* was playing when we were there and tickets were obtained for us by our hotel, The Swan's Nest, when we booked. The hotel, which is five minutes' walk from the theatre, serves after-theatre suppers so that you do not have to eat at an uncivilized hour to get to the play by 7.30 pm.

If you are interested in seeing more than Stratford itself it would be best to take a car for your visit. With the aid of a decent map it is possible to drive on winding B-roads through beautiful countryside and villages seemingly untouched by the 20th century. If you intend to visit any of the National Trust properties, check when they are open.

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TRUSTHOUSE FORTE

Escape from winter

by David Tennant

Last August I spent a week with friends in their villa at Mijas, an Andalusian village 5 miles inland from the Costa del Sol in southern Spain. It is around 1,500 feet above sea level with superb views along this holiday coast and is about 40 minutes' drive from Malaga airport. Although I had visited it briefly before it was not until this most recent stay that I realized what an attractive place it is. It owes much of its contemporary prosperity to the large colony of emigrés (of which the English-speaking are among the most prominent) and passing tourists. Gift shops line the main street and more foreign newspapers are displayed than Spanish. The meals served by the El Mirlo Blanco restaurant are excellent and modestly priced.

This part of Spain enjoys a good winter climate with a high sunshine record, even if at Mijas it can get rather chilly in the evenings. Spring comes very early. There are many villas to rent in the area, most of a high standard and a number with their own swimming pools. For example, Meon Villas have half a dozen in the Mijas area, which sleep up to six or eight people. Two weeks in one of them costs between £144 and £257 for each person according to the numbers sharing and the date of departure. This includes flights by British Airways from Gatwick to Malaga, a self-drive car with unlimited mileage, maid service and a food hamper on arrival. Departures are weekly on Mondays.

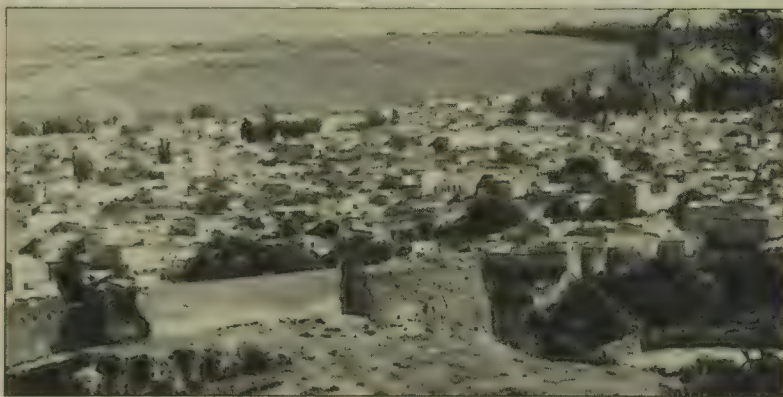
For reasons which I have never understood the cost of living in Malta is one of the lowest in Europe. This is certainly an added attraction for a winter holiday there, along with the fact that Malta has a good sunshine record and, with its smaller neighbour Gozo, is an island packed with historic, architectural and archaeological interest. True, it is not particularly well blessed with beaches, but for winter holidays that is of less consequence—and anyway all the major hotels have their own pools. The country is bilingual with English widely used everywhere, and the Maltese drive on the left—that is when they can be said to drive on any particular side of the road. Self-drive cars are available at the airport or at most hotels; if you prefer local transport there is a network of colourful (literally) buses radiating from Valletta, the capital.

Although it is quite a small island Malta now has a remarkably wide range of hotels, from *de luxe*, such as the Hilton or the long-established Phoenicia (a Trusthouse Forte establishment), to small, family-run hostels such as the 15-bedroom Lester in St Julian's. In the last few years also there has been a big expansion in self-catering holidays, particularly in apartments, many of which have been specially purpose-built.

Malta holidays are available through



Reid's Hotel, Madeira, stands in beautiful gardens overlooking the Atlantic. Left, Fez, spiritual capital of Morocco.



most of the UK's leading travel companies but Exchange Travel (now into its ninth decade in business) has long been one of the specialists. For this winter they have a varied programme offering both hotels and apartments, flying not only from Gatwick but also from Manchester and East Midlands (Castle Donington) airports. For example, a week at the excellent Corinthia Palace Hotel at St Anton, almost in the middle of the island, with its own heated swimming pool and night club, costs between £181 and £275 with *demi-pension*. A similar length holiday at the Grade A Spinola Court apartments in St Julian's costs from £94 to £123.

Madeira's tourism is flourishing these days in spite of economic gloom, not least with visitors from the UK. We are no strangers to the island for we virtually invented its holiday industry in Victorian times; and certainly our great-grandparents chose well for it is a ravishingly beautiful place with rugged peaks, deep ravines and extraordinary cliff scenery. Its abundant vegetation is legendary and I can remember on one visit in the depths of so-called "winter" having tea in a garden that was almost overwhelming with flowers, many quite exotic such as the beautiful Bird of Paradise which blooms profusely there. Although Madeira never knows frost or snow, it does get its fair share of rain so do not forget your umbrella.

Although it has several competitors in the five-star category, Reid's Hotel, situated in several acres of exquisitely kept gardens barely a mile from the centre of Funchal, the island's capital, is

still acknowledged to be Madeira's leading hotel. A friend who recently returned from a short holiday there reports that its standards are as high as ever and that dinner jackets were worn by most men in the evenings. The hotel has two heated swimming pools and another down on the rocks by the sea, two tennis courts, and sailing boats are available for hire. If you fly from either London (Heathrow and Gatwick) or Manchester, a week with half-board costs between £283 and £394, two weeks from £443 to £650. Rooms with balcony cost an additional £19 a week while single rooms are £42 extra. Simpler accommodation with bed and breakfast in the Albergaria Cathedral Hotel in the centre of Funchal (all rooms have private bathrooms) costs between £129 and £202 for a week or £169 to £246 for two weeks, again from London or Manchester. These are Thomas Cook holidays but several other companies offer similar rates.

One of the most interesting tours operating through the season is to the "Imperial Cities of Morocco". This starts with a flight from the UK (Luton, Manchester or Birmingham airports) to Tangier for a first-night stop. From this former international city looking across the Straits of Gibraltar the route goes south to Fez, the spiritual and intellectual capital of Morocco with many theological colleges, shrines and palaces, calling *en route* at Meknes with its massive battlements and walls. From Fez it is a long but fascinating drive south, skirting the Atlas Mountains to Marrakesh, where two nights are spent,

giving ample time to explore this colourful city with its red walls, vast mosque and extensive *medina*.

The next overnight stop is Rabat, the country's capital, spending an hour or two on the way in Casablanca, which I found rather disappointing. The last night of the tour is again spent in Tangier before flying home.

With half-board in three- and four-star hotels, various excursions and all travel (in Morocco by *de luxe* coach) plus the services of a courier the cost is between £191 and £243. An additional week in Tangier can be added to this tour, costing in all between £237 and £303. This is a Thomson Holiday.

By the time Easter comes (Good Friday is April 17) winter will, we hope, have vanished completely from the UK. It will certainly be just a memory in Sicily where mid April is generally warm and sunny with the countryside bursting into bloom.

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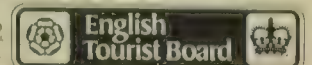
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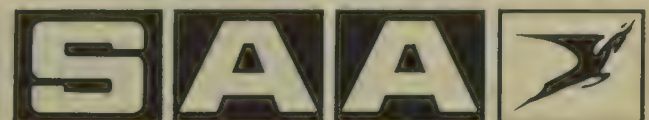
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In the Valley of the Kings

by Richard Cox

Karnak, considered by many to be the greatest temple of the ancient world, has had considerable publicity from an unexpected source in the last couple of years with the film *Death on the Nile*. The life-giving river itself, the various temples and the Valley of the Kings combine to make Luxor, the "hundred-gated Thebes" of Homer's description, one of the most spectacular places not only in Egypt but in the world.

I came to Luxor by a somewhat unorthodox method, piloting a light aircraft from Khartoum and flying over the 160-mile-long lake with its irregular shoreline created by the great High Aswan Dam, in itself a modern wonder. Below the barrage and the foaming white water of the First Cataract the Nile is bordered by a narrow green patchwork of cultivation, a slender thread through the desert, made more dramatic at Luxor where it is hemmed in by the sandstone mountains.

The view was exciting enough from the plane but even so I was unprepared for the magic on the ground. It was Baedeker who remarked on "the splendid hues that tinge the valley every morning and evening". From the balcony of my air-conditioned room in the modern and luxurious Etap Hotel (its room rates work out at just over £9 a night per person) I looked out west across the wide river on which a felucca with its characteristic sail glided silently by. The far bank was verdant with crops and palms. Beyond reared up the stark silhouette of El Qurn, the mountain whose precipitous slopes guard the tombs of the kings.

Before the construction of the High Dam, July was the month of the Nile's flooding. As I crossed on the inexpensive ferry I wondered whether, for all the benefits which the controlling of the waters had brought, the dam might not in the long run do damage to Lower Egypt by withholding the vital silt which made possible the amazingly lush fields and groves. These I saw at leisure as I ambled on a donkey *en route* to the Valley of the Kings, which owes its existence to the decision taken around 1530 BC by Amenophis I to abandon pyramid mausoleums in favour of rock-cut tombs with mortuary temples on the plain below. The Queens rest in their own separate valley while the numerous courtiers likewise have their own resting place in the neighbouring hills.

Some tombs stretch for over 500 feet in complex passages and chambers, all elaborately decorated. Almost all were pillaged of the treasures intended for their occupiers in the after-life. That of Tutankhamun however was not, possibly because as a heretic his name had been struck off the necropolis records. Its furniture is in the Cairo Museum.

The donkey certainly came into his



Among the rock-cut tombs in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor is that of Tutankhamun, which escaped pillaging.

own when we took a short cut along the path cut out of the steep shoulder of mountain which protects the valley. The view from the top was unforgettable although binoculars would have helped to identify the many ruins one could see in the landscape below. But the local maps on sale in the area showing the various locations are most useful.

We descended near the mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsut of which the wide, lower colonnades remain remarkably intact. The bas reliefs show many varied scenes including one of ocean-going ships unloading cargo at Thebes. This was after the first trading expedition to Punt, thought to have been in Somalia, from where the Egyptians brought back gold, ivory, myrrh—and apes. Taking a different route back to the ferry, we passed the Ramesseum and the Colossi of Memnon. The stone for these giant, seated figures was brought some 435 miles up the Nile from Heliopolis. Originally nearly 70 feet high they are the only remnant of the mortuary temple of Amenophis III.

That evening I went to the Son et Lumière at Karnak whose commentary is given in English and French on alternate nights and entrance to which is a modest sum equivalent to 60p. I took a horse-drawn fiacre for the 1½-mile journey along the river bank to the famous avenue of the ram-headed sphinxes leading to the great temple. The presentation took one in stages historical and physical, starting at the massive first pylon, or gate portal, an awesome 140 feet high by 370 feet wide, on through the breathtaking forest of pillars in the hypostyle hall, each one of which is 75 feet high with an 11-foot diameter, and ending by the quiet of the sacred lake.

Evocative as the two-hour performance is, you must also go in daylight and

try to imagine the stonework as it originally was, lavishly painted, the Aswan granite obelisks sheathed in precious metals. Indeed Karnak deserves more than one visit. This shrine of the god Amun covers 10 acres and its building extended over an astonishing 2,000 years from 2200 BC as each ruler sought to outdo his predecessor.

Luxor's other main temples are that of Mut, the vulture goddess and wife of Amun, and the Luxor temple in the town. This latter, smaller and more homogeneous in style than Karnak, was where the king celebrated his union with his divine mother in the Festival of Opet during the Nile's annual inundation. There is still a local festival in July with various processions and sideshows.

The town of Luxor is also the finishing point for various Nile cruises from Aswan. Of these one of the best itineraries is that operated by the Hilton Hotels-owned vessels *Isis* and *Osiris*, each of which has 50 twin cabins with private facilities. These two-week holidays start in London with travellers flying to Cairo for four nights and then on to Aswan to join the ship. Five nights in all are spent on board, followed by two in one of the top hotels in Luxor before returning to Cairo, again by air, for another two nights. The cost from London is between £665 and £735 according to date of departure, which covers all travel and accommodation, including on board the ship, only breakfast in Cairo but all meals while cruising and at Luxor, entrance fees and excursions. All tours are escorted throughout and departures are fortnightly on Sundays from November 2. These are Speedbird Holidays but they are also marketed by other companies.

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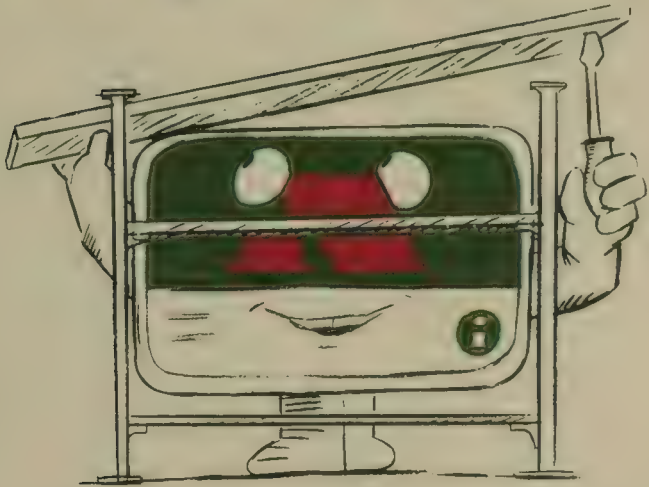
Karnak operated by Union Lloyd are ideal. With these one night is spent in Cairo before going on to Aswan to join the ship and at the end of the cruise three more nights are spent in the Egyptian capital. The ship although small is more or less on private yacht lines with a high standard of comfort and is fully air-conditioned. Cabins accommodate either two or three people and the cost from London is between £595 and £750 per person. For single occupancy on board and in Cairo the cost is £1,039.

Around a dozen UK-based tour operators have Luxor on their Egyptian itineraries. Thomas Cook for example have a 12-day escorted tour which gives three days in the area and three nights in Aswan, with the remaining time in Cairo at both the beginning and end of the holiday. The cost, including scheduled flights by British Airways to and from Cairo and half-board in first-class hotels, is £569 or £590 according to date of departure. The tour leaves from London every Sunday until the end of April. And in conjunction with their eight-day (seven nights) holidays in Cairo costing between £345 and £412, they have day trips by air to Luxor costing £73 with excursions to the Valley of the Kings and the various temples.

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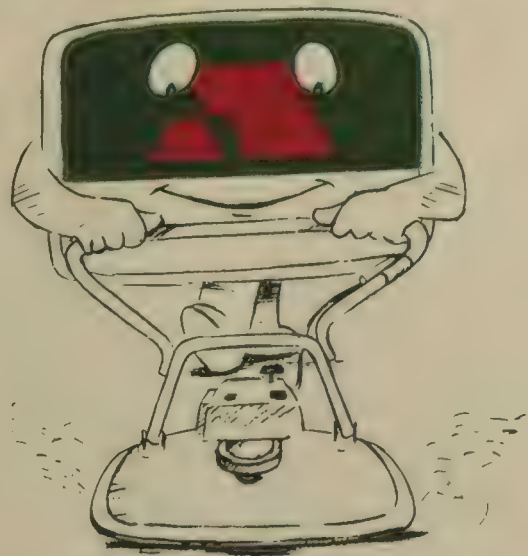
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The Dry Sherry.



Blood will have blood

by J. C. Trewin

During two lazy weeks a year I never see a newspaper; so it was a surprise to leave the Etruscan tombs of Tarquinia and Populonia and find that a *Macbeth* revival (Old Vic) was being greeted with a general cry of "O, horror, horror, horror!" On the 14th night, the house was polite, the principal performance bizarre, some of the casting peculiar, the blood-letting copious.

Macbeth, we have long realized, is a haunted tragedy: I think of a 1926 production when Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson, Lady Macbeth and Banquo, had to shut themselves in their dressing-room to read the 91st psalm: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor . . . for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

Whether Peter O'Toole has done that at the Vic is doubtful. It seems to me now that the current calamity is due less to any feeling behind the play than to a straight series of misjudgments in performance. It is unwise, as some colleagues have done, to summon either what is called dimly "the Baylis period" or else the work of the late Donald Wolfit: nowadays a complicated legend, discussed both hyperbolically and pejoratively, Wolfit never—in my experience—made the elementary errors so baffling at the Vic.

Responses can be strange. An unknown young man, seeing the programme in my hand, came up to me on the concourse of Waterloo Station to say simply how exciting it had been to meet "the grand manner". That, too, worried me because it was clear that names and phrases were being tumbled round vaguely. This *Macbeth* contains nothing whatever of the "grand manner" unless one means by that a trying and protracted rant. I have seen about 40 revivals: the first few, by secondary touring companies between the wars, compared favourably with the present one which is not so much "old-fashioned" as inept. A few things will remain. Almost any production has its memories; and I can be grateful for Marjorie Bland's exact treatment of Lady Macduff, and interested in the conception of the Weird Sisters as evilly decorative rather than grotesque. A small point: I noticed Macbeth's "Pull't off, I say," in his first Dunsinane scene, applied for once to his circlet instead of to the armour in which he had just been braced.

Otherwise, there is little to note in a production as subtle as pickaxe-work in a quarry. It has had as a news story more attention than it would have done otherwise, merely because it is a "star" business and the star is so manifestly wrong. With a ravaged, seldom changing face, and a delivery that splinters the verse into a harsh flurry of isolated syllables, O'Toole assures us that Macbeth

is no poet and only dubiously a soldier. This is determined miscasting; but the night is not helped by a plummy Lady Macbeth, a puffy Macduff—shall we ever hear the true emotion of "one fell swoop"?—a Banquo almost arch at first, and a depressing Porter.

That said, one of the main troubles is an excessive use of blood which made me think of Simon Tappertit's "Something will come of this; I hope it mayn't be human gore." Agreed, blood will have blood; the word dominates. Yet I cannot recall a less imaginative use. Macbeth appears to be bathing in the most unpersuasive property fluid, and blood-boltered Banquo, arriving at the feast in Forbes, is simply and regrettably comic. How this can have been permitted is a puzzle. The truth is that great tragedy has been turned to coarsely ensanguined, snarling melodrama which must not be confused with anything resembling the grand manner. It is totally wrong to suppose that this is what Robert Atkins or Harcourt Williams would have allowed in the apparently mysterious "Baylis period", or Bridges-Adams when Ayrton and Walter were acting for him in those splendid and too little remembered seasons at Stratford. Every theatre must be in trouble now and then—it has happened in our day's fashionable classical companies—and it is better not to rummage for analogies in discussing an unhappy misadventure.

Other recent plays, all revivals, have been relatively placid. Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine* (Lyttelton; National) endures as a civilized memory of the early 1940s, a pre-Pearl Harbor study of American liberals and European refugees. With Peggy Ashcroft precisely-keyed, Susan Engel and David Burke, the piece does live. *Rattle of a Simple Man* (Savoy) barely does. Even so, we accept Charles Dyer's sometimes trite portrait of two lonely people for the goodwill of Pauline Collins as the fantastically street-girl and John Alderton as the man from the north on a football excursion.

Three musicals: *Pal Joey* (Albery), with Richard Rodgers's score, Lorenz Hart's lyrics and John O'Hara's sharply uncompromising book, returns as something of a classic, fortified here by the vigour of Siân Phillips in a medium new to her.

Offered the pill of reviving *The Beggar's Opera* in the Lyric, Hammersmith, where Nigel Playfair recreated it, Toby Robertson succeeded by letting the piece speak "bold, and forth on" without irrelevant distractions. As for *Oklahoma!* (Palace), its dozen Richard Rodgers numbers to the Hammerstein words are as spring-fresh as at that famous English première in Drury Lane. An enjoyable evening, though the colleague who suggested "I Can't Say No" as a suitable theme-song for *Macbeth* had her tongue in her cheek ●



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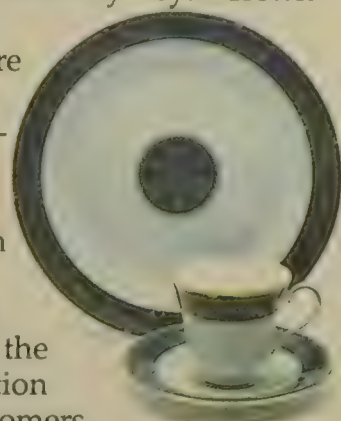
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CINEMA

A pattern of three lives

by Michael Billington

I am amazed at the short shrift given by some British film critics to Alain Resnais's *My American Uncle*. I can only attribute it to the Francophobia that is now a distressing part of English intellectual life, since the film itself (winner of a Special Jury Prize at this year's Cannes Festival) is mesmerizingly good. Along with *The Tin Drum* and *Apocalypse Now*, it is one of the few films shown in England this year that one could safely recommend to an intelligent, non-cinema-going friend.

Very skilfully (in fact with quite dazzling narrative guile) Resnais interweaves three different life-stories. René (Gérard Depardieu looking rather muscle-bound in a suit) is a farmer's son from the Vendée who breaks away from the family to become a textile manager, but who then finds himself shunted around by a heartless multinational company. Janine (Nicole Garcia) is the daughter of Parisian Communists who becomes a successful Left Bank actress and then the mistress of an RTF executive. This character, Jean (played by Roger-Pierre), is the third figure in the pattern, an upper-middle-class Breton who tries teaching and broadcasting before achieving success in politics.

I have seen the word "soap-opera" used to describe all this. But that is ludicrous: soap-operas deal with inflated emotional entanglements. Resnais, however, always relates the private and the public worlds and is also rivetingly specific about the dilemmas faced by the confused middle classes. There is a choice moment, for instance, when Jean leaves his wife for Janine and moodily opens a suitcase full of books while speculating on "the problem of the wayward intellectual—whether to take Balzac or Stendhal, Lenin or Trotsky". But Resnais also sees the potential absurdity of our emotional chaos: there is something very funny about René's wife telling him she is pregnant again just as he is about to rush out of the house to undertake a new job; or indeed about Jean and Janine having an emotional set-to while caught by a rising tide between two Breton islands.

Resnais relates jobs to lives. He also sees his characters with an objective humour. But on top of this rich brew he also brings in the theories of Professor Henri Laborit who relates the study of laboratory animals to human behaviour: in the face of danger and dilemma, flight, struggle and inhibition are the three common reactions, with the last leading to mental anguish and physical illness.

But what is Resnais's overall purpose? "*Mon oncle d'Amerique*" is a French phrase equivalent to "when my ship comes in": in other words, the miracle that will transform our lives. But Resnais shows that there is no

American uncle, no formula for happiness, no silver lining behind the clouds. There is simply muddle and pain. The hapless René, a tireless self-improver with limited imagination, ends up trying to kill himself in a provincial boarding-house. Jean, fired from his job in radio, has acute kidney-stone pains in the middle of an expensive restaurant (no joke this, as I can testify). Only Janine seems able to take care of herself—but even she loses the man she really loves. It is not a film which offers easy hope. But it is superbly acted and I should be astonished if you found it did not touch upon your own life at some point since it is about who we are, where we came from and the way our behaviour-patterns follow fundamental biological rules. It is a film you must see.

I fear I cannot say as much for *Simon*, although it is written and directed by Woody Allen's long-time collaborator, Marshall Brickman. Clearly Brickman is a genuine wit. But his film sets up an elaborate narrative to make some fairly basic points about the quality of life in America today. What happens is that an oddball professor (Alan Arkin) is brainwashed by a think-tank called the Institute for Advanced Concepts into believing that he is an extraterrestrial being. He uses his privileged status to attack such petty annoyances as Hawaiian music in elevators, people who block the traffic at intersections, bad classic serials on television and the multifarious cultural garbage that infests American life. In their place he wants to put Blake and Verlaine, Giotto and Velasquez, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky.

Watching the film reminded me of a conversation I had with Woody Allen last year in which he launched into a passionate attack on American rubbish; Brickman here takes the same fundamentalist line. The problem is that his story-line just does not make much sense. It is never made clear what the think-tank hopes to gain by producing an extraterrestrial or why the public is so easily conned into believing that Alan Arkin comes from outer space. One is left with a woolly satire, enlivened by some odd sequences and by some nice parochial American jokes.

Brubaker, meanwhile, is a further stage in the sanctification of Robert Redford with our noble hero here taking the role of a root-and-branch prison warden who aims to cleanse the penitentiary system. Although the film is based on the true story of Thomas Murton, I just could not take the final sequence in which Redford departs as a warden to the echo of his cheering former prisoners. I also felt that if the hero had accepted the compromises proposed by Jane Alexander as a governor's aide, he would have caused less bloodshed and achieved more. I like campaigning films; but not when they are as self-glorifying as this ●



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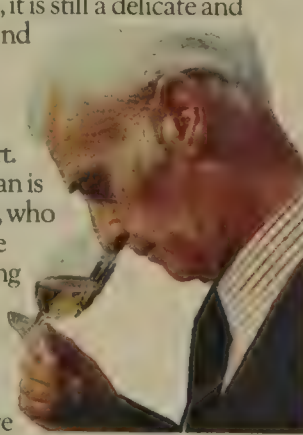
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English National jubilee

by Margaret Davies

The announcement that English National Opera in its golden jubilee season will be presenting a composite programme of opera and ballet—a triple bill of works by Bartok—is a nostalgic reminder of the company's early days. Both plays and ballet alternated with opera in the reconstructed Sadler's Wells Theatre when Lilian Baylis launched the Vic-Wells Opera half a century ago. Since then the opera company has twice changed its name and has moved from Islington to central London but it still faces at least one of the problems with which Miss Baylis was familiar—that of filling the house. A major innovation of the golden jubilee season has therefore been the introduction of a subscription scheme, in an attempt to improve on the 78 per cent attendance figures reached last season. Other plans include the world première of Iain Hamilton's *Anna Karenina*, and new productions of *Arabella*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Boris Godunov* and *Romeo and Juliet* as well as a four-week tour to Nottingham in March.

First of the new productions was *Così fan tutte*, which the conductor, Charles Mackerras, and the producer, John Cox, treated with as much solemnity as it is possible to attach to this farago of female inconstancy and male duplicity. It was an interpretation built round Felicity Lott's exquisitely sensitive portrayal of Fiordiligi, driven to distraction by wooing of such relentless ardour from Ferrando that it verged on persecution. But *Così* cannot be taken seriously—the women would never be taken in by their fiancés' disguises however unattractive, as in this case, they were made to look—and the balance of comedy and tragedy must be maintained, which was where this production missed the point. Neil Howlett injected a fine measure of sardonic humour into his debonair Don Alfonso, but Anthony Rolf Johnson's intense, musically sung Ferrando and Alan Opie's slightly smug Guglielmo, once disguised, seemed to forget that it all started as a joke. Felicity Lott delivered her arias with impressive assurance and controlled emotion while Della Jones as a bouncy, impulsive Dorabella fairly raged with passion in "Smanie implacabile". Marilyn Hill Smith's Despina allowed the acidity of her opinions to flavour her singing.

Updating the action to post-French Revolutionary times contributed little more than the elegant, high-waisted coats and dresses in which Roger Butlin dressed the ladies. His set, a villa on the Naples seafront with no privacy from passing strollers, contributed nothing but geographical confusion between interiors and exteriors, garden and beach; his backcloths suggested that either the house or Vesuvius changed

position during the interval.

A revival of last year's new *Aida*, conducted by Richard Armstrong, achieved the right balance between spectacle, supplied by Stefanos Lazaridis's glittering costumes and cumbersome golden sets, and the personal drama, enacted by a largely new cast. In the title role Linda Esther Gray combined strong, expressively phrased singing with spontaneous acting. Her natural, unaffected manner contrasted with Margaret Kingsley's strongly projected, baleful Amneris. Charles Craig recovered from an uncertain start to produce some stylish singing as Radames and Neil Howlett, only member of the original cast, was a more confident and moving Amonasro.

Joachim Herz's production of *Fidelio*, rehearsed by David Gollins, made its points with less aggression when it returned this autumn, allowing the music to resume its pre-eminent position in a performance conducted with urgent intensity by Charles Mackerras. The singers' entrances and exits over the roof of the prison bunker were still obtrusive though the noise of their footfalls had been reduced. Josephine Barstow repeated her vibrantly moving portrayal of Leonore and Dennis Wicks his roundly sung, self-satisfied Rocco. New to the cast were Malcolm Donnelly, who sang with dark-toned venom as Pizarro and made an interestingly neurotic villain, and Kenneth Woollam, who negotiated the hurdles of Florestan's music without strain. Sally Burgess, in an unbecoming wig, and Alan Woodrow sang adequately as Marzelline and Jaquino.

When ENO first tackled *The Coronation of Poppea* in 1971 Raymond Leppard's rich scoring and Colin Graham's staging, with ornate designs by Peter Whiteman, expanded the work to fill the Coliseum. It now seems weighed down by this treatment and in the light of recent editions of the score calls for a production more faithful to Monteverdi's intentions. The new *Poppea*, Eilene Hannan, projected the right blend of cool sensuality and burning ambition and Geoffrey Pogson sang confidently as Nero. Della Jones expressed the discarded Ottavia's grief and bitterness with eloquence.

Time has not dealt kindly with Michael Geliot's intriguingly personal view of *The Damnation of Faust*. After 11 years it no longer shocked but the images projected on to mirrors ranged across the stage were often inconsistent with the content of the music and were not always proficiently regulated at the first performance. But of all music theatre this non-opera would most benefit from imaginative film treatment. It was conducted with understanding and vivacity by Diego Masson but the singing of John Treleaven, Richard Van Allan and Felicity Palmer would have made more impact in a concert hall.

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Using accountants

by John Gaselee

Plenty of people use accountants in their private capacities, to make sure that returns to the Inland Revenue are correct and to prevent the tax man demanding more than his due. Not everyone, however, is using the right organization for his or her purposes, or getting the best value for the rapidly rising fees that are charged.

Anyone who is in the top league of salaries requiring complicated tax mitigation schemes probably needs one of the top firms of accountants which is thoroughly up to date with the latest tax saving ploys—and which can be expected to charge accordingly. For anyone with more modest income and assets one of the large firms of accountants is not necessarily best. One's affairs may be handled by the junior members of the firm, who may very well change quite frequently.

A smaller firm of accountants, where there is a genuine interest in one's affairs, may be much more suitable. There is, however, no point in putting up with a firm which always appears to be so busy with other people's business that it is never able to devote enough time, at the right moment, to one's own. An organization should not take on more business than it can service properly.

There is no need to be restricted solely to independent firms of accountants. Sometimes one's own bank can provide the right level of service—and it may even prove cheaper.

Having picked what one hopes is the right accountant for one's own needs, it may be even more difficult to get the best value. One of the prime reasons for using an accountant is so that he can submit the return of one's income to the Inspector of Taxes and argue specific points with him. Without specialist knowledge it is all too easy to be overcharged as a result of some oversight on the part of the Inland Revenue. Also, on some points there is scope for negotiation, and a professional on one's side will be able to marshal the facts and present them in the best light.

It is important, when using an accountant in that way, to provide him with all the information in a straightforward and systematic way, together with all the necessary vouchers, dividend counterfoils and so on. Accountants normally calculate their fees largely on the amount of time devoted to the affairs of their respective clients. If, therefore, one can keep to the minimum the time spent by the accountant in getting the information in order, and eliminate the need for him to ask for further information, there can be a saving in costs.

It is important, therefore, to provide full information about one's income from all sources, acquisitions or disposals, including gifts, which must be recorded in connexion with capital gains

tax or capital transfer tax. Information must be provided also so that tax allowances can be claimed in connexion with mortgage interest, alimony payments, pension contributions etc.

In addition to an accountant's routine work in dealing with the Inspector of Taxes, he may be able to suggest ways of rearranging one's affairs in such a way that there will be tax advantages. If, for instance, there are serious capital transfer tax problems looming in the distance, it is best for them to be tackled as soon as possible. An accountant may be able to suggest ways of making over capital gradually, year by year, or of using life assurance written on a trust basis, where the premiums may count as normal expenditure and thus be outside the scope of capital transfer tax.

While an accountant cannot be expected to be an expert on investments, he should be able to recommend those forms of investment which have particular tax advantages. For instance, there are Granny Bonds (otherwise known as index-linked national savings certificates) soon available for all aged over 60, and the current issue of certificates for others. In each case there is a tax-free build-up in value.

An accountant may suggest to a high rate taxpayer who is putting aside money for future tax payments (or for any other reason) that low coupon gilts should be used rather than a building society. An elderly house owner who needs to increase income may be advised to embark on a "home income plan" whereby the house is mortgaged and the capital available is used to purchase an immediate annuity. The net result is that there is an increase in spendable income after servicing the loan and paying tax on the appropriate portion of the annuity benefits.

Covenants to grandchildren can result in a recovery of tax from the Inland Revenue—provided, of course, the grandchildren are not already paying tax. Anyone who is self-employed, or who has earnings of any kind from non-pensionable employment, may be encouraged to arrange a personal pension, bearing in mind that the contributions rank for full relief of tax at one's highest rate. The contributions "roll up" in a tax-exempt fund and at retirement a tax-free capital sum can be taken, with the pension for life counting for tax purposes as earnings.

Those are just some of the more straightforward areas where an accountant should be able to help. Too many accountants simply handle the tax affairs of their clients without looking to see how that tax liability might be reduced by perfectly legitimate means. Generally it will be worth encouraging an accountant to go a bit further. Obviously, this will increase his charge, but, with any luck, that should be a small price to pay for the tax savings which may be achieved ●

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Hungary for variety

by Peta Fordham

Hungary is a country with a fascination of its own. You sense among the people a welcome of uncommon warmth accompanied by the sort of good manners seldom experienced today. The country has a tradition of wine as a way of life and of wine-growing which stretches back through the Hapsburgs to the Romans. Hungary, open to invasion on all sides and with the Danube flowing invitingly through Budapest itself, has a history of repeated violence. Much of its art depicts the Tartar hordes and the subsequent invasions and this intermingling is not unconnected with the types of wine produced.

The country's cuisine also reflects this variety and the wines have developed to match it. You run the gamut from the sweetest possible table wines (there is a strong Turkish resemblance in some of these) which can accompany luscious, rather Viennese desserts, to a number of pleasing dry white wines, some really elegant, and lusty reds which go happily with the sort of goulash in which an incautious bite on a pepper can light a fire in the gullet which it seems impossible to quench.

The Olaszrizling grape (the Laski Riesling of Yugoslavia) is the most

widely used white variety and some of the best wine made from it comes from the Great Hungarian Plain, where a sandy soil has defeated the phylloxera. A rather sweeter one comes from Pecs, which also produces a charming little rosé from the Kadarka grape. There is a great vineyard area around Lake Balaton, where 2,000 years of tradition goes into both Riesling and the popular Furmint—used also for Tokay. The Great Plain undoubtedly has the best dry wine overall and R&C Vintners (who bring a fine list of Hungarian wines into Britain) have a classy, bone-dry Kecskemet Olasz from the area. They have a good, medium-sweet Balatonfüredi Riesling and one from Pecs, fractionally more acidic and a good recommendation for a hot evening out of doors is an inexpensive Pecs Kadarka rosé.

It is around Eger that the unattractively named Bull's Blood is made. Dark red, potent and aromatic, it is made mainly from the Kadarka grape but is often blended with Médoc Noir, Soproni Kekfrankos and Cabernet. It is remarkably good value but it must be opened at least an hour or two before drinking, to allow its full potential to develop: if not allowed to breathe, it can be over-emphatic.

Eger, which is remarkable for its

warlike background (many Tartar faces here!) is a beautiful town, with a fine castle that is being excavated and restored. The town stands on soft volcanic rock: red grapes like it and it allows small cellars, which abound, to be dug in the surrounding hills. Egri Bikavér (the proper name for Bull's Blood) has a white "sister" in Egri Leányka, pressed from an old Hungarian grape from Transylvania. It is good, light gold and a bit sweet. From the area around Sopron on the Austro-Hungarian border comes a pleasant, inexpensive light ruby wine, Taban, made from the Beaujolais grape Gamay. Grown on a different, rather clayey soil, it reminds you of its French relative only on the nose; it should be well chilled. The Sopron area has had a quieter life than most of Hungary and it is thought that the original vines go back to the Celts.

But the great vine of Hungary is Tokay. Tokay means much more than the Essencia, for it is possible to get an entirely dry Tokay, though this is not a particularly interesting variety. Real quality centres on the big, sweet wines, rising eventually to the Essencia and it was a memorable experience to spend three hours in Tokay cellars tasting a range of really stunning bottles. Tokay has a slight family resemblance both to Sauternes and the Jura, with its sugars

and strange yeasts and moulds; but it is much more *intense*. The grapes, Furmint, Yellow Muscat and Harslevelü, are harvested late, when the Noble Rot has shrivelled them, concentrating the sugar: they are then called Aszu. The grade of Aszu Tokay depends on how many *puttonys* are added: a *puttony* is about 20-25 kilos in weight and is the bucket in which the grapes are picked. The grades of Tokay are 3, 4 or 5 *puttonys* and very occasionally 6; but the Tokay Essencia is made only from the juice that collects at the bottom of the *puttonys*, pressed by the weight of the Aszu grapes alone. It is certainly an experience to taste it in its birthplace; and in the cellars the enthusiasm and dedication of the cellar master came through to make a thoroughly memorable afternoon.

The wines of Hungary are well worth attention. They are something different and their varying characteristics suggest the tasting of a wide variety. The tendency to sweetness makes them useful with highly flavoured food; and if Aszu Tokay is a fantastic luxury, wines that will light up humbler casseroles with distinction are a gourmet economy. I can recommend the list of R&C Vintners, of 1 Burlington Lane, London W4 who have a good list and who can advise on the degree of sugar ●

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Conference for tree-lovers

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

"Trees in the 21st century" was the subject of a four-day international conference organized by the Arboricultural Association at the University of Sussex in August. I was invited to attend and am proud to give you this report. The university is set in lovely, rolling country among mature trees. It was a joy to see so many elms but all showed the scars of frequent injections and some delegates expressed fears for their ultimate safety and anxiety that so little new tree planting had been done.

I was told a horrific tale of elm disease in Massachusetts where a town had been laid out in boulevards lined with thousands of elms. These had been taken from only five stock trees and all had perished. The rule for large-scale planting in the 21st century, therefore, is to plant only 10 per cent of a family and 5 per cent of a genus and, where possible, to use trees grown from seed in preference to clones. British worries about possible devastation from oak wilt were allayed by Bruce Roberts, an American scientist, whose work showed that it is not at present a real danger. It attacks only a few trees at a time and does not rampage.

Among the dozen lecturers, all emi-

nent in their fields, was Dr Dan Heth of the Forestry Department of Israel whose gripping subject was planting trees for the reclamation of desert land. A great, shared love of trees was the inspiration of the conference and, as was said long ago by David Hume, intelligence is the mechanism but emotion is the ultimate driving force. There is no shortage of either in arboriculture.

A tall, spare, ascetic man, Dr Aloys Bernatzky of the German Academy for Town and Country Planning, spoke movingly on the need for trees in towns supporting all his statements with the statistics that tree-lovers have been waiting for and which must eventually influence the decision-makers. He showed a terrifying infra-red photograph of a mushroom-shaped cloud of polluted air rising from the centre of a city. He has proved that trees filter and cool the air, raise air humidity, absorb some traffic noise and produce oxygen. A beech tree, 100 years old, 25 metres high, in good health and in leaf, supplies enough oxygen to support ten people. Swiss experiments show that trees reduce lead pollution; even in winter, without leaves, the effect is noticeable. But pollarded and butchered trees are not much use.

A tree cools air not by giving shade but through transpiration and absorption of the sun's energy through the

leaves. Lichens cannot survive in polluted air and cities are "lichen deserts" in which "people must live despairingly", becoming ill under dust clouds that keep out sunlight and prevent heat from escaping. The sealing-in of towns with concrete and asphalt causes dryness, dust and overheating because while only 5-15 per cent of rain is lost when it falls on vegetation, where it is carried away in drains it cannot evaporate. Town planners must find space for large areas of grass and gravel and for big trees.

It follows that those of us with town gardens must be unselfish in tree planting. We all know the gardener who thinks his own tree a nuisance and removes it but claps a preservation order on his neighbour's. Some people fear that tree roots will damage their houses, and surveyors, playing safe, are far too cautious on possible damage from trees. Sensible people must set this against loss of amenity. Dr Giles Biddle, speaking on the effects of tree roots on structures on shrinkable clay soils, had found that Ward's statistics, the Bible on the subject, were all based on the poplar tree which is notorious in this respect. Where the soil is not shrinkable clay the problem hardly arises. You can therefore plant most trees closer to buildings than has been realized, specially if the foundations are 1.25 metres or more deep. He

had been unable to save a mulberry, the perfect courtyard tree, at some bureaucratic hearing and hoped that a mulberry would be planted by someone somewhere, to replace it.

As well as having obvious environmental and aesthetic advantages good trees add to the value of property—up to 25 per cent on building land and at least 12 per cent where there is a house.

Asked to name their favourite tree most English delegates plumped for oaks, the field maple, *Acer campestre*, or hornbeam, the original English tree of the wild wood before the Romans came. Americans spoke of hickory, red oaks, sugar maples and dogwoods. Everyone loved walnuts. The wild pear, I learned, is the sixth most mentioned tree in the Domesday Book and a fruiting pear with its white spring blossom is a good choice for a small garden. My own choice of small tree might fall on pink-flowered *Robinia hillebrandii* or *Cornus nuttallii*, a white-flowered dogwood, or for acid soil *Stewartia sinensis*.

I will tell you about Dr Alex Shigo's practical advice on tree care next month. The proceedings of the conference are to be published as *Trees in the 21st Century* by A. B. Academic Publishers, PO Box 97, Berkhamsted, Herts at £9.75 or £5.50 for conference participants.



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New York, London, Paris, Milan – wherever this truly international star performs, audiences respond with standing ovations. And a film of Don Giovanni starring Kiri as Elvira directed by Joseph Losey is another huge success.

"I owe a lot to my basic technique," she says. "My early training and the way in which my voice has developed means I can usually sing my way



through colds and sore throats without any problems ... in fact anything short of laryngitis and tonsillitis combined! And, of course, consistency of performance is extremely important.

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Sorts of sacrifice

by Jack Marx

The rubber-bridge player who specializes in sacrifice bidding that risks or incurs penalties ranging into four figures is unlikely to endear himself to his hapless partners. It may be that his excursions will sometimes show a saving against the inevitable loss from opponents' superior cards. On the other hand, in a social or cut-in club game, the opponents are often lined up in purely casual partnerships with but imperfect mutual understanding and many of their contracts, if left undisturbed, may well come to grief. Moreover, many players when faced with substantial loss would rather write it off and make a fresh start with a new rubber. The continued presence of a heavy adverse balance on the score-pad is apt to impair judgment.

However, at duplicate these psychological points carry less weight. Opponents are more often practised partnerships and the precision of their bidding is therefore more reliable. Each hand is more of an independent unit and the use of some form of match-point scoring mitigates the effects of large total-point swings. At rubber bridge it may scarcely seem worth while to risk a penalty of 1,100 to save a small slam worth 1,430. But in a team match the difference of 330 is worth 8 IMPs.

On this hand from an early round Gold Cup match, East-West even though vulnerable took the decision to sacrifice against an adverse grand slam. Though their team mates reached only a small slam, they still saved points, losing 1,100 against 1,460 gained at the other table. If they had not sacrificed their team would have lost 750, the difference between grand and small slam bonuses.

♠ 7 2 Dealer East
♥ A J 10 8 4 Game All
♦ K 8 5 2
♣ A 7

♠ K 9 8 6 5 4 ♠ Q J 10 3
♥ 9 7 5 ♥ 6
♦ J ♦ 10 6
♣ 10 9 3 ♣ K Q J 8 6 4

	♠ A		
	♥ K Q 3 2		
	♦ A Q 9 7 4 3		
	♣ 5 2		
West	North	East	South
No	1♥	DBL	4♥
4♠	4NT	5♠	6♣
6♠	No	No	7♥
No	No	7♠	No
No	DBL	END	

Having initially passed, East doubled to show some distributional power in the unbid suits and West boldly availed himself of the information. South's Six Clubs, two steps upwards from East's last bid, was a conventional Blackwood response affirming two Aces. After West's Six Spades, North made a forcing pass to suggest a possible grand slam, an idea that appealed to South.

After East's Seven Spades, South in his turn also made a forcing pass, in an attempt to persuade North to try Seven No-trumps. However, North could not be sure of as many as six diamonds with South. He took the cash and let the credit go.

The key to East-West's good result was East's second-round double. This enabled West, now assured of support for spades as well as of some holding in clubs, to take some intelligent interest in the proceedings. With the knowledge that the partnership was quite defenceless, to go all the way could scarcely lose in a relative sense.

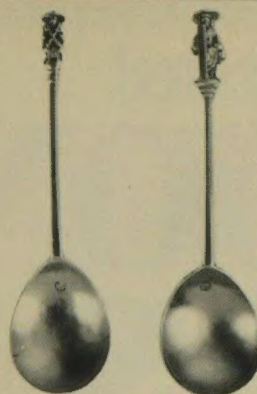
This is another hand from a team match of equivalent standing, where five down at East's game contract led to a net gain of 370 points or 9 IMPs.

♠ K Q 10 8 4 Dealer East
♥ J 8 4 North-South
♦ void Game
♣ Q 7 6 4 3
♠ void ♠ A 9 6
♥ Q 10 7 6 3 ♥ K 9 5
♦ J 9 8 5 2 ♦ K Q 7 3
♣ 10 9 5 ♣ K J 8
♠ J 7 5 3 2
♥ A 2
♦ A 10 6 4
♣ A 2

East opened One No-trump, with the rather unusual range of 14 to 16 points. The vulnerable South quailed at the notion of coming in with such poor spades, and North-South remained quiet throughout. West bid Two Diamonds, a transfer bid of indeterminate strength that denoted hearts, and East rebid Two No-trumps, conveying support for hearts and a maximum within the range. Still fearing opposing spades, West bluffed on with Three Diamonds, which actually meant diamonds, and East with a red-suit fit jumped to Four Hearts.

South was inspired to lead Ace of Diamonds and then gave his partner a ruff. To North's small club return, East strove to stop the rot by putting up the King in the hope that it would hold the trick and perhaps block the suit. This plan failed and the defence took Diamond Ace and three ruffs, two clubs and a ruff, totalling, with the Ace of trumps, eight tricks. East thus lost 250 points; but North-South had an easy vulnerable game in spades. At the other table East-West were using a weak no-trump of 12 to 14 points for which East's hand was too strong; he therefore opened One Diamond. South had no compunction about coming in at the one level and game in spades was easily reached and no less easily made.

When a declarer falls short quite massively at a voluntarily chosen contract, as at the first table, his side are not necessarily the principal goats. There may be embarrassed grins all round. Who does look the most foolish—the declaring side for climbing so high, or the defenders for letting them escape so cheaply as 50 points per trick? ●



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December

SPORTING DRAMAS OF 1980

The dramatic sporting moments of 1980 can be re-lived through the columns of the December issue. Three award-winning sports writers, Chris Brasher, Frank Keating and Ian Wooldridge, join golf writer, Chris Plumridge, and BBC commentator, Nigel Starmer-Smith, in re-creating such moments as the Coe-Ovett races in Moscow, the England rugby triumph at Murrayfield to win the Grand Slam, the victorious come-back of Jack Nicklaus in the US Open, the return of Muhammad Ali, the Centenary Test match between Australia and England, and the epic battle between Borg and McEnroe at Wimbledon.

Also in the December issue

Andrew Moncur visits Dufftown, the Scottish town which lives on whisky

J. C. Trewin writes on Cornwall in our series on British counties
E. R. Chamberlin completes his tour of literary villages with Kenneth Grahame's Cookham Dean

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CHESS

British Championships

by John Nunn

In the last few years commercial sponsorship of chess has increased enormously and has both improved existing tournaments and enabled new ones to start. Two stockbroking firms have had considerable impact on the chess scene. Last April we had the marvellous Phillips & Drew tournament and this was followed in August by the Grieson Grant British Championships. Now these two firms have co-operated to send me to the World Junior Championships as Nigel Short's second.

But first the British Championships. This year they were held at the Brighton Centre and the spacious hall therein provided the best venue I can remember for the championships. Although three of the four British grandmasters were absent, the strength in depth was impressive and I can testify that there were no easy opponents about! Final scores of those finishing with more than 50 per cent were Nunn and Hartston 8; Rumens and Speelman 7½; Basman, Bellin, Chandler and Taulbut 7; Franklin, Fuller, Lee and McNab 6½; and Branford, Cummings, Fear, Hodgson and Knox 6. I will have a play-off match with Bill Hartston for the title but this will probably not take place until next February. Here is my snappiest win of the event.

	Nunn	Knox
	White	Black
	Two Knights Defence	
1	P-K4	P-K4
2	N-KB3	N-QB3
3	B-B4	N-B3
4	P-Q3	

Many of the top English players have been using this slow system recently, which can equally well be employed against the Giuoco Piano.

Two of the three games I had with this opening at Brighton continued 4 ... B-K2 although it is hard to say which of the two moves is better.

5	P-B3	P-Q3
6	P-QN4	B-N3
7	P-QR4	P-QR4

Black's first major decision, for 7 ... P-QR3 is also possible.

8	P-N5	N-QN1
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Although given by theory, this move is hard to understand since it leads to a traffic jam on the queenside. 8 ... N-K2 followed by ... N-N3 is better, as employed in a game Miles-Nikolac, Dortmund 1979 which was won by Black.

9	QN-Q2	O-O
10	O-O	Q-K2?

The main theme in this variation is the pressure White obtains on K5 when he eventually plays P-Q4. 10 ... Q-K2 is a poor move since it gives White the chance greatly to intensify this pressure by B-R3 pinning the QP.

11 B-R2!

A key move, clearing QB4 for the knight from which square it bears down on K5.

11	...	B-K3
12	N-B4	QN-Q2
13	R-K1	

Just the type of position White is aiming for with this line. Black has no counterplay and is already reduced to artificial measures to support his central pawn.

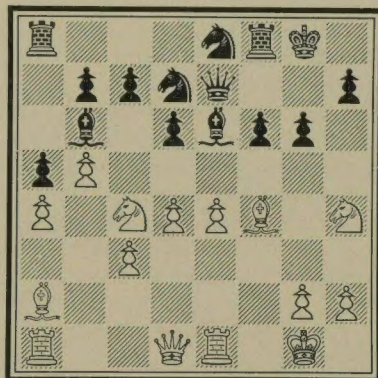
13	...	N-K1
14	P-Q4	P-KB3

Just about defending K5 but now the attack comes from another direction.

15	N-R4	P-N3
16	P-B4	PxBP

More or less forced as 17 P-B5 was threatened.

17	BxP	
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17 ... N-N2?

A tactical error but even the best line 17 ... Q-B2 (17 ... P-N4 18 N-B5 BxKN 19 PxP wins) 18 Q-K2 P-Q4 (18 ... N-N2 19 K-R1 P-Q4 20 N-K3 P-B3 21 PxP PxP 22 P-B4! is decisive) 19 N-K3 PxP 20 N-N4! is very good for White.

18 N-B5! Q-Q1
Again forced as 18 ... PxN 19 PxP NxP 20 RxP QxR 21 NxB wins for White.

19 B-R6! PxN
20 PxP BxN
The main line was 20 ... B-Q4 (20 ... B-B2 21 Q-N4) 21 NxQP! BxP 22 Q-N4 R-B2 23 NxR Q-KB1 24 RxB QxN 25 QxNch QxQ 26 BxQ KxB 27 R-K7ch and wins.

21	Q-N4	R-B2
22	BxB	Q-KB1
23	BxN	

Avoiding the trap 23 R-K7? N-K4!

23	...	QxB
24	BxRch	K B1
	Or 24 ... KxB 25 R-K7ch.	
25	QxQch	KxQ
26	R-K7	Resigns

Black has lost too much to continue. There were many other events at the British Championships besides the men's tournament but I only have space to mention two of them. The ladies' championship was won by the favourite, Sheila Jackson, while the under 21 event had a convincing winner in A. P. Lewis.

With acknowledgements to the creative genius of H.M. Bateman



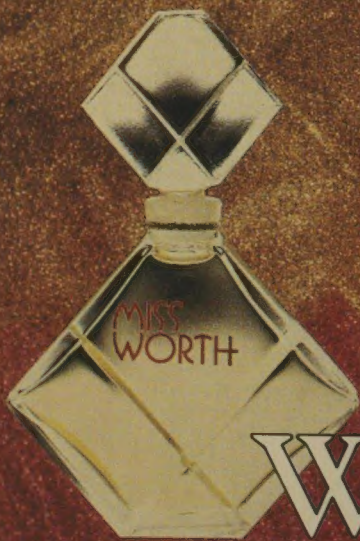
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FOR HIS DOG'S BRANDY BARREL.

Bisquit

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